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THE WORKS

OF

ALPHONSE DAUDET

LIMITED EDITION

XXIII.

THE SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY

NOTES ON LIFE

Of the Lim Alphonse Daudet
one th ve been printed
for An

This 391

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Goupil & Cie Paris

THE WORKS OF

ALPHONSE DAUDET

THE

SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY

TRANSLATED BY

GEORGE BURNHAM IVES

TO WHICH IS ADDED

NOTES ON LIFE

TRANSLATED BY

MARY HENDEE

ILLUSTRATED BY L. MARCHETTI

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"Each couple . . . came in sight by degrees" . *Frontispiece*

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THE

SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY.

PRELUDE.

RAYMOND EUDELINE'S YOUTH.

A MAJESTIC attendant passed, carrying a lamp. Victor Eudeline coughed to keep himself in countenance, and requested him to be kind enough to remind the principal of his presence. The man, without turning, nodded his head affirmatively and disappeared in the darkness beyond a folding door.

Seated on the moleskin cover of a wooden chest, the petitioner had been waiting above an hour in that long waiting-room peculiar to the Parisian *lycée*, with its red tiled floor with the paint rubbed off, and its walls covered with a huge varnished geological chart. The daylight was fading — it was late in the spring — and through the waiting-room window he could see tall rectangles of gaslight in long lines on all the floors looking on that darkening courtyard, which, to him, overflowed with triumphant memories. It was there that for three years in succession, and again the very last summer, Raymond and Antonin, his two boys, standing at the heads of their respective classes at the Lycée Charlemagne, had afforded him the delight of hear-

ed with children, with parents in l
ere ermine-trimmed robes and laced
and fro; and his passage through th
een his two sons laden with wreatl
umph; the murmurs of glory about
out that poor papa with the tawny b
; with pride and health in a shiny fi
pa Eudeline, successor to Guillaume
d one of the largest manufacturers in
Temple. And then, immediately aft
bution, the joy of leaping into a cab
ildren — an open cab in which the gildi
oks and the wreaths blazed forth — of
ris, of showing himself on all the boul
way to call on their friend Pierre Izoa
lais-Bourbon, and thence on Mademoise
eir landlady, at her fine house on Av
amps-Elysées.

"Monsieur le Proviseur will see you now."

At this summons, uttered in a surly to
e woke with a start from his dream, an
office where an elderly gentleman, d
ay, with a velvet cap cocked jauntily
r, was finishing a letter, and without lo
the kindly giant standing in front of hi
an absent-minded tone:

"I trust, monsieur, that you have come
th the board of gov

come, on the contrary, to request you — to request you most earnestly — "

And the poor devil, disconcerted by this unforeseen reception, stammered and choked, his cheeks purple with the blood that rushed to his head.

"Excuse me," he muttered at last, placing on the table a tall hat, too new and gigantic, which embarrassed him almost as much as what he had to say. "You hardly know me, monsieur, and only through my children. I would like, before presenting my request, to tell you who I am and who my sponsors are."

The functionary was about to protest against a too long story, but the word "sponsors" put him on his guard. In these demagogical times, the meanest of mortals sometimes have protectors in very high station. He resigned himself therefore to learn that Victor Eudeline, a self-made man, was born on Rue de l'Orillon, among the chips of a cabinet-maker's shop. After two or three years of elementary work, he entered the employ of Guillaume Aillaume as an apprentice, and there he remained. His employer, after giving him his daughter, left him his business, which unfortunately was not destined to prosper in Eudeline's hands as it had in his.

"And yet, as you see, Monsieur le Proviseur, I have the look of an honest man, with nothing about me to turn customers away. I make a good deal of noise; yes, I make a noise, I am violent, the blood comes to the surface all at once. But, as for harming anybody on earth, I never did it. I have one weakness, to be sure, which has probably been a bad thing for me: I am too fond of building. What I

have spent on workshops, phalansteries, workmen's houses —"

He paused at sight of the irritated gesture with which the principal twitched his tasselled cap; but, at a sign to continue, Victor Eudeline resumed eagerly:

"In spite of everything, I should have pulled through, being supported by some excellent friends, very influential people — Pierre Izoard, deputy chief of the stenographic department in the Chamber, a very able man, married to a lovely young woman from Nice, who unfortunately has weak lungs. But Monsieur le Proviseur must know my friend Izoard, formerly a professor at the University, resigned in '52."

The other rejoined shortly:

"Don't know him."

"I also had another friend in high station, my landlady, Mademoiselle Javel."

"Related to the deputy?"

"Just so, and Under-Secretary of State of the Interior — she was his aunt. Ah! monsieur, such a noble creature, as generous as she was rich. Just from seeing the pains I took to bring up my children and do a little good to my workmen, she took a great liking to me and my wife, and a little delay in paying the rent did n't count with her after that. Our lease expired, she renewed it for fifteen years without raising the rent a sou. Why, she even found a way to encourage my insane taste for building, by giving me for nothing the privilege of building in my yard a large workshop, which I could let, and which would almost pay my rent. When the shop was finished and the sign put up,

I should have come out all right; but all at once Mademoiselle Javel dies suddenly of an *embolide* — no, that's not it, I ask your pardon, I am not very good at remembering words — and I am left face to face with her nephew and sole heir, or rather with his man of business, Maître Petit-Sagnier, solicitor at the Court of Appeal, who calls me a bandit, a preyer upon old women, and formally gives me notice that at the first day's delay in payment of the rent, M. Marc Javel will resume possession of the premises, including the building extorted from the dear old lady by my fraud."

"Maître Petit-Sagnier acts in his client's interest. I can't blame him for that," mumbled the exalted functionary, whose face had grown hard within a moment or two.

Eudeline, who had suddenly become very pale, with the ruddy pallor of full-blooded men, made a mighty effort to restrain himself, to keep from indulging in some violent outburst, and, pressing the edge of the desk between his short, hairy fingers, he continued very calmly:

"You can imagine, Monsieur le Proviseur, whether I exerted myself so that there should be no more delay about the rent. I sacrificed my wife's last jewels, which she was keeping for our little girl, her diamonds, her cashmere shawl. I even pawned — " The enormity of the confession he was about to make to that man terrified him, and he corrected himself: "I even deprived my children of the education which I was so proud to give them, not having had it myself. Ah! monsieur, I who, as a little urchin, used to stop in front of the gate of Charlemagne with envy in

..... and use the school mone
I wept with their mother to s
in slippers from one room tc
the idea that so many sacrific
that we should be sold up all
just what is happening, — the
up."

Sobs choked him. At a gest
he had the courage to force the

"Oh! don't be alarmed; I hav
money of you, monsieur, but t
period of the prize competition
my children come to the school
petition. Both are sure of receivi
the end of the year, each in his
deprive them of the chance; above
me of it; it is my only remaining

"Impossible, monsieur, that is
young men will not be able to ret
in good standing, unless you pay
that are overdue."

Clinging with both hands to th
idea, Eudeline insisted, entreate
only the elder — he was in the
was the year of the great compe
could take part in it with

"The board will not consent."

At the same time he pressed his finger on an electric call-button at his side. Eudeline did not await the coming of the attendant, but bowed and went out.

A few moments before, as he ascended the broad stone staircase where they were lighting the gas, a single hope remained in his heart, his confidence in these gentlemen of the *lycée*, his idolatrous respect for anybody who knew Latin. He expected, not effective assistance, but kind words, comforting quotations from the ancients; and although his pride had recoiled from that step for months, he had taken it with an absolute certainty of success, protected against all his misfortunes by the thought that Raymond would enter the general competition, and that, for the first time, the name of Eudeline would echo under the arches of the Sorbonne. But now that hope had faded, and the end of all had come. Among such a multitude of catastrophes, he no longer saw any but that. Where was he to find the money for the overdue fees? As he passed through the gate of Charlemagne, a name came to his mind, — Izoard, the clerk at the Palais-Bourbon, whom he had not dared to tell that the children had not been to school for three months. But many objections to that course instantly occurred to him. Izoard had left Paris to take his wife to Nice, and perhaps had not returned. And then they owed him so much already; the rent for the last few terms, the ten thousand francs for the building. No, no, he must think of something else. But what? at what door should he knock? Suddenly, becoming conscious of a cold, fine rain which moistened his hair and his hot temples, he discovered that

Eudeline felt that his hands were st
legs weak at the knees with that rest
walked unsteadily along the muddy
ewalk, as on the only occasion in his
been drunk, at the commercial travell
sided over by this same Marc Javel
puty from Indre-et-Loire had his talki
t night; and how his white waistcoat an
the lungs of a tall, finely-built man — s
sonorous periods he declaimed to t
lting voice and quivering eyelids, conc
ties of every good Frenchman at that n
ular and republican charity! Perhaps, a
lly believed in that human brotherhood
discoursed so eloquently, and it was his
tit-Sagnier, who urged him on to such
asures as this sale announced for Saturda
'Suppose I should go to Marc Javel, to
Rue de la Ville-l'Évêque; suppose I shou
accommodation from him, not from his
us Eudeline mused as he walked through
the factory. The workmen were just le
buildings were dark except that a sing
s still burning in the counting-room. He
the foot of the stairs

"Something for you, Monsieur Eudeline," said the concierge, in the listless, far-away voice of the servant who knows that the house has not long to stand. He took the two papers which were handed him, one a bailiff's scrawl, the notice of the sale, the other a letter, which he opened carelessly and read at a glance, doubting the testimony of his eyes. Summoned to appear the next morning, at eleven o'clock, before the examining magistrate! — Heavens and earth! he had forgotten that. — It was as if the ceiling fell upon his head; he staggered, and said twice aloud — they heard him in the concierge's box:

"Now to die — there is nothing left for me but to die."

He opened the door of the counting-room on the ground floor, dismissed the cashier, M. Alexis, and did not go up to his room until daybreak. He had passed the night writing two letters, which he had doubtless begun and destroyed and begun again many times. This is a copy of one of these letters, or rather of one of these testaments:

FRIEND PIERRE, — The Easter vacation is at an end and the Chamber resumes its sessions. I think that you must have left your invalid at Nice with her dear daughter, and that this note, announcing my death, will find you once more at the Palais-Bourbon. Yes, of my death, you have read aright. Unforeseen circumstances, which are beyond my strength, compel me to take leave of life by violent means. My poor wife will tell you, if she can, the reasons which have driven me to this desperate act; for my own part, I dare not, it would cause me too much shame to confess to you how your friend, a true republican of '48, could make up his mind to sully the honor of his name. How-

you, I hope that he will pay
assist you to obtain a purse for m
ment, so that they may finish their
am especially desirous of it for Ra
who must take my place and becoı
family after I have gone. I impl
Pierre, let him finish his education,
into business. Business is worse tha
risks ruin and dishonor every day. I
two boys escape it. With this, my old
you for the last time, with warmest
Izoard and Mademoiselle Geneviève f
to my wife and little Dina. You can
heart is bursting at the thought of t
from all my little circle; but I must dc
depends upon it.

Long live the democratic and social F

E

Pierre Izoard, who had returned
to the cramped quarters in the
which seemed vast and desolate in t
wife and daughter, was about sittin
fast, all alone, at the open windo
inner courtyard of the palace, pave
stones, where one could hear the
and plates denoti

fast, when an office boy brought him this letter. Without reading as far as the signature, he threw his napkin aside, took what money he had in the house, and the first cab that passed along Rue de Bourgogne bore away toward the upper end of Faubourg du Temple that little bald-headed man with the black eyebrows and long grizzly beard, who waved his arms out of the window and shouted above the rattling of the wheels over the pavement, with the emphasis and accent of Marseille:

"Eudeline take his own life! — Eudeline forfeit his honor! *Macareù!* I must see that before I believe it."

Throughout the faubourg, whose sloping streets swarmed with a hungry, noisy crowd; between the rows of dealers in fruit, flowers, vegetables and fish, whose pushcarts were drawn up in line along the edge of the sidewalks; amid the odor of hot bread and fried fish, the jostling and loud exclamations of tall girls in working frocks, bare-breasted workmen with a loaf under their arm and a piece of oiled paper in their hand — each revolution of the wheels confirmed Pierre Izoard in his optimistic views. Twelve o'clock was striking on all sides, in church-towers and in factory yards; twelve o'clock, the selfish hour of hunger, of life, which imparts to the glances of everybody on the street the same greedy and distraught fixity, the ravenous eye of the shark, hunting its prey under water. Kill himself, nonsense! — And what about breakfast? But when, on alighting from his carriage, he saw, at the end of Eudeline's yard, which was crowded with timbers of all lengths and colors, the white rough-cast walls of a

who crossed
headed and whistling, informed hi
had gone out in the morning and
seen him come in. His hand shoc
bell on the first floor.

Through the crack of a door of tl
in old houses, three steps above the
fair-haired boy, of fourteen or fifte
tear-stained cheeks and his chalky
and anxious.

"Well, Raymond, what's the matte
stenographer.

The child, without replying, beck
with a frantic gesture, led him into the
threw his head upon his shoulder with a
sob.

"Where 's papa, Monsieur Izoard?
papa is."

At the same moment Izoard felt kiss
ing tears on his hands; it was the ot
Tonin, a ruddy-cheeked little fellow, wh
from underground, as it were, clung to
with his brother where his papa was; but
with clenched teeth and a nervous cra
jaw. The Marseillais, deeply moved b
felt grief, wiped his eyes and tried to th
thing to reply.

"'Where's Papa, Monsieur Izoard?'"

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children. I am just home from the South — I came here by chance."

Sitting between the two brothers, amid the confusion of the cheerless room they had entered, he succeeded at last in comprehending, through the painful jolting of their plaintive, sobbing sentences, the details of the family drama in which he was forced to believe.

Their father had passed the whole night at his desk. In the morning they were awakened by the noise of a terrible scene in their parents' chamber. Eudeline was crying out that he was going to jump into the canal, that there was nothing left for him to do but that. Thereupon he had left the house, running, with their mother behind him, weeping and imploring him with clasped hands not to die. And since then the little fellows had been waiting there, in suspense, knowing nothing of what had happened.

Izoard tried to comfort them. They knew their father, how quick-tempered he was and violent, but tenderly attached to his family. Only the most terrible of disasters could impel him to such a frantic determination!

"Disasters, Monsieur Izoard?"

The elder boy assumed as he spoke that oldish air which premature unhappiness gives to children.

"We have had them of all sorts since you went away. Look about you: the clock has gone with the curtains; there is almost no furniture left. God knows what has not been sold or pawned to pay that horrible rent! It was Tonin who carried the things to the mont-de-piété, for I did n't dare. Papa and mamma were too well known. But that is

Izoard sat on the edge of the couch on which she had thrown herself. He hardly dared to question her. Was it possible? Had Eudeline carried out his threat?

She made a sign, "yes," her face still hidden behind her cotton gloves.

He gazed at her in stupefaction.

"But you were not there? You would not have let him do it. And then, as if a man ever killed himself on account of money! Look! I have brought him some money — not much, but a little something, you know."

Before these eager sentences which he hurled at her, interspersed with vehement gestures, the unhappy woman simply shook her head.

"Ah, Monsieur Izoard, if you knew —"

Suddenly he remembered the stain upon his honor to which Eudeline referred in his letter. What did he mean? Come, to a friend like him she could safely tell everything.

"Well! it was this."

Humbly and with downcast eyes, as in the confessional, she whispered in a hopeless voice the heart-rending story which Eudeline had confided to her while they walked along the canal. Alas! it was that awful rent again, and the fear of Marc Javel. Goods stored in the factory, pledged when the rent came due, and finally sold for lack of money to renew the loan. Then the complaint, the examining magistrate, the trial in the police court, Mazas, dishonor for him and for the children —

"Ah! my friend, it was that above all that drove him wild: the thought that our little ones would have

to blush for their name, that honest people like you would no longer dare to receive them. 'If I die,' he said to me, 'they will not prosecute me, our children's name will not be tarnished by a conviction.' I resisted, as you can imagine. I begged him not to kill himself. But he talked so forcibly, he put forth such strong arguments to prove that his death was the only way of arranging everything, of saving himself from prison and our little ones from disgrace! At last I did not know what to reply. He was so violent and despotic that I have always yielded to him, as you know. I ought to have shrieked, to have clung to him. I was speechless, stupefied. Suddenly he said to me, 'Kiss me, *mémère*, and go away; don't look round.' I did as he said, and here I am, not even knowing — God protect you, my poor man!"

The children returned. She checked herself, and examined their clothes with trembling hands, while the horrified Izoard thought of that heroic suicide, so ingenuously assented to by that unhappy slave.

"God grant that his death may at least serve some purpose!" he said to himself, as he drove with the children to Rue de la Ville-l'Évêque, where the Under-Secretary of State for the Interior occupied an old-fashioned mansion with a garden, hard by the department.

The deputy-chief stenographer to the Chamber prepares for the printer the report of the sitting, interlarding it with *bravos on the right* or *the left* — *murmurs from several benches* — *prolonged applause*, etc. One can understand that the deputies have every reason for being on good terms with him. So that the Marseillais was sure that, on receipt of his card,

the Under-Secretary of State, even if he were at breakfast, would be careful not to keep him waiting nor put him off to another day, as he would not have failed to do with some more exalted functionaries than himself.

No sooner ha ed into a study such as they had ne hat of the principal of Charlemagn ante-room in comparison — a sun h walls as high as a church, long s ows, thick carpets, and leather-co old oak placed at majestic interv ldren, awe-stricken already, lost co her when they saw coming toward tched hands, a tall individual with e complexion, and light, carefully hes, stately of gesture, dressed in a dark suit of English wool, and with his breakfast napkin on his arm, as a hint.

"My dear master, to what do I owe the honor of this kind visit?"

Izoard pointed to the two children:

"The sons of your tenant Eudeline, Monsieur le Sous-Secrétaire d'État."

Instantly M. Marc Javel's smile vanished, the corners of his mouth and his eyes fell, and, with pale face and drooping eyelids, he proffered some explanatory sentences. That very morning he had received from this M. Eudeline a letter written under intense excitement, a letter of the sort of which prominent men receive so many, which he had sent to his solicitor Petit-Sagnier, who had charge of the Javel estate. Now, this was the telegram the solicitor had sent in reply.

Père Izoard, to whom the Under-Secretary of State discreetly passed the despatch, said hastily:

"We have no need to conceal anything from these children, alas!"

And he read aloud:

"I do not believe a word of this suicide. He proposes to continue with the nephew the same game of exploitation as with the aunt. The sale will take place, as announced, day after to-morrow, — Saturday."

From the corner to which the two children had instinctively retired, the same frantic impulse brought them forth, boiling over with indignation. Both tried to speak at once; but Tonin, the little red-faced one, could only express his wrath by gestures. A nervous contraction prevented the words from issuing between his teeth, which were ground together to the breaking-point. Raymond, the elder, was hardly more eloquent, with his changing voice and the gawkiness of his long body, which had grown too fast; but, as he who was unjustly insulted before them must have a defender, the child succeeded in acquitting himself of that duty. — No, their father was not an impostor. If he had said that he would kill himself, he certainly meant to do it; and he killed himself to escape a lot of wicked monkeys who were always at his heels, M. Petit-Sagnier and others too. People should know that, he would tell it everywhere, he would write it to the newspapers. — Ah! yes, indeed he would!

"Their father is dead, Monsieur le Ministre, but they have not yet been told of it," muttered the Marseillais, disturbed by this angry outburst; but a vague

smile of pity on Marc Javel's lips instantly reassured him, and, persuaded that that exalted functionary was as deeply moved as he himself was, he no longer tried to restrain two great tears which those childish outcries brought to the corner of his eye.

Ah! poor ol[illegible] practical politician, dressed in stou[illegible] could be touched by that little famil[illegible]rot's day. Still, the urchin had spc[illegible]ers, and Monsieur le Sous-Secrétaire [illegible]d of newspaper men. He fancied hin[illegible] describing, under the title of the *Jav*[illegible]ictor Eudeline's self-inflicted death [illegible] his children to Rue de la Ville-l'É[illegible]sensation that would make! It wa[illegible]t to repair Petit-Sagnier's blunder [illegible]me. Luckily Izoard of Marseille was at hand, as full of charity to all men as he was loquacious, and he turned to him, holding out his loyal hand, with wide-open palm.

"My dear master" — Marc Javel gave this title to those to whom he could give no other — "my dear master, I thank you for bringing these young men to me, and for the opportunity you afford me of repairing an injustice."

Then, addressing with divine gentleness the stupefied Raymond, he added:

"I do not know, my young friend, whether your father has carried out his fatal resolution. I venture still to hope that he has not done so. In any event, say to madame your mother, from me, that while lawyers speak one language, honorable men speak another. There will be no sale at your house day after to-morrow, nor on any following Saturday."

"I knew that I should find Marc Javel as he always was!" cried the stenographer joyfully, with difficulty refraining from throwing his arms about the minister-orator's neck.

As a matter of fact, the event of the Saturday was not the advertised sale, but the interment of Eudeline, whose body was taken from the canal after a few hours, and whom his wife had obtained permission to bury in the cemetery of Saint-Joseph at Belleville. The obsequies, the expenses of which were paid by Izoard were suitably simple. Large attendance, principally of workmen and petty tradesmen. The large houses bore Guillaume Aillaume's successor a grudge on account of his socialistic and humanitarian theories; but how many regretted their abstention when they learned that the Under-Secretary of the Interior had gone to the cemetery! To soften the painful impression produced upon the public mind, Marc Javel had realized that he must attend the funeral of his victim; he even had the art to take with him as a scapegoat his agent Petit-Sagnier, a typical specimen of the obese, epicurean solicitor, whom the workmen at the factory, being vaguely informed of what had happened, welcomed with mutterings and sullen faces. As for Marc, when they saw him alight from the ministerial coupé, black-gloved and faultlessly attired, in front of that far-off church of the faubourg, he was greeted with a feeling of universal sympathy. Pierre Izoard and the children, who were awaiting him under the peristyle, knowing that, as a freemason and the presiding officer of a lodge, he never entered a church, walked forward, their voices choked with tears, to thank him for coming.

"*Fortitudo animi!*" said the stenographer in an undertone, pointing to the catafalque surrounded by lighted tapers under the porch; for his emotion recalled to his mind the old texts of his professorship.

The minister atin, and shrank from it as from a lep erstood from the context that the *fo* to the father's heroic death for his cl the elder happened to be near him, he is breast with a superb gesture as of ad

"Children," I uave, full voice, which could be heard , "your father was one of those republ d stock to whom the government of n refuse nothing. All that Victor Euc tter from beyond the tomb, asks of us for Raymond Eudeline, his widow's oldest son and the support of the family, shall be done. I pledge my word to that effect before all those who hear me."

And there were many of them!

From that day dates Marc Javel's first decisive step on the highroad of popularity, whereon we have since seen him move forward with unparalleled dexterity and rapidity. On that day also, Raymond took possession of his new post as the support of the family. He divined its responsibilities and duties from a sort of compassion, of deference, with which he suddenly found himself encompassed while he was walking behind the hearse with his brother. Doubtless the death of that father, who was so indulgent, so loving, despite his violent temper, caused them both the most profound grief; but with his individual

sorrow there was mingled an indefinable sort of pride, and even a slight tendency to pose. He did not cry like a child, as Antonin did, but walked, with his head bent forward, with an air of solemnity and consequence.

This serious demeanor, far beyond his years, this always exaggerated and slightly unreal sensitiveness, he maintained during the three or four years that he passed as *boursier*[1] at Louis-le-Grand, to complete his studies. His story, which was well known in the school, especially the favor of the minister, to whom he owed his purse, made him a celebrity. In the parlor, the pupils would point him out to their parents:

"Do you see that tall, light-haired fellow in the third B.? He is n't fifteen years old yet, and he 's already the head of the family."

And the proctor, when the mothers questioned him, would whisper mysteriously:

"A young man with very distinguished patronage."

As always, this patronage was more illusory than real. A few weeks after Eudeline's funeral, the Under-Secretary of State sent up his card to the widow, who was very proud of that call, and received them — the minister and his man of business, Petit-Sagnier — in the same office on the ground floor in which the desperate man had sweated through his night of agony, between the wicket of the counting-room and two rows of account-books bound in sheepskin. Pierre Izoard and Alexis the cashier were present, at the express request of Marc Javel, with whom this

[1] That is, a pupil in receipt of a purse (*bourse*) from the Government; in other words, one who has no fees or other expenses to pay.

family council had been planned by Madame Eudeline, in view of the impossibility of carrying on her husband's business. A yielding, dreamy nature, a motherless education, begun at the Sacred Heart, and completed in the outskirts of Paris by a romantic governess, in the solitude of the château of Morangis, whither old G[illegible]ime had retired, had made it impossi[illegible]ghter to contribute to the establishme[illegible]n of feminine activity and intelligence [illegible] the existence of many fortunes in Par[illegible]e lacked the taste for business and the [illegible]ct; her husband's violence caused he[illegible]vith fear and loathing. That excellent r[illegible]d her, put her to flight with his fierce [illegible]fter eighteen years of fairly happy ma[illegible]ngs considered, he left her bewildered and almost deaf, like the captain of a marine gun of heavy calibre. A single fact will best describe the situation: since her marriage she had not entered that office in which the council was held more than twice. One can readily understand that, bereft as she was, and with young children to care for, the unfortunate woman shrank from succeeding to a business of which the cashier laid before her all the dangers and embarrassments, triumphing in the clearness and accuracy of his books. A well-patronized house, no doubt, but already old-fashioned; finances badly crippled, what with outlawed accounts, and debts, to say nothing of the overdue rent, which the outstanding accounts would certainly not pay. How was she to get out of it? — Sell the stock? — But the debts must first be paid; otherwise, who would want a business as badly worn and as full of holes as

Babet's warming-pan? M. Alexis, who was proud of his Berrichon metaphor, repeated it several times, while Izoard and Madame Eudeline gazed at each other in consternation.

"Well! I have a purchaser," said Petit-Sagnier, at a sign from his illustrious client.

He mentioned Nathan Brothers, dealers in furniture in a small way on Rue de Charonne, who would take the business with the debts, overdue rent—

"And the building in the yard?" inquired Pierre Izoard, eagerly.

The attorney threw up his hands, as if he would drop the whole affair. The Nathans had not mentioned the building, which, indeed, monopolized air, light, and space in a yard that was too small at the best; they would be delighted to get rid of it. Madame Eudeline could hardly restrain her tears. What! not even give them the cost of construction, the ten thousand francs that Pierre Izoard had procured for them! The corpulent attorney put out his lips contemptuously: that was one of poor M. Eudeline's numerous mistakes, the idea of that building.

"Do not think any more about that, my dear friend," interposed the stenographer; "the person who loaned you that money is in no hurry to get it back."

Marc Javel smiled indulgently.

"This person is very rich, I suppose?"

"About as rich as myself, Monsieur le Ministre," said the Marseillais effusively.

"In that case, my dear master—" Monsieur le Sous-Secrétaire d'État produced from his coat pocket a dainty morocco wallet, took therefrom a check,

which he signed on the edge of the desk with Alexis's pen — another "dear master" to thank — and handed the stenographer a draft on his bankers for five thousand francs, in order that his imprudent friend might not lose the whole of the amount expended.

Izoard blushed, protested, but upon reflection, said:

"Well! yes, I will accept it for Madame Eudeline, who will soon be even poorer than I and my friend."

The poor woman hardly knew where she was; they already owed so much to this kind-hearted M. Marc Javel! A few days before, it was Raymond's purse; then a letter of recommendation to Esprit Cornat, ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, now manager of a large establishment dealing in electrical appliances, to which Pierre Izoard had just procured Antonin's admission as an apprentice. And this five thousand francs on top of all the rest!

"Madame, I entreat you," murmured Marc Javel, as gentle and fatherly as the Gospel.

In the ministerial coupé, as it descended at full speed the muddy incline of the faubourg, the solicitor Petit-Sagnier reproved his client for this useless generosity.

"What the devil! I arrange a superb piece of business for you, I relieve you of an absurd lease, of a dangerous tenant, I make you a present of a fine building, and you spoil my masterpiece with your five thousand francs! Bah!"

"Maître Petit-Sagnier," said the high functionary, putting to his nose a Havana cigar, as well rolled and of the same tawny color as his moustache, "I am not fond of affairs that are too superb, and I distrust a thing that costs nothing. That money is not thrown

away, believe me. It is your duty to take care of my aunt's estate; but I have my political career to watch."

"And you know how to do it, my master!" said the solicitor with respectful jocularity; hitherto he had taken his client for a lucky man and nothing more.

That five thousand francs enabled the widow, who had taken refuge with her husband's sister at Cherbourg, to live less economically there and to send some little presents to the student at Louis-le-Grand and to Esprit Cornat's apprentice, pending the time when Raymond should be old enough to fill effectively the post of support of the family. The letters she wrote to her boys, especially to the elder, who had their future to provide for, complained of the exile to which the mother and daughter seemed to be doomed for a long time to come, and the same depressing postscript always followed the signature: "Work, my son, work, and take us away from here as soon as possible." He worked hard, the poor fellow; but, by extraordinary ill-luck, he who had formerly carried off all the prizes of his class at Charlemagne, without the slightest effort, did not even obtain an appointment at the end of the year, now that his studies had a definite, self-imposed object. His teachers, to whom he confided his difficulties, and who witnessed his efforts, attributed to the exhaustion of rapid growth this sudden interruption of memory and of the power of concentration in a young man of such perfect mental poise. Izoard, for his part, explained it by the nervous shock which their father's tragic death had caused the two children.

"Look at Antonin, the younger," he said one day to Marc Javel, as they were talking together in a corridor of the Chamber; "since Eudeline's suicide, the poor child stammers and stutters and gropes for his words. Who knows if that confusion, that hesitating speech are not manifested in his older brother by loss of will-power?"

"Possibly, my dear master. At all events, send him to the department some Sunday morning, — those things must be looked after. *Au revoir*, and don't fail to bring your young man to me."

Izoard did not fail, you may be sure of that: but it happened that, out of the innumerable visits paid to his patron, whether at the Interior, at the Treasury or at the Department of Commerce, various posts successively occupied by Marc Javel, the *boursier* of Louis-le-Grand was received but twice in all during the whole duration of his studies, barely five minutes each time, and then only to listen to the same sermon as under the porch of Saint Joseph's, the same obligations assumed in the name of the Republic toward Eudeline Raymond, eldest son of a widow, and the support of the family.— "Do not forget, young man."

It would have been better that the young man should forget for a time his serious and burdensome obligations for the future; for the idea that he had formed of his task, the dread of not being strong enough to accomplish it, could not fail to paralyze him, to deprive his brief youthful years of all energy, of all joy. At a matinée at the Théâtre-Français, to which two divisions of Louis-le-Grand had been taken, *Hamlet*, which Raymond saw acted for the first time, filled him with despair, slightly theatrical

and forced as always, but of which he confessed the cause only to a typical young rhetorician, a certain Marquès, who walked beside him in the line on the return from the play.

"The reason that this Prince of Denmark arouses my pity, the reason I weep over him as over one of us, is that he resembles me, Marquès; that, like me, he has a task beyond his powers, of which he thinks all the time, and which makes all pleasure impossible to him. He has no more right than I have to be young, to love and to be loved, to act his age. He must be a hero, an avenger, and he feels that he cannot; it is enough to break one's heart."

Of this confidence, which the young rhetorician repeated that evening to his mother, a minister's wife, if you please, there was born in that lady, whom republican swelldom still called "the fair Marquès," a keen interest in that blond youngster with a romantic soul, and with hair of such a delicate shade; but this latent curiosity was not gratified until later. At this time Raymond would see nobody, would accept no invitations. He passed his Sundays sometimes at the Palais-Bourbon, with Izoard; more frequently at Morangis, a small hamlet in the suburbs, where, since his wife's illness, the stenographer had adopted the habit of living part of the year. It was at this same Morangis that Guillaume Aillaume, the old tradesman, lived after retiring from business, and an intimacy between the two families had followed this meeting in the country.

Formerly, every Saturday evening, Izoard and Eudeline used to alight at the Antony station, and, leaving Madame Eudeline to enter the stage with her

daughter, walk together along one of the sunken roads shaded by old elms, a tree now out of fashion, which cut the vast plain between La Belle-Épine and the tower of Montlhéry. It was an ever-new delight to the tradesman of the faubourg, that walk of an hour betwe[illegible] hawthorn and wild plum-trees, on t[illegible] d stenographer, who disclosed to hi[illegible] f the Chamber, the mysteries of th[illegible] laiming in his voice of thunder: [illegible] me so this very day in the rest[illegible] have it from Monsieur Defaure t[illegible] ot pass;" while Raymond and Ant[illegible] and thither, strewing their books an[illegible] the fields of sainfoin and beets, and [illegible] isy joy with the cries of the skylark, [illegible] over the crops as if caught in the brilliant meshes of the setting sun.

At the entrance to the village, where three roads met, there stood in the centre of a green tract a tall Italian poplar, which had a political history, and which Père Aillaume, who had owned land in the provinces in '48, remembered to have seen stripped of its bark and branches, painted the three colors of the tricolor, and baptized "Tree of Liberty" by the curé of that time. In front of that poplar, which had afterward returned to its natural state and to the tranquillity of civil life, our Parisians would find, on Saturday evening, Geneviève Izoard waiting for them, bending solicitously over her mother's reclining chair, in which the invalid sat all muffled in shawls, and beside her old Guillaume Aillaume, a mask of Voltaire retouched by Labiche, always with his snuff-box in his hand and a generous pinch between two fing-

ers, coming to meet his grandchildren, whom he adored. They would stop a moment to talk politics, but never agreed, for they were of different generations, each with his own way of feeling and even of speaking. Then, as the cool evening air made the tall poplar quiver to its topmost branch, Geneviève, anxious for her mother's welfare, would give the signal, and they would separate; on the one hand, the invalid trundling slowly between her husband and her daughter toward a very old hunting-box which they occupied, consisting of a ground floor only, with long windows and very small panes looking out over ten leagues of wheat and colewort; in the opposite direction, Grandfather Aillaume trotting along, with the short, quick gait characteristic of a spare old man, at the head of the Eudeline family, toward the château, which could be seen in the distance, a huge black mass with its front flanked by two tall tulip trees, all its windows reddened by the setting sun, giving it the appearance of a building destroyed by fire, which had remained standing by magic.

From year to year the tree of liberty, which was gradually dying at the top, had seen its little group of friends of Saturday evenings grow thinner. First old Guillaume was missed, then Victor Eudeline, and some months after, Madame Izoard, whose eternal complaints had been laid to sleep in the cemetery at Nice; and lastly, Madame Eudeline and Dina, whose exile in the provinces seemed likely to last for a long time to come. One evening, to await the stenographer on his arrival from Paris, there were at the cross-roads only Geneviève, in deep mourning, and her friend Casta, whose real name was Sophia

Castagnozoff, a round little body in spectacles, daughter of a large grain dealer at Odessa, who, having come to Paris to study medicine against the wishes of her family, gave, in order to pay her tuition fees, lessons in all languages, dead and living, and all branches of knowledge whi emory and her vast intelligence had ierre Izoard, who as it happened did contemptuous theories of his master a B. Proudhon concerning the female ave been glad, with the assistance of fri ocure for his daughter the complete c ion of a young man. But the mothe ourneys to the South, prevented Gen aining the two degrees to which her f r her. When she returned from the e and so white in her black clothes, with eyes that shone too brightly and lips the color of red peppers, her friends were alarmed; she must live in the country, they said, avoid fatigue; and Sophia no longer came to the little house at Morangis, where she found an echo of her ideas of absolute justice and universal emancipation, except as a friend and as a physician. However, Geneviève, although interrupted in the midst of her studies, knew enough to keep Raymond at work, who was younger than she, and to hear his lessons in Latin and even in mathematics; and the young student dreamed all the week of those Sunday afternoons which he passed in a corner of the dining-room at Morangis, dark or light according to the season, sitting at the feet of that charming big sister, whom the children called "Tantine," a Virgil open on her knees, which burned him through her skirts.

Raymond was approaching his eighteenth year; he was beginning his course in philosophy. Our *lycée* philosophers may usually be recognized by a care-worn expression and the gravity of a Lord Chamberlain, proud to wear embroidered on their backs those two symbolic keys with which Kant and Schopenhauer open to them the whole human soul and the whole of life. Do not laugh; this is one of the most deplorable facts in our history, the importance that we give, since the war of '70, to philosophy, especially German philosophy, which has replaced in our *lycées* those enlightening "humanities," which were so long the rendezvous, so to speak, or, we might say, the intellectual landing-places of the higher branches of study.

Depressed already by the duties and privileges of an older son, whose responsibilities he exaggerated in his own mind, this new study upon which Raymond was entering was well calculated to plunge him into the blackest gloom; the professor was maddening, the doctrine enough to drive one to despair; on leaving the class room the pupils talked among themselves of nothing but suicide and death, of the barrenness of existence and the worthlessness of everything. And yet, in the dismal youth of the *boursier* of Louis-le-Grand, that year of philosophy, which opened upon a Sunday in October 1883, a never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, counted as the happiest.

On that Sunday morning, Geneviève and her friend Casta, the latter having arrived at Montargis the day before, were waiting at the cross-roads of the tree of liberty for Geneviève's father, who had gone to meet Raymond at the Antony station. Seated upon the

the greatest need of work for himself, as well as for others; and it is you who turn him from it. I think of all the theories that people invented to explain the evident diminution of this young Eudeline's powers of attention and comprehension; but one need not have been a sorce[illegible] the true reason. You were the prete[illegible] phatic creature's indolence; you we[illegible] Stop where you are, my dear. You ar[illegible] bring misfortune upon this boy, and [illegible] yourself. It is no use talking about [illegible] sister'; the flesh is a terrible trap i[illegible] are caught, in which you will allo[illegible] caught one of these days. And [illegible] u cannot be his wife; the other thin[illegible] e, will you? I can see you both in di[illegible] re long."

Without withdrawing her hands, without trying to interrupt or deny, the blushing Geneviève allowed her friend to talk on to the end. These reproaches which she heard, she had addressed to herself so many times! — "You want the proof of it, my dear Sophia"? — She had put her face, with its frank and beautiful smile, close to the other's spectacles, to show her the transparence of her thought, and said in an undertone, close to her ear, as if there were any other thing about them than silence and solitude:

"I am going to be married, my friend."

"Ah! my dear girl," said the student in a burst of feeling, which brought her to her feet. "To whom, pray?"

"Still the same old suitor, the man from the Auditor's office, Siméon. He is to come to breakfast this morning and renew his suit. But this time —"

Casta stared at her in dismay.

"Not really, do you mean it? Siméon?" The arch of her heavy eyebrows contracted at each of her questions with astonishment and stupefaction. What! that ministerial fop, that methodical creature, one of the men that has to be wound up; that hare afraid of his own shadow, without ideas, without passion, who has never said or thought anything that has not been said or thought by a multitude of others before him, — that was the sort of thing that Geneviève Izoard preferred to the estimable talent, to the independence and intelligence of young Mauglas!

"Why, my dear, have you gone mad? Don't you think him stylish enough, or young enough?"

"No, it isn't that. I don't know Mauglas well enough, he frightens me."

"Well, you are the one who frightens me, I tell you. I know the fellow only through you, and I have always spoken freely before him of myself and my friends. Only yesterday he heard me tell whom I had hidden in my room — "

"Oh! never fear," Geneviève interrupted hastily; "I believe he is an honorable man; but when he laughs there is something in the corner of his mouth, in the curl of his lip, something puzzling and cynical that embarrasses me. The idea that that man thinks of me, that he carries my memory, my image in his brain, is most unpleasant to me."

"And I should be so happy with him," murmured the Russian; "but how badly everything is arranged in life!" she added with a sigh.

Footsteps and voices approached along the road. The student's yellow cheeks flushed with an innocent

glow beneath her gorgeous ribbons; she had seen, gleaming behind Izoard and Raymond, the barrel of a rifle, and a pheasant's tail-feather stuck in a Tyrolean hat.

"Just listen to this, my girl," grumbled the bass voice of the Marseillais, whose beard, shaped like a sapper's apron and growing every day longer and whiter, shone resplendent in the bright morning light, "listen to this and tell me what you think of it. Mauglas, whom we just picked up on the road, declares that from one generation to another is as far as from Mars to the earth or any other planet, and that urchins like Raymond here, when I talk to them of the *coup d'État* of 1852 and of Badinguc's cowardly recantation, do not know what I mean."

"Any more than they understand those of my generation who preach revenge and war to them."

The curl of a thick double lip pressing an English pipe, a hunting pipe with a short stem, and that smile which Geneviève did not like, accompanied this strange assertion from a stout man with the head of a strolling actor, from thirty-five to forty years old, in yellow gaiters with gleaming buckles, and a velvet jacket that was too new, who approached the young women, bowing almost to the ground, sweeping the road with his reddish-brown plume. The student, whom he did not usually flatter with his attentions, was so proud to have her share of that reverence, ironical though it was, that for the space of a lightning flash her poor face became almost pretty. Naturally Mauglas did not notice it, and continued, turning toward Geneviève:

"It is just as if I should accuse Madame Lafarge, before mademoiselle, of having given her husband arsenic. Whatever Mademoiselle Geneviève's opinion may be concerning that famous case, I fancy that she will express it reasonably; whereas last night, at the dinner table, I thought that my dear mamma would call down the fire from Heaven on my head, simply because I suggested a doubt of that saintly woman's innocence. There are some words or dates which are touchstones to assist people of the same epoch to identify each other, to recognize each other; for instance, this name of Madame Lafarge, of old Raspail, of sedative water, for my mother and your father too, eh, mademoiselle?"

Geneviève answered with an absent-minded "yes," without turning, being already engrossed by Raymond, who, pressing close against her, told her as they walked about a despairing letter arrived that very morning from Cherbourg, a letter in which Madame Eudeline, at the end of her strength, wrote with tears in her eyes to her tall son that she really despaired of ever seeing her dear Paris again, of living there surrounded by her children; and as she too was a sentimental creature, a contemporary of Madame Lafarge, of *Lélia*, and *Indiana*, she begged Raymond to send her at once a few flowers from one of the great tulip-trees of Morangis, wishing to have near her and to inhale, to evoke, before she died, the memory of those beautiful haunts of her youth, which she should never see again.

It is true that, at the end of that ominous letter, two comforting lines from Dina bore witness to

Madame Eudeline's perfect health; but the poor child must have borne on his heart since morning his mother's disguised reproaches and doubts; and Tantine felt the coarse woollen student's tunic quiver against her shoulder — for neither Kant nor Spinoza, nor even Sch[illegible] relieved our young philosophers o[illegible]oy's uniform. And it was that ve[illegible] had chosen to inflict a great sorrow [illegible]h! their neighbors' son might cap[illegible] the effects of literature and of ne[illegible] they walked together at a loitering st[illegible], across the immense plain dotted w[illegible] trees and with high mills; she saw [illegible]ht of but one thing: "How should [illegible]at she was going to be married; wi[illegible] tell him?" Before breakfast, that was certain. Raymond knew the man from the auditor's office, and his intentions; simply on seeing him arrive, a few moments hence, he would understand, and the news learned in that way, without explanation or preparation, would be much more painful to him. But how could she manage to be alone with him five minutes before Siméon's arrival? Suddenly the symmetrical mass of the château of Morangis, rising in the distance, on the right, with the tulip-trees in front, reminded her of Madame Eudeline's wish.

"Suppose we pluck her flowers now?" she said in an undertone to Raymond, and without awaiting his reply, led him away, calling to the others to go on ahead, that they would stop at the château a few moments.

At twenty-two years, Geneviève Izoard, although

educated by a medical student and a father with very advanced ideas, had remained a genuine girl, delicious in her candor and innocence. There were several reasons for this: in the first place Père Izoard, an article of Marseillais manufacture, very complex, with water-tight compartments and partitions, desired that his daughter should be educated, but was not anxious to make of her a uniformed college student, stuffed with scientific words, nor on the other hand a young woman of the world, eager for horse races and first nights, speaking all kinds of slang and imitating the singers of fashionable ditties. Having brought Geneviève up apart from all religious creeds, he desired her to be all the more reserved in manner and speech; with all the rest, he was a genuine papa of the South, savage, uncompromising, and as rigid as the guardian of a harem. It was reported that Geneviève, having been taken by mistake to a play that was somewhat immoral, observed artlessly to her friend Casta:

"It was on papa's account principally that I was troubled, you understand."

Without sharing the old stenographer's Southern ideas, this Sophia Castagnozoff, whom he had associated with himself in the completion of his daughter's education, had attracted him in the first place by the austerity of her manners and her language, her famous frights at the School of Medicine. When the students who were Casta's neighbors, either at the lectures or during the botanical excursions, wished to rid themselves of the poor ugly creature and her humane observations, — or it might be simply for the pleasure of seeing her blush to the

roots of her tawny hair, — they had only to give free play to their street arabs', medical students' imagination; whereupon she would sidle away with awkward modesty, like a great cat, shaking her fringes and her feathers.

In addition t mewhat peculiar educational influer er's illness had kept Geneviève cons ouse; she had never attended course r young ladies, nor a boarding schoo romantic spirit, and lacked what is led imagination; that is to say, she sed in whatever she did, devoted all nd all her will power to it. Thus ma the absolute simplicity which that radi d retained up to her twenty-second year, and now the instinct of maternity, the first and only instinct that had been awakened in her, had been transformed, had become love almost unconsciously. When she came to understand it, during the last vacation, the discovery filled her with confusion. That that boy should love her, that was not impossible perhaps; but that she should love him too, should be agitated at his approach, should dream of his pretty face surrounded by light curls, of his hussar's moustache, of his white, delicate hands, should be annoyed when he looked at other women, or if the mother of his friend Marquès sent for him to come to the parlor — these were weaknesses from which she had never imagined that she could suffer. That child, whom she, his Tantine, had taught to read! — why, such a sentiment would be abominable if it were not laughable. And she tried at once to rid herself of it, watching herself as the

cleverest woman might have done, avoiding dangerous meetings, affectionate familiarities; but what trouble, what an out-putting of useless efforts! It was like making her whole life over, changing all her habits; and Père Izoard, in dismay, asked every moment in the day:

"What has got into you, my girl?"

And then there were the boy's eyes raised to hers, distressed and astounded, filled with great anxious tears, those childish tears that mothers do not resist. Thereupon, seeing how difficult a task she had undertaken, and that she would never succeed in it, she had decided upon this heroic marriage.

Her resolution once formed, it became necessary to make Raymond understand and accept it, and that would be a difficult matter, for, although he had never dared to tell her so, he loved her and *he* knew it. At sixteen he wrote verses for her, martial verses, fervent hymns in Latin of the decadent period. — *Genovesæ meæ laudes* — wherein he enumerated his friend's charms, her hawthorn-like complexion, her tall, willowy figure. The infrequent faces of women printed in his school books, princesses and warriors, Electra with her great sisterly heart, or Virgil's Camilla, always seemed to him to have Tantine's winning smile and bright gray eyes. In the class room, in the courtyard, in the dormitory, and when out walking, he thought of nothing but her whose portrait, in a pretty locket, never left him. Friend Marquès was the only one who knew of it, and his mother, the minister's wife, obtained as a special favor the privilege of looking at it, being exceedingly interested by that youthful love affair;

but be sure that Eudeline surrounded with romantic adventures and disguised under a false name that face with its large wide-open eyes, disconcerting in their penetrating gaze, and so clear that one could see their sympathetic feeling for him written in their depths. How was he to [illegible] rstand that those feelings were reci[illegible] w say to that angel: "I love you," v[illegible] the risk of losing the corner of Para[illegible] lready possessed, that half-happiness [illegible] many would be satisfied? But bei[illegible] ereupon, Marquès, the wicked young [illegible] women as no other boy did at L[illegible] roposed to him two methods of de[illegible] either an abrupt embrace, lip to lip, [illegible] when they were alone; or, more insidio[illegible] fic choice of subjects of conversation, of books and pictures. Luckily Raymond, however great his confidence in his friend's precocious experience, was restrained by a natural delicacy rather than shyness, and continued to love in silence at Geneviève's feet, to press close to her and rub against her, as his book lay open on her knees.

On this October morning, however, as he walked in the bright sunlight, his blood tingling, his veins swollen to bursting, he felt within him a sudden rush of youthful vigor and of manliness. At every step he said to himself: "It must be done to-day, I will tell her to-day that I love her;" while Geneviève was preparing with all her strength to make him believe and to make herself believe that she did not love him.

"Is n't the château occupied yet?" asked Ray-

mond, as they arrived in front of the monumental gate, on the post of which was a sign, whereon the wind and rain amused themselves by effacing day by day the words: *For Sale or To Let.*

"Really this unlucky château has no luck."

Geneviève as she spoke was trying to find the bell-knob at the gate, which some carter, angry at receiving no response, had probably pulled off and thrown away.

"At your grandfather's death it was sold to some English people, who set up a silkworm nursery, intending to carry on the culture of silkworms on a large scale. They did not succeed. After they left, they put up the sign, and it has never been taken down."

A forest keeper's cap, appearing at the other end of the courtyard, at one of the long windows on the ground floor overlooking the flight of stone steps, cried in a commanding voice:

"Open the gate, it is not locked."

Geneviève obeyed.

"That is old Lombard," she said to Raymond, "a former keeper at Fontainebleau; he stays here to exhibit the château, and amuses himself by making canes, pitchforks and rakes with the wood of all sorts which he finds in the park. You know your grandfather had a passion for foreign trees. But what's the matter, my dear? How you are trembling!"

The grinding of the gate on its hinges as it opened, mingled with the shrieks of a peacock on the crest of the wall, in the sunlight, and with the clang of a neighboring church bell ringing for high

mass, moved Raymond to the inmost recesses of his being. He lived anew the familiar Sundays of his early childhood, those lovely mornings of golden sunlight. He returned from hunting with his father, and, holding his hand, crossed the court of honor covered with fin [illegible] overgrown with weeds and strewn with [illegible] As they passed, he tossed upon th [illegible] the heavy game-bag whose leather [illegible] his back hot. What a multitude of [illegible] to his mind! Great Heaven, what a [illegible] head went round and round, his heart [illegible] his chest, and at every step, at the sligh [illegible] ch his memory recognized, Antan's [illegible] ndfather's old Danish hound — Oh! t [illegible] ntan, which had puzzled his whole [illegible] and the mark left on the wall by the dinner bell, he felt the tears come to his eyes.

"It makes me feel too badly, Tantine," he said to the girl, who was herself deeply moved by his emotion. "Let us get our flowers and go."

She was angry with herself for having brought him there, and asked nothing better than to go away. But the two tulip-trees in front of the house, which the storm of the preceding night had stripped of half their leaves, had long since lost their flowers. Lombard, the keeper, who had drawn near and respectfully uncovered when he learned that he was speaking to one of the former owners of the château, luckily remembered that there were still a few flowers remaining on a small shrub on the edge of the pond.

"If Monsieur Eudeline cares to go as far as there, he can pass through the house. The vestibule is

open at this moment. I am making the most of the last fine days to air the large salon and beat the curtains which were left there, — with this stick of my own manufacture," added the keeper, proudly exhibiting a switch of walnut with a whistle cut in the handle.

Through the four windows of the salon, of which all the blinds were open and which looked in two directions, Raymond saw the pond, gleaming in the sunlight among the autumnal splendors, like a long mirror corresponding to those framed in the green and gold hangings of the salon. Should he have the courage to go as far as that, entangled as he was in the innumerable memories which spring from the ground of the spot in which one's childhood was spent, in climbing, clinging, suffocating tendrils.

"Really, this excites you too much; we will come again some other day," murmured Geneviève compassionately.

The boy drew himself up, tried to play the man.

"No! we must do it; I insist; another day would be too late."

He took her hand and they entered the house together.

Oh! that vestibule, with its resonant flagged floor, with its pale pink stucco, and the old straw hats still hanging on the pegs! he simply passed through it, but how great was his emotion on recognizing that odor of fruit trees and of dampness! At the turn in the main staircase, the rail of which still bore the crystal globe nicked by Antonin's arrow, he actually thought he saw Grandfather Aillaume's back, gliding up the stairs at his stealthy gait, like a long, thin cat.

Through the half-open doors at the right and left, shadows passed in and out, seemed to beckon him from afar, to make signs to him in the half light of the deserted rooms. He saw hands stretched out, he heard friendly voices, long silent, whispering to him, and dresses ru[illegible] corridors; he recognized the tick[illegible]ead clocks. And the impression, wh[illegible] felt on the rebound, was so vivid, th[illegible]d once passed through the great buil[illegible] outside once more, they walked fo[illegible] side by side without speaking.

In the park a[illegible]tude and neglect, made visible, not as w[illegible] the house, by the emptiness and dese[illegible] the places they passed through, but on[illegible] an invasion of nature, which fills to overflowing all that we abandon; grass-grown paths, fields overrun by parasitic mosses, trees untrimmed and uncared for, with obtrusive branches rustling under the double row of hornbeams half stripped of their leaves, where flocks of starlings, blackbirds, thrushes, and redbreasts sang and hopped about, deceived by the hot sunshine so late in the season, and halting for a brief rest in their southward journey. The whole vast park, changed into a forest, was intersected by green roads, what the forest keepers call dead roads, with white-breasted rabbits bounding across at intervals, and snakes gliding through the grass; and upon moss-grown stone benches, a sunbeam or a shadow, moved by the wind, produced the illusion of friendly ghosts rising to greet them as they passed.

"Here we are at the Island; I must speak to him

about this marriage," thought Geneviève; but, seeing Raymond so moved, so weak, she lost all her courage. He, intoxicated with his recollections, forgetful of the hour, lived only in the past; and the appearance of Grandfather Aillaume at the end of the path, with a pinch of snuff between his thin fingers and his Danish hound Antan at his heels, would have seemed quite natural to him. As they crossed the little bridge over the deep, black pond, which surrounded as with a canal the lawns planted with rare trees, he stopped and leaned against the parapet. The girl, who was in front, returned to him with an anxious face.

"What are you doing there?"

He raised his pretty face, which had turned slightly pale.

"Nothing; I was looking at the light in the gleaming water." And in a changed, timid voice he added: "How much I look like my father, don't I, Tantine?"

This was what she always dreaded for him, the memory of his father, and of the horrible suicide which had made so deep an impression on him. She was more angry than ever with herself for having exposed him to these evocations of the past.

"Your father? No, I do not think so; he was tall and fair like you, but that is all; you resemble your mother more."

"Yes, in my nature, perhaps. I am weak and have no will of my own, which is a terrible calamity when one has a difficult task to perform. And unluckily I have no illusions like my poor mother; I am not romantic."

"It is our generation which is not romantic," said Geneviève, laughing; and to divert him from his gloomy ideas, she pointed to the magical beauty of the autumn around them, those intersecting lines of golden trees shaped like great vases, service-trees, junipers, and t at field of wild grasses laid low by th night and raised again by the sunshi rning, with the brown patches of ree l berries of the service-trees and the f

"Look, my Eudeline's bouquet."

Kneeling in urned toward him, waving one last b by the wind; and the movement of h re in her black woollen gown, the cha ture and of her pretty laugh under th ven of straw and sunbeams, put an end to apparitions and ghosts for Raymond. Suddenly recalled to life, at the same time as to his love, he knelt beside her, and with his head against her shoulder looked hypocritically at the greenish-brown flower, of a color almost like the dead leaves.

"Poor mamma, what can this tattered, faded flower represent to her? Unless, indeed, she finds in it an image of her melancholy destiny, which mine will resemble, no doubt."

He shuddered, his face buried in the white neck.

"Ah! Tantine, life frightens me. If I had not you to support and comfort me, what would become of me. You will never leave me, will you?"

"The time has come," she thought; "if I do not speak now, when shall I ever dare to?" And, still on her knees, without moving or turning, she replied:

"No my dear, I will not leave you, whatever happens; and when I marry, which will probably be very soon, I shall arrange to remain always your sister and your friend."

The sentence was not finished when she felt him slipping from her shoulder, and turning, saw him cowering in the grass, with lifeless eyes and white lips, his cap lying on the ground beside him.

"Raymond, my dear, what is the matter with you?"

It was her turn now to take him in her arms, against her breast, terrified to see him so pale.

"Nothing, an attack of faintness, of vertigo. I felt as if the ground were slipping away from me and the trees walking through the air, because of a word which I thought I heard, but which you surely did not say. Tell me, Tantine, it is n't true, is it? You are not going to be married?"

She had never known how to lie, so she hung her head. Thereupon he burst out in sobs and lamentations. "Married to whom, pray? Siméon? A marriage without love, then? She could never have — No, she would not do that. Ah! *Mon Dieu!*"

He wept, his face hidden on Geneviève's knees, and covering her hand with burning kisses, while she tried to soothe him, to convince him.

"I must do it, my little Raymond, my father wishes it; I am no longer young, you understand. And then you too will be married some day, and that will not prevent your remaining my friend."

He shook his head.

"As if I could ever marry! Just as soon as I have my hand on a profession, I have a whole household

to take care of; I am the support of the family. And besides, is there any other woman in the world for me than Geneviève? Would it be possible for me to marry any other? You see, I love you and you do not love me. No, you do not love me with love, you do not know what love is. You take me for a child, bec[illegible] and my frock. But I am eighteen ye[illegible] our courtyard at Louis-le-Grand I hear [illegible] age talking about their mistresses. Fo[illegible] ve never wanted a mistress, because I [illegible] of you, and because your love kept [illegible] rodies of love; but if you abandon m[illegible] suppose will become of me, my life [illegible] dismal? Ah! wicked, wicked Tantine [illegible]

He said no [illegible] ering with tears and kisses the pretty hands which abandoned themselves to him. She too held her peace, agitated by a cruel struggle, feeling that the hour and the place were momentous. To conquer her, sincere creature that she was, falsehood must needs take a hand; and the rhetorician, who was already declaiming within him, poured forth a flood of meaningless words.

"It is very simple," he said, springing suddenly to his feet; "if you marry, my father has shown me what road I must take to leave life and its miseries behind me; but I will not wait until I am his age."

"Hush, Raymond!" she cried in dismay.

He persisted, very calm because of his confidence in his argument: "I was thinking of it just now as I leaned over the bridge. My father, appeared to me in the water, just as he was when they took him out of the canal. He motioned to me to join him, that I

should be happier, much happier. Very good; I will go and see."

Twice or thrice he repeated: "I will go and see," with an evil smile, an accent of mild menace, which filled her with terror. The truth is that in his own image reflected in the water a moment before, a distant resemblance had recalled his unhappy father to his mind. "How did he have the courage to kill himself? For my part I could not do it. Life before everything! Yes, life!" he had said to himself, in the brief meditation which had so terrified the poor girl, who was too sincere to doubt now the threats which corresponded so well with her own distress. Oh! these ill-omened laws of heredity, with which science has cast an additional shadow upon life, which was so black before!

"He is a nervous creature like his father; God grant that he may not end like him!" — How many times she had rebelled when she heard her friend Casta hurl that uncompromising diagnosis at the struggles of the boy and his hopes! Just imagine that, on the morrow of her marriage, they should bring her the child just taken from the water, his lips blue as they were just now, the light in his eyes extinguished forever, and all for that man whom she did not love, whom she could not love! And while he continued to utter his cruel, false "I will go and see," she abruptly closed his mouth with her hand.

"Enough, do not worry any more; above all, do not say any more such horrible things. It is settled, I will not be married yet. I do not know what father will say, how he will get out of his bargain with Siméon. Let them arrange it as best they can. It

would not be such a great misfortune after all, if I should never marry, if I should always remain Tantine. Show me your eyes, come, tell me that you are satisfied."

She was close beside him, motherly and enthusiastic, with a s[illegible]ndliness and affection; he felt that he [illegible]he was his forever, his dupe, his etern[illegible] in an outburst of joy and pride, he to[illegible]rms and embraced her rapturously.

"Really! D[illegible]hat you will not be married, that you w[illegible]? Ah! you are a good girl and I love [illegible] that you love me too."

"Raymond!

Their lips me[illegible]gether. It was the first time.

Several moments of silence and of delicious embarrassment followed. Seated side by side, looking each other in the face, among the wild grass which the sun strewed with sparks of light, in which long white threads waved to and fro, they felt that something new and unforeseen had glided between them. He was no longer her little one, she was no longer his Tantine. They were alone. The stagnant water in the ditches gleamed in the sunlight. The whole park sang and quivered. Ah! if the precociously wicked young man could have seen them, how he would have laughed at their burning, parted lips, at their hands which they dropped at their sides, full of useless caresses.

The silence was broken by their two names shouted under the hedge, where a whole aviary, startled by the sound, chirped and twittered.

"Casta, — she is looking for us. Father must be anxious about us," said the girl in an undertone; and they both arose quickly, blushing. Why blush, since they were not to blame?

Geneviève was mistaken. Père Izoard was so far from feeling the least uneasiness, that he proposed to take advantage of his daughter's absence to have an understanding with the suitor on the subject of the dowry, a serious question, always embarrassing to discuss before the young woman concerned.

Standing in the doorway of the old slate-roofed summer-house, an arched doorway with a knocker, surmounted by a stone escutcheon, the hunting figures upon which were three-fourths effaced, the old stenographer, as soon as he saw the stage appear on the road from Antony, laden with Parisians as on the loveliest Sundays in summer, cocked his broad-brimmed planter's hat, on which there had been a mourning band for two years, over one ear, and majestically descended the three steps to go and meet his future son-in-law. The omnibus stopped at the Mauglas' door; they hired a summer house next to his, but more modern. Mauglas and his father, an old peasant twisted like a vine, with a complexion like a ploughed furrow, received from the driver, with infinite precautions, baskets large and small, and game baskets, with the mark of the most celebrated caterers to Parisian epicurism, and passed them to the long, yellow, bony, callous hands, at the ends of fleshless arms, of Mère Mauglas, who was cooking behind her half-closed shutters. The old partisan of '48, planted in the middle of the road, watched this performance with envy.

"What epicures they are! And it is always like this every Sunday. The son invites his friends to these family feasts; there's a whole lot of them now."

Young men with eye-glasses and monocles, in silk hats and [illegible] costume of bailiffs or of country [illegible] intelligent, tired faces, leaped fr[illegible]nd, suddenly infected by the spark[illegible]gen, entered the Mauglas' garden, c[illegible] uttering wild cries. The last to al[illegible]ed with more care, in a complete [illegible]d pearl-gray gloves, left the group [illegible]n air of reserve; it was Monsieur [illegible]lerk from the auditor's office.

Nephew [illegible] the retired list, who was also a Deputy and Auditor of the Chamber, the young man plumed himself upon his exalted connections, affected a pompous strut, sported a moustache and royale, a varied assortment of cravats and canes, and in the presence of ladies had a conceited little fluttering of the eyelid.

"Well, Siméon, did n't I tell you that she would come to it, that it was only a question of a little patience with you? Now we are all right, my boy!"

Opening a vine-embowered gate with a bell, at the side of the road, the old stenographer introduced Siméon into a large orchard which he shared with the Mauglas, separated from them by a low wall with fruit trees growing against it. On the right and in the rear there were no neighbors; and on those sides dense bushes of wild plum and hawthorn separated the garden from the plain, which stretched away as

far as the eye could see. A path of finely sifted gravel, bordered by fruit trees and also by a few evergreens, so that the invalid could feast her eyes upon a little verdure in the winter, ran the whole length of the garden, intersected in the centre by a circular space where there stood a thatched roof, whose rustic supports served as a back to a circular bench. There the two men seated themselves to talk freely before Geneviève's arrival. They heard loud laughter in the adjoining garden, the merry humor born of cocktails, and the church bell of Morangis tolling in the distance.

"I have already told you, my dear Siméon, that my daughter formerly possessed a fortune of fifty thousand francs, left to the dear child by her grandmother at Nice; now this is how that little fortune came to be impaired."

Père Izoard coughed several times to give his future son-in-law time to say: "What difference do you suppose that makes to me?" or "I am above such considerations as that, my dear father-in-law!" but Siméon maintained the most absolute silence, and the father had to continue:

"When my wife fell sick and we hired this place, this bit of a garden and this summer house pleased her so much that a mere hiring did not satisfy her. She insisted upon purchasing. She was kept awake by the thought that her happiness might come to an end with our lease. 'Buy the house,' said the little one. Unluckily I had but fifteen thousand francs at my disposal, and the price was twenty-five thousand. Geneviève made up the difference, which will not surprise you."

On the contrary, the young man seemed very much surprised.

"A short time after," continued the stenographer, "Victor Eudeline, the father of the two children whom you know, needed some money for building purposes; i stion to him, how to let his unprodı e little one asked me: 'How much —'Ten thousand francs.' —'Here th mother and I made all reasonable c k out! in these days it is of no use pretty, she can't get a husband with he child laughed. 'Simeon will mar me, he loves me.' Ah! she knew y y. All the same, that made ten th ss for her. No one of the Eudelines has ever suspected that the money came from the little one; she would have it so. It seemed to her that the children would love her less, that the rôle of benefactress would embarrass her with them. A fancy of hers, but a pretty fancy, was it not, my dear boy?"

There was a long pause, broken here and there by the cries of birds, and accompanied by the distant bells playing a bright, sweet song in the sunshine. Oh! such a deep blue sky, and such a sunny morning for a happy betrothal!

"If I reckon right, then, Mademoiselle Geneviève's dowry is only thirty thousand at this time?" Having asked this question in a hissing sort of voice, the clerk from the auditor's office did not await a reply.

"It is very unfortunate," he said pensively, with his head bent forward and his hands behind his back, tapping his legs with his gold-headed cane.

And he walked slowly all around the bench, trying to explain the embarrassment of his situation — that he must have fifty thousand francs, not thirty thousand; that that amount was indispensable for his contribution in an important affair, a kennel of racing dogs which he was about to set up with the chief whipper-in of the Dampierre pack, a stock company with four shares of fifty thousand each. They were all waiting for his, and indeed they had been waiting for it a long while. And the clerk continued, blinking his foppish little eye:

"As you can imagine, dear Monsieur Izoard, I have not lacked opportunities. My uncle the auditor has obtained the offer of very handsome dowries for me two or three times; but Mademoiselle Geneviève, with a more modest contribution, tempted me much more. However, I must keep my engagements and not leave to others the profit of an idea which belongs to me; for it was I who conceived this idea of racing dogs, and I should have liked so much to have your daughter profit by it."

"Bah! you know what sort of a girl she is," said Père Izoard, unable as yet to imagine what Siméon was driving at. "The little one takes after her father, she has never known the value of money. Love each other and have fine children, and deuce take me if I ask you to do more!"

The man from the auditor's office hastily ceased his little circular walk, and with his two pearl-gray hands resting on the gold head of his cane, he declared as calmly as you please that, as it was one of his weaknesses to have a horror of breaking his word,

it would be impossible for him to make the match without at least fifty thousand francs.

"My daughter has not that sum, monsieur," replied the old man, very pale.

He saw his Siméon now, in all his glory.

"In th ieur Izoard, despite my very keen f under the necessity —"

He too ved in the sunlight his little roun like Izoard's garden by a straight, path, then walked at a stiff, rapid which went *ting-a-ling* as it opened l.

"Siméo eakfast?" cried the old man.

At Mor are rare; he must go back to Antony, and perhaps have to wait for a train. Siméon had not thought of that. He hesitated, with his hand on the gate. But the idea of facing Geneviève — He made a gesture *à la* Manlius, and hastened away as if one of his racing dogs were running off with him.

Crushed by the unexpectedness and the brutality of his disappointment, the stenographer sat motionless under the arbor, repeating mechanically in his white beard, "Well, upon my word! Well, upon my word!" and thus Raymond and Geneviève found him, when they arrived with Sophia Castagnozoff. All three wore a strange expression. Tantine, quivering with excitement and with a thrill of anxiety which flushed her cheeks, was wondering what pretext she could give her father and Siméon for a definite refusal; Raymond, all quivering with the first kiss, still felt her flexible form in his arms, and the

pressure of her rounded breasts against his heart. Do what he would, his glance at the girl was radiant with a gratitude which embellished them both.

"What is the matter with them?" the student asked herself, as they walked along; and all the way she questioned her friend:

"Did you tell him?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, he does n't seem to look distressed at all."

"I do not know why," signified Geneviève's evasive gesture; for she was thinking solely of her refusal, and of what she could say to her unfortunate suitor.

"Siméon has just gone from here," rumbled the goodman's bass, as his daughter appeared on the stoop.

"What! he has gone away?"

There was a medley of diverse and bewildered impressions.

"And never to return, I trust, *trondesarnipabieùne!*" thundered the Marseillais, who could find no words sufficiently blasphemous, no insult on a level with his wrath.

"Just guess, my girl," he threw his arms before him, violently enough to dislocate his shoulder. "Just guess why Siméon won't have you; for there is no use beating about the bush—he is the one who refuses now. And his reason? Because there are twenty thousand francs missing from your dowry. Don't you think he is a pretty blackbird?"

His daughter threw her arms around his neck.

"Poor father, never mind! We shall be consoled very soon."

Her eyes gleamed beneath the light, hypocritical

veil of melancholy with which she tried to disguise her joy.

"It will not be very difficult to replace him," said the Russian, her eye-glasses straying anxiously from Raymond to Tantine. "And, without looking very far, I fanc[illegible] Mauglas —" The old stenographer st[illegible]. Very jealous of his daughter, but l[illegible]alous people, he had never noticed h[illegible]tentions and advances.

"Young Mau[illegible] in his deepest bass.

As if in answ[illegible]he adjoining garden a hoarse baritone [illegible] accompanied by the thrum of a gui[illegible]

"To t[illegible]!
Let [illegible]ung shoat —"

A chorus of falsetto voices, accompanied by drums and saucepans, continued in unison:

> "Which would be most detestable,
> If it were not eaten hot!"

Geneviève took her father's arm.

"You see my lover's frame of mind. Let us profit by the example and the advice which he gives us, and go to breakfast, my friends."

In the dining-room of the old summer house, more than a century old, where so many drinking songs and the coarse laughter of so many farmers-general, army contractors, peers and senators of the Restoration and the Empire, had made the long windows with their tiny green panes shake in their sashes, — in this dining-room, which on Sunday afternoon was transformed into a study for Tantine and her pupil, Raymond had

passed many pleasant moments, but never a day like this. The vast luminous plain with its background of violet mist, which he saw from his seat while breakfasting, spread out before him, like a new and gorgeous country, an unknown land which passion had just revealed. Sitting opposite Geneviève, whenever their eyes met he longed to cry out to her: "Come, let us fly away!" There was in his whole being an affluence of strength and joy, at the idea that she had promised herself to him forever, at the unfading savor of their first kiss. Now, life no longer frightened him.

The unexpected arrival of Antonin and the good news which he brought put a finishing touch to the merry humor of the table. Just fancy that this youngster's employer was to take him to England, as superintendent of dynamos in a factory on the shore of the Thames, which was to furnish electric lights for a large educational establishment! Lodging and fuel and an engineer's salary, and not seventeen years old! How happy mamma would be! The poor child stammered with joy, his emotion emphasizing the nervous embarrassment of his speech, multiplying beyond measure the pauses and the unmeaning, persistent words: "You know—er—er—what-do-you-call-'em?" — with which he studded his phrases in order to gain time to find the words that eluded him.

"Do you keep your lodging on Place des Vosges?" asked the Russian, who had given her favorite a seat beside her, as she served his coffee.

"Oh! yes, mademoiselle. In the first place, it is n't very expensive, and as I shall come often to

Paris why — why — er — er — you know — it is at your disposal."

The Russian accepted his offer enthusiastically. In fact she had been concealing in her room for several days a fellow countryman of hers, the famous revolutionist L[illegible] presence in Paris had caused a visit [illegible] intendent of Police of St. Petersburg, [illegible] vdest deputies. That would be an e[illegible] on Place des Vosges, all ready for occ[illegible] far from the Panthéon, from the St. M[illegible] where all the refugees lived.

"When do y[illegible] don, Tonin?"

"We were to [illegible], but my passport is not in proper [illegible] re very particular at Calais, about th[illegible] hat-do-you-call-'em — the papers."

"Yes, I know, just because of Lupniak and some others. That is why, if you go to-morrow — But we bore the others; take your cup and let us go out in the garden."

They went out and sat down at the farther end, on a bench in the shadow of the hedge.

Although a year younger than his brother, Antonin seemed much older. Thick-set, and with a harder hand, the hand of a worker in metals, he bore in his carriage and his dress, although always very neat and clean, a mark of social inferiority, emphasized by curly hair of a dull red, — not Venetian red, oh! no — and by eyes without lashes and a complexion marred by bright red blotches. This inferiority, which was not inherited, but to which his laborious lot condemned him, he submitted to without complaint or

anger, and nothing more touching can be imagined than his admiration for this big brother, whom the unjust right of prior birth refined with all the accomplishments of education. Raymond loved his younger brother dearly, but from a higher level, and every one in the family seemed to stoop a little to speak to him. An innocent creature, the mere mention of whose name caused a smile.

"It annoys me to see Tonin mixing in all these political affairs," said the elder brother, glancing at the bench at the end of the garden.

Izoard reassured him. Antonin was a sensible fellow, incapable of involving himself in difficulty; and then he was going away for a long while.

"No, I am more inclined to be afraid for Casta." The old man thought aloud, leaning on the sill of the open window. "They are not revolutionists, but wild beasts, those countrymen of hers with whom she is so intimate. I have known great revolutionists in my time. But they had some decency, they were not wolves. This Lupniak, with the cannibal's face, whom she brought to us one evening, and who boasted in our presence of having set fire to the castle of a general, the governor of a district in Little Russia, and of having burned him and his wife and three children alive,—there's a savage for you! And when I think of our Casta, so kindly and compassionate, who cannot bear to see an insect die! what connection can there be between her and these cannibals? To say nothing of the fact that most of them are in the pay of the police of their country, spies or informers, I would stake my head on it. The poor child will not believe me until the most cruel thing

happens to her that can possibly happen, an adventure of the same sort as mine in '48, at the Barbès Club. The great citizen was presiding that day, having as deputies Antonin's employer, Esprit Cornat, — but I must have told you this story many times, have n't I, my

My girl smi y.

"I think so,

"Then I wil it up to your friend," said the Marse ; "it will be more useful to her tha

Geneviève r him to the garden, disturbed by the i ft alone with Raymond; but the great d Cavour hat of young Mauglas sudde ehind the hedge at the end of the garden. a man certainly did frighten her. Although he had never explained his attentions, she felt that his prowlings about the house were for her; and the mere sound of his approaching footsteps distressed her. The embarrassment which Raymond might cause her was of a very different sort, so she preferred to remain with him. And as on other Sundays, Tantine and her pupil established themselves by the window to work together all the afternoon.

"Come quickly, Master Izoard, and be my witness!"

Young Mauglas, visible from his waist up, his cheeks flushed by wine, motioned to the old man, waving his pipe and saying in a jesting tone:

"I caught Sophia Castagnozoff in the act of corrupting a minor, on yonder bench in your garden.

This is how it happened." — He went on to say that he had just escorted one of his guests to the omnibus, and was returning by the narrow path, when a sound of kisses, a shower, a perfect hail-storm of kisses reached his ears over the hedge. He approached and what did he see? — "I give you a thousand guesses."

"Oh! Monsieur Mauglas!"

Poor Sophia squirmed and protested, with such comical dismay, that Père Izoard laughed so hard that he swallowed his story.

"Don't you see that he is laughing at you, my little Casta? Besides, what harm would there be if the girls did run after the boys, now that the boys think no more of them and care for nothing but hunting for dollars? Ah! neighbor, when you spoke this morning about the interval between generations, how right you were, what a proof I have just had of it!"

"You mean Siméon, don't you?" said the journalist, his mouth twisted by a wicked smile. And, noticing the old man's astonishment at finding him so well informed, he continued, "*Dame!* you talked loud enough under the arbor. I didn't need to listen in order to hear. Especially as I knew what he came here for; he boasted of it before the whole omnibus."

"In any case, my dear neighbor," — Izoard emphasized the word, not without malice — "I have learned to-day that between men of my age and those of from thirty to forty-five there is not an interval merely but an abyss, especially when sentiment is in question."

Mauglas was of that opinion. "What you say is absolutely true, dear Monsieur Izoard, and in small matters as well as great. You do not smoke. Men

"Why don't you marry as soon as you can?"

"I shall never be able to, as you know; I am the support of the family. It is a hard sacrifice, but I have been preparing for it so long."

He spoke in the sincerity of his heart, with such conviction tha wn his cheeks as he thought of all ost him. But Antonin did not look For Heaven's sake, what was the trouble he was taking, why should he n the fogs of London, if not to ligl rother's task? In the darkness he t nd pressed it and held it, saying:

"We will t urselves, brother; just listen to what ."

Darkness and silence were all about them; in the distance an owl screeched in the hollow trunk of a willow; and, stammering, stuffing with chips the sentences where words were lacking, the younger brother told of his plans. In the first place, to pay their father's debts, the five thousand francs which were still due to Izoard's friend. Since his engagement with Esprit Cornat he had already put the half of that sum aside, at the price of what privations the poor little fellow did not confess; but, after a year's residence among the English, he felt sure that the debt would be paid. Then he would send for mamma and Dina; he was already dreaming of an establishment for them in a well-kept factory, where they would make money out of a patent, an electrical toy of his invention: he did not lack ideas, thank God!

Abruptly removing his arm from his brother's, the

elder halted in the middle of the road. The lantern of a public-house blinked through the autumn mists a few steps away, and beyond were other lights, the first houses of Antony.

"And what is to become of me in all this?" he asked with a bitter smile.

For the first time he had been stung by an almost imperceptible pain, which he was destined to feel again later, always in the same place, but sharper and sharper every time.

Tonin repeated, not understanding.

"What! what will become of you?"

"Why, yes; when my studies are finished, when I have left the school, I am to take charge of the family, of Dina and mamma."

"But you won't be able to, with your course of law or medicine, or the Normal School. What good will your studies do you, if you don't pursue them?"

"Child!"

The big brother in cap and frock had taken his junior by the shoulder and embraced him fraternally.

"Child! as if I could think about studying medicine, or the Normal School; as if I had not sacrificed all this with the rest!"

"Why, not at all," cried little Tonin in a passionate outburst; "I will take charge of the family so long as you have no — er — er — what-do-you-call-'em!"

"Enough! you hurt me," said the elder haughtily.

"Oh forgive me, I did not mean to," stammered his brother. "But how will you arrange it, anyhow?" he added in a lower voice, almost weeping.

They stopped in front of the station. With a

gesture which embraced the little square, its line of black trees, and all the lights in the station, the big brother replied:

"That's my business."

Antonin, seeing him so confident, was persuaded that Marc Javel [illegible] n to find him a good place when he [illegible]. All those excellent people believed [illegible]'s protection as firmly as on the first [illegible] little one even more firmly than the [illegible]e he was much more ingenuous.

"Bah!" he s[illegible] 'I will make him talk in the car." B[illegible] sooner seated beside his brother tha[illegible]nped in and sat down opposite them, [illegible]nt place in the dimly lighted compart[illegible] hole train was in an uproar, overflowing with people; bunches of passengers clinging to the outer handles of the door. A Sunday evening suburban train. As they left the station a flood of white light splashed the carriages as they passed.

"Good evening, young uns!" exclaimed a well-known voice, to which the elder Eudeline replied:

"Good evening, Monsieur Mauglas."

In his brother's presence he tried to assume a lofty tone with the writer; but in his heart he was afraid of that learned scoffer and unkind brute, and blushed in his presence for his eighteen years and for his schoolboy's uniform, especially when Tantine was there. On that evening, however, Mauglas was absent-minded and did not show his teeth; leaning out of the open door, he stared eagerly into the darkness, seeking to pierce the shadows and the

mist with his little auger-like eyes, buried in layers of flesh. Suddenly —

"Do you remember the war, children?" He hurled the words at them without turning. "Where were you during the siege? Were you born, by the way?"

"I should say that I was born!" said Raymond, drawing himself up. "All the most trivial details of our life at that time, the factory closed, changed into a hospital, the battalion of the quarter, in which my father was captain and his clerk Alexis sergeant-major, marching up the main street of the faubourg, beating the charge and singing:

'By the voice of the alarm gun,'

and Tantine throwing her ball at Tonin and me, to give us practice in throwing ourselves on the ground at the cry of: 'Look out for the shell!' And the despair of mamma and her cook, the horse-flesh stews, the rice and the chocolate, the filthy siege bread, and a certain pie made of yac and elephant and the whole Jardin des Plantes, which made you so sick. Do you remember, Tonin?"

Antonin curled up in his corner without replying. Mauglas mumbled in his pipe:

"The little brother does not seem to be very deeply interested in memories of the siege."

With clenched teeth, with a nervous cracking of the jaw which indicated the effort with which he spoke, the little one retorted violently:

"War is brutal and ugly, and — and — er — I — you know — I don't like war!"

The stout man shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor brat, you don't know what is good."

And with his eye on the alert, in an undertone, as if for himself alone, he mentioned, as their ghostlike shadows flew by in the darkness, famous spots where there had been fighting, — villages of market-gardeners, dairies, farms, factories, warehouses, which in those days were redoubts, barricades, or outposts. L'Hay, Chévilly, the Arcueil aqueduct, the Hautes-Bruyères. — "Ah the fine frosty nights of excitement that I passed there, with the from the fort of Montrouge, and the s f the Bavarians, which vibrated like th on the strings! *Vroum!* So you don't ng man? Those are the ideas of your ut in your special case they come from Russian medical student in petticoats — re, by the way — and from her friend T ld madman who spits upon war as he love, because he has nothing left but sa ms; but so long as he had teeth in his east's fangs such as they have where he comes from, set far apart and sharp as needles, he bit lustily at fresh meat. Why does he want to prevent other people now? Why give the lie to the passions of earlier days? Well, I, for my part, tell you — "

He lowered his voice, noticing that the people in the car were listening; and the whispered statements penetrated all the better the young ears which were forced to be attentive.

"Yes, my children, in the thirty-eight years that I have been plodding my way, my weary way through life, the only happy hours I have ever known were when I was camping among that rubbish and those

mill-stones. During four months in winter, that rough Pomeranian winter which the rascals brought us in their cotton bagpipes, with their bread made without yeast, and their sausages and peas, the troop of sharpshooters to which I belonged was never once under cover. Not a day passed without drinking cannon-balls or grape-shot; not a stone on which there was n't a little of my grape-juice or of my comrades'. And the man-hunts at night, among the mushroom beds, with the rope-ladder, the axe, and the dagger, as in melodramas. No, you see, my dear Raymond" — he addressed the big brother, feeling that the little one was escaping him — "it's of no use for you philosophers to talk about magnifying the creature and life, the paltry creature and stupid, dismal life, — there is nothing like danger. This little corner of the suburbs looked to me as big as the world when I thought I was going to leave my skin here. But I did n't leave it here. What a fate! Ah! how much better to die at twenty years, with a rifle-ball in your forehead, rather than to end your life like a beast in the gutter!"

Something seemed to break in his throat. He put his head out of the door, and never stirred again until they arrived.

"Shall I go with you to the shop?" said Tonin to his brother, as they went down the staircase of the Sceaux station in the jostling crowd.

Mauglas, who was walking beside them, started and asked:

"The shop?"

Raymond began to laugh. Between themselves they gave that name to Louis-le-Grand, where the

rules required that every student on leave should be escorted back at night, as far as the gate, by a sponsor, a friend.

"Oh! it's of no use for Antonin to put himself out," said Mauglas eagerly. "He lives on Place des Vosges, at the Paris, and I by the Luxembourg, r school. So if my company is no you —"

Tonin tried with him it was so difficult to get arted, that the elder brother, proud self to the ushers at Louis-le-Grand ity on his arm, had accepted Maug rown his arms about his brother's him a pleasant walk, before he had nce.

While the poor boy returned to his little lodging in the Marais, through a dark and deserted Paris, talking aloud to himself with the facility of speech which timid people and stammerers command when left to themselves; while he developed, in front of houses under construction, fences covered with posters, shadows of policemen on duty, and drunkards asleep on benches, all the fine projects of his stay in London, all the dreams of inventions and of fortune which he had had no time to tell his brother, the elder Eudeline and his companion descended the "Boul' Mich'," swarming and ablaze with light, as on a Sunday in summer — and it was in fact a genuine summer evening, late in October; — and when they passed one of the great cafés which block half the sidewalk, the name of Mauglas whispered from table to table by all those idle youths made the student's jacket swell and puff out; and

he was well pleased, and he chattered away, while the well-known man whom he was so proud to exhibit on his arm twisted his double lip with that smile at the corner, that silent smile which Geneviève did not like. It is so amusing, this vanity of young men, and they rise so surely to the bait.

"You, my little Raymond, have a keener sight than all the people about you. Misfortune has matured, refined you; and then reflection and study — that is why I address myself to you rather than to Monsieur Izoard or your brother."

"Thanks, Monsieur Mauglas."

"What would you have? The excellent Sophia interests me; I see that she keeps bad company, and lives with fanatics; when she is not at Morangis with our friends, she sees nobody but madmen. I feel that she is likely to be implicated in some disagreeable adventure. For instance, this fellow whom she is hiding in her room — "

"Lupniak?"

"Just so, Lupniak. I ask you if that's reasonable, to give up her room to Lupniak, a notorious assassin, a man whose description is in all the police offices in Europe, who could find no refuge except in London. Are you sure it is Lupniak?"

Was he sure of it! Why, Père Izoard was talking about it to them, Geneviève and him, that very day with alarm.

Mauglas sighed, in deep distress; then he wondered if she were sheltering others. Had not Raymond heard her mention a certain Papoff?

"The one who set up a secret printing office on Rue du Panthéon?"

writer, "and we will
have a horror of polit
I belong, and it was
has brought me into ı
Republic, the Ministeı
Police, head of the sec
less acquainted with th
be at ease so far as the F
but the Prefect of Police
with full powers; and juı
a cast of the net! So yc
every new connection she
I am suspicious of a certaiı
library to which she has
of late."

"The library on Rue Pas

"That's it, Rue Pascal
former you would make,'
flame shot from his eyes,
started at the shock, as a
close beside him. Later, h
he think of that threatening
pillow with wrath, as he reı
ness of the dormitory! Bı
engrossed by his vanit
seeing all

in all the dens of the St. Marcel quarter, even in the library on Rue Pascal, even at the dairy of the Quatorze-Marmites, there are among the revolutionists several who are connected with the 'shop,' with the Russian police. I rely upon you to warn her, my dear Raymond."

"Rely upon me, Monsieur Mauglas."

That name, which he purposely emphasized before the door-keeper of the school, procured for young Eudeline a triumphal entry. "Mauglas, Marc Javel! Surely that fellow has high connections; he is a man to know, to look up in after life."

Throughout the following day Raymond was still enveloped by the luminous foliage of the park of Morangis and the warmth of the first embrace. To prolong his sensation, and at the same time to lighten the agonizingly blissful memory, he tried to fix it on paper; but the most decadent verse, the most subtle prose expressed nothing of what he had felt. He found the skin of the reptile, the dry, powdery, cast-off skin, which crumbled between his fingers, while the snake itself, gleaming and slippery, escaped him, fled through the fragrant grass, uncoiled its rings voluptuously in the sunlight. For the first time he thoroughly understood that verse of Verlaine, the Verlaine who had within a few months become the court poet of the great:

"And the rest is literature."

How much more easy it is to express that which is only literature!

At the recess at four o'clock on that Monday, he received a visit in the parlor which upset him so that

he forgot literature and even love. The pale light of an October afternoon dimly lighted the long reception-room on the ground floor, with its dark, scholastic painting, where vague figures of pupils and parents sat in groups, talking in undertones under the eyes of the prize-winners in their frames, arranged along the wall in order of dates. Having descended the two steps at the door, he sa[illegible] standing against the light in front of on[illegible] dows; and thinking that he recognize[illegible] s employer, the former member of th[illegible] nt Assembly, he walked rapidly toward[illegible] ous because his brother was not with [illegible] he discovered his mistake. Esprit Corn[illegible] same bushy gray hair, the same short wa[illegible] legs; but, nearer at hand, the shapeless [illegible] exaggerated protrusion of cheekbones [illegible] beneath a tawny, uncombed beard, gave to the visitor an uncouth wildness which in no wise resembled the St. Vincent de Paul of the Chamber of '48. He talked low, very correctly, with a soft voice and a foreign accent.

"Raymond Eudeline, I suppose? I am Lupniak. Look out! they are looking at us, be careful. Let Sophia Castagnozoff know as soon as possible that she must not go to Rue du Panthéon again; the police are informed. Tell her that I have been safe since last evening, where she told me to go, and where she must join me this evening or else she will be caught to-morrow at Morangis."

The student felt his face turn pale and his legs tremble.

"What in Heaven's name has happened?"

"Some one has peached."

In the soft Slavic tones, the slang had a strange, brutal sound.

"No time to find out who. One thing is sure; that is, that the general knows everything, that our meeting-places must be changed, and that we must be suspicious of everybody."

He finished hastily, his face slashed with great wrinkles which increased in depth as he went on:

"It was a miracle that I thought of you. You will find a way to warn Sophia this very day?"

"There is a session of the Chamber; Pierre Izoard, whom I will notify at once, will be at Morangis this evening."

"Excellent, good-night."

A lion's breath, an enormous hairy paw swallowing up Raymond's hand, and the child saw the revolutionist's tall figure stoop to go through the parlor door, plunge into the darkness and disappear.

To wait until Sunday, what agony! And suppose it was he who had peached! That thought did not leave him. But in that case it must be Mauglas, the only one to whom he had spoken. Was that credible? No. But, in the political circles which the critic frequented, an imprudent word, a statement made with no intention to injure, and the information had spread from one to another until it reached the Russian Chief of Police. Raymond remembered how idiotically loquacious he had been. With the uncompromising clearness of vision of a sobered drunkard, of a fever patient after the paroxysm, he recalled his slightest tones, could see himself walking beside the well-known man, standing upon his spurs like a young rooster. Why must all young

men of his age pass through that period of vanity, that longing to assert a personality which does not exist, but which is so thin-skinned, and which everything wounds because it lacks half of its feathers! It is bad enough when that delirium is only ridiculous; but to [illegible] harm he had succeeded in doing!

In a cold, [illegible] on the following Sunday morning, Ra[illegible] e made these reflections and others a[illegible] the omnibus which took him from th[illegible] rangis. He had had no news from hi[illegible] ad he received any letter from Antoni[illegible] e away several days before. That [illegible] swarms of black crows forming a c[illegible] t on the misty horizon, and no one a[illegible] station to meet him — what a contrast with the preceding Sunday! His gloom was emphasized when he saw the Mauglas house with all its blinds closed, and wrapt in silence.

"They are off travelling," said the driver, who could tell him nothing more.

When he alighted in front of the summer house and raised the old knocker on the gate, the beating of his heart made as loud a noise. A wicket, which was never used, creaked on its hinges, the hollow voice of the Marseillais rumbled: "Who goes there?" And Raymond had to make himself known before he was admitted to the citadel.

In the dining-room, to his great surprise and confusion, he saw first of all Geneviève at one of the long windows, in the same place and the same chair in which she gave him his lessons on Sundays. But who was it who occupied the rush-covered stool

at the girl's feet? Antonin, his brother Tonin, in the Sunday garb of a mechanic.

"So you are not in London?"

That was all that he found strength to say to him. That is to say he thought so; but there are other words than those that come from our lips, there are those which are uttered by the slightest wrinkles in the face, by the blood under the skin and the quiver of the nerves, by the whole emotional being and the invisible tissue which envelops that being, the network of the balloon, — and it was with all these that Raymond exclaimed involuntarily to his brother: "What are you doing here? Why do you take my place? If you knew what a terrible shock I had when I saw you two together there!"

And those two, Antonin and Geneviève, in the same language used by him, with the same eloquent yet silent voices, answered him, reassured him, one with her lovely smile, whose pure curving outlines could not lie, the other with all the dog-like fidelity of his eyes, his poor lashless eyes blinking in the light from the window and the vast gray horizon. This lasted an instant only. Then Raymond calmly inquired for their friend. The little brother assumed an air of triumph.

"Casta? She is in London, perfectly safe."

"But she had a narrow escape!" said Père Izoard, returning to the dining-room after attaching to the gate on the street a formidable, rattling chain. And, leaning over Raymond, he whispered in his ear:

"You know they came here to look for her, to my house."

"But we can speak aloud, papa," said Geneviève laughing; "we are all alone in the house."

Tonin raised the curtain and disclosed the Mauglas' little garden, deserted and shivering in the rain.

"Not even any neighbors," he said.

Raymond as[illegible]lder:

"True; wh[illegible]of the Mauglas?"

"Mystery! [illegible] have been swimming in mystery," e[illegible] Marseillais, placing on the table a fam[illegible]dy made in the house, which he calle[illegible] vintage." The elder brother had g[illegible] on the omnibus, and while they dri[illegible]wo fingers of that incomparable vi[illegible] one told him of his adventures.

On returning [illegible]ing to his lodging on Place des Vosges, after leaving Raymond with Mauglas, Tonin felt restless, not at his ease. Those stories of the Russian police of which they had talked all the afternoon, the secret commission given him by Casta for that Lupniak whom she was concealing in her room on Rue du Panthéon, the warning that he must vacate as soon as possible and come and conceal himself on Place des Vosges, — so many details, blended with his personal anxieties, produced in the excellent youth's brain an agitation, a tumult like the galloping of the rats in the steep, sloping roof in which were set the dormer windows of his rooms. Having packed his trunk for the morrow, he could not make up his mind to go to bed, especially as his neighbor, a tall handsome girl, who embroidered altar-cloths and with whom he talked sometimes from window to window, had her soldier

with her, an exceedingly noisy *chasseur à pied.* And as he was thinking of that turbulent trooper, who would remain there till two in the morning, it occurred to Antonin that he could expect no better opportunity to introduce Lupniak to his room. The presence of the soldier would explain everything, the untimely ring at the bell and unfamiliar voices and steps on the stairs. — " Let us be off."

When he reached Rue du Panthéon, a little before midnight, Casta's landlady, who had known Antonin for a long while, having seen him come there with Geneviève Izoard, cried out when she saw him:

" Hallo, Monsieur Eudeline, how late you come! But Mademoiselle Sophie is not here, she is still in the country."

" I know that, for she sent me here to get some medical books that she needs."

" But I have no key. She has given it to you? You are lucky. Those Cossacks are so suspicious! "

Tonin had much difficulty in preventing her from going upstairs. And you can imagine whether it required cunning on his part to bring the unknown tenant downstairs and by the office. Luckily Lupniak was a perfect prodigy of coolness and inventive genius. He left the student's room with a chest of books on his back, an improvised porter whom Tonin had met on the stairs, just in time to take that too heavy burden to the carriage; and the next day the concierge on Place des Vosges said to young Eudeline, when he returned from work:

" Your employer, Monsieur Esprit Cornat, is upstairs; we saw him go up." The little one made no reply, notwithstanding his astonishment, which in-

creased when he found in his room, instead of the tall moujik with unkempt hair and beard whom he had brought there in the night, the beardless face and gold spectacles of his employer, whose face Lupniak had amused himself by copying from a portrait han With the aid of this disguise the to go out in search of news in the Sai commonly known as Little Russia. that during the morning — what luck mped the night before! — the Fren ade a descent on Rue du Panthéon. d at the Quatorze-Marmites, ha st known emigrants, and had set a lodging of Sophia Castagnozoff, wh xpected from one moment to another. Then it was that, wishing to warn his friend first of all, the thought of Raymond and his school had come naturally to his mind; and naturally too, when Sophia Castagnozoff had joined them on Place des Vosges, the idea of disguising her as an electrician going to London with her overseer, to install a factory. Antonin loaned Sophia his clothes and his papers; his employer, being informed of the adventure, placed at Lupniak's service his card as an elector and his old medal as a member of the Constituent. And on Monday evening, while the little one came and shut himself up at Morangis, and Esprit Cornat, for greater safety, went to Lyon to attend to some business, Lupniak and Sophia started for London, where they arrived without accident, as appeared by a letter received that morning, enclosing the cards and papers that had saved them.

"Ah! brother, if you knew —"

Tonin paced the dining-room, supplying by "what-do-you-call-'ems" and passionate gestures the words in his narrative which were long in coming.

"If you knew what children they are, those revolutionists, what innocent creatures! Their laugh is as frank as that of little girls or Sisters of Charity, and yet they murder and burn — and — er — and — you know. It is impossible to understand! From that Monday evening, when Lupniak and I were waiting for Casta under the arcades on Place des Vosges, and that tall devil, gliding from pillar to pillar, with the volubility of a circus clown or a Chinese ghost, amused himself by driving the policeman under the gallery mad, until our separation on the following evening, we three did nothing but laugh. And I was saying all the time: 'Hush! hush!' — Those houses on the former Place Royale are so quiet, you can hear everything there. And then the girl who embroiders altar-cloths, my neighbor, would have liked to pick the lock of my door with her eyes, or bore a hole in the wall. But Lupniak was far too cunning to let us be taken. His cigarette was the only dangerous thing about him. Before that, on Rue du Panthéon, it came near getting him arrested; and after hearing Sophia's voice and smelling tobacco smoke in my room, my neighbor is telling everywhere that I receive abandoned women."

He had so little the appearance of that sort of man that everybody began to laugh.

Suddenly Père Izoard resumed his mysterious tone, the furtive, circular glances of an old *carbonaro*, and handing Raymond his little glass of the "vint-

age," which he had scornfully forgotten to drink, he said:

"What they do not tell you, my boy, is that Sophia Castagnozoff in her letter declares that the Russian police have in their pay in Paris two or three very [illegible] among whom is — come, guess."

Raymond [illegible] trembling hand the little glass that [illegible] and asked in a choking voice:

"Who?"

The name [illegible] so low that the rain on the glass p[illegible]ng heard; but they all knew the n[illegible]

"You are [illegible]tle Raymond, this seems impossible to [illegible] you believe that those two" — he pointed to his daughter and Tonin — "are convinced that it is true?"

"He always frightened me," murmured Geneviève.

Antonin attempted to add a word; but Père Izoard did not give him time.

"A writer of such power, who published in the *Revue* of the fifteenth of this very month an admirable study: *The Bees' Dance at the Festival of Adonis*, — such an artist descend to that trade! And what proof is there of it outside of our friend's assertion? The departure of the old Mauglas. Why, that proves nothing."

"Excuse me," rejoined Geneviève calmly, "he knew that Casta was to be arrested on his denunciation, and it would have embarrassed him to face us. Remember that she went away Monday evening, and that on Tuesday morning the police arrived."

"Sophia may perhaps have been imprudent," suggested Raymond, delighted and relieved to turn over to another the responsibility for his blundering.

Izoard protested:

"Never in her life! Just think that neither you, nor Geneviève, not even Pierre Izoard, an old man of the old times, who spent two years at Mont-Saint-Michel under Louis Philippe, — not one of us had her confidence. The little one was the only person to whom she told everything; and she made no mistake, for he has got her out of the scrape better than any one of us could have done."

These last words were uttered in a profound silence, which lasted long enough for them to hear a rush of crows through the air, and the rain, installed for the day, pattering over ten leagues of plain.

"If you wish to know my whole thought" — Raymond, fully reassured now, recovered his haughty, paternal smile as the support of the family — "I think that Casta was a little hasty in going into exile, in condemning herself; we know that she was not a conspirator. Suppose that she had been arrested — I would have gone to see Marc Javel."

The resolute accent, the renewed vigor which straightened his tall form in its student's uniform, impressed them all, and they gazed at him, filled with admiration, no less for the minister than for him. He saw the effect and added to it.

"Yes, Marc Javel; I thought of him at once, when Lupniak came to Louis-le-Grand, and I felt that our friend was in danger. I was tempted to hurry to the Chamber, but the school, the rules, — and how could I perform a man's act in my student's frock?"

"Bravo!" cried the stenographer, fancying that he was at the Palais-Bourbon. In the *Officiel*, he would have written: *prolonged bravos.*

The orator triumphed, but not without a resulting sting. Although his folly was unknown to every one, and fully rep[illegible]ned a violent grudge against his br[illegible]in whom the Russian preferred to hi[illegible]t, and who had secrets from him, pla[illegible]i with him the whole evening. The [illegible]ing was that Sophia Castagnozoff w[illegible]r choice between the brothers. Eve[illegible]t through the fault of the elder, but [illegible]had saved everything, and that too [illegible]rious complication in which either o[illegible]e in contact with life.

As if he cou[illegible]th that vain forehead, the little one, trustful and affectionate, said to Raymond:

"You are right, brother; I was in too much of a hurry to act wisely; and Tantine is deprived of her best friend through my fault, for Sophia has gone away for a long time. But — er — er — you know — the — the — er — you have only to speak in her behalf to Marc Javel, and you will soon see her coming back from London."

A gesture from his brother interrupted him. These excuses, albeit very humble and sincere, did not satisfy his pride. It was on Geneviève's account especially that he was angry with Antonin for his triumphant manner, for the place he had occupied in the house for the past week; and it was before Geneviève that he particularly desired to humiliate him, to send him back to the ranks. So he laid his

hand on his shoulder with the same patronizing air of authority of which he himself had felt the weight under an illustrious ministerial hand.

"Will you take my advice, child?" he said; "you also must go and live a while in England; during your stay there give up the society of the Lupniaks, Papoffs, and all those heroes of socialism, of internationalism, even our dear Casta herself. All those fellows know too much for you; they would seduce you from the workshop by stuffing your head with philosophical utopias which you would not understand — for the study of philosophy is much harder than your trade — and they would finally make of you the most useless and most dangerous thing in the world, a half-breed, a sort of vague, faded creature, a poorly whitewashed negro."

Beneath the rough cloth of his Sunday jacket, Raymond felt the little one's back shiver as he listened to him with downcast eyes. The student's heart at once fell, for he was not unkind, outside of his ungratified vanity. And then how could he remain hard, in that atmosphere of affection, in that household of excellent people, as warm and light as a greenhouse?

"You must not be angry with me, Tonin; I do not mean to hurt you. But our father is no longer here; I am the older and I must. — Tell me that you are not angry?"

The little one raised his head.

"Angry, with you? Why — why —"

He stammered a moment, unable to speak, took between his own already roughened hands the soft and delicate hand of his brother and, deeply moved,

pressed it violently to his lips, swollen with words which could not find their way out. Again Raymond triumphed; but his triumph was not without alloy, for, as he glanced at the old man and his daughter, he wondered if they were as fully convinced of his superiority.

"*Princeps* k to you!" cried Pierre Izoard, raisi notion bringing to his mind his pr as always.

And Gene as Geneviève thinking? Did she ad her father, or did she remember th f her friend Casta, as, with her fac lass, leaning with both arms on the r, she seemed to question the vast ysterious and dumb as a blind man's eyeball.

END OF PRELUDE.

I.

AT THE SIGN OF THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

ALL the Parisians on the left bank will remember to have seen some half score years ago, at the lower end of Rue de Seine, a narrow shop, the front of which, composed of small glass globes of many colors, arranged in semicircles one above another, formed a bright spot in the grayish line of the neighboring buildings. These were lighted at night and blazed until nine in the evening, after the fashion of a nocturnal rainbow. The sign, also sprinkled with lights, bore the words:

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.
MESDAMES EUDELINE.
Patent Electric Lights.

The use of the plural in the firm name was not quite accurate, since Antonin had no sooner summoned his mother and sister from Cherbourg, to install them on Rue de Seine, than Madame Eudeline was left alone there, and Dina entered the Department of Mails and Telegraphs, at a salary of fifteen hundred francs.

Ah! it was such an attractive little shop, with its bright mirrors, its floor as gleaming as the show cases, in which were rows upon rows of tiny lamps, called *lampyres*, of the shape and color of tulips, irises, and

pomegranates; and behind the counter, with her black cap perched upon long English curls, such as ladies wore in the glorious days of Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin, the old mother, immovably absorbed in a book-stall novel. How many times I have stopped on [illegible] gaze with envy at that brilliant, p[illegible] when I was dreaming of setting up [illegible]r in the heart of Paris. Yes, as a f[illegible] have read aright. For a time it w[illegible] adopt that strange profession, to [illegible]nce of life and suffering at the servi[illegible]de of poor wretches who cannot disc[illegible]s good in life, and what pleasure yo[illegible]m the least favored existence. F[illegible] that precious and rare merchandise [illegible] call fortune, Madame Eudeline's shop seemed to me the ideal frame, so far as silence, neatness, serenity, and attractiveness were concerned.

I should probably have changed my opinion, if I had been present, hidden in some corner, one evening in April, 1887, when Mademoiselle Dina returned home, bringing from the central office on Rue de Grenelle one of those irresistible cravings for food which, at the approach of the dinner hour, dig a hole in a stomach of eighteen years, and found nothing in the house ready, nothing to eat, not even the table set. Yes, the fortune-teller would have missed that evening the tranquillity necessary for his consultations, amid the unaccustomed uproar which shook the high glass door that separated the shop from the rooms in the rear.

These rooms consisted of a dining-room, occupied

in part by a round table covered with a permanent oil-cloth, and in part by a wooden staircase, a genuine miller's ladder, leading to Raymond's chamber. Under this staircase a dark closet, with a hole in the ceiling for the stove funnel, served as a kitchen and put the finishing touch to the shabbiness, the bareness of that reverse side of the show-cases which we call the back shop. Opposite the staircase, behind a tall screen, was the bed which Madame Eudeline shared with her daughter; and on the wall, over the pillow, a plaster Madonna, a large rosary, a piece of consecrated box-wood, and a whole assortment of pious images in which the girl had the most implicit faith, although she could not find in them the slightest protection against the wild fits of temper in which she often indulged. This back shop looked upon a yard where there were a few stunted lindens, and of which a sheltered corner served as a shed for the dealer in frames who had the shop next Mesdames Eudeline, on the ground floor. Often on her return from the office Dina entered through this yard. And indeed on the day in question that was the cause of her ill humor.

As she passed in front of the shop, her black canvas satchel under her arm, head erect, the small veil carefully adjusted, she had seen her mother busily occupied, by the fading light which yellowed the glass, not in reading *Madame Lafarge's Hours in Prison*, or the *Memoirs of Alexandre Andrianne*, her favorite books, but in mending the waistcoat of a Louis XV costume strewn with silver flowers. The old lady's absorbed profile and the feverish haste of her old wrinkled hands caused her daughter a thrill of indigna-

tion, which was intensified by the sight of the bare table and the fireless stove.

In a twinkling the screen was thrown against the wall, and the gloves, cap, and veil fell in a shower on the bed. Drawers opened and closed furiously, the poker banged on the cold cast-iron of the stove, and as an accompaniment ied gesticulation, you should have se ned face, with its delicate features ar flesh, was distorted in grimaces, whil ebrows contracted in two deep wrinl retty amethyst colored eyes.

"Her father! er!" thought Madame Eudeline aloud on the threshold and gazed sadly at She reminded her of that dear but d, whose violent outbreaks and outcries, after more than ten years, still remained like the blare of brass instruments in the depths of her ears, and passed in jets of red flame before her eyes. And yet he was so kind, so loving with all his family! And this little Dina, where would one find a more exquisite child, one who performed more faithfully all her duties? Since Monsieur Izoard had obtained a place for her in the central office — dear Monsieur Izoard, sweet and affectionate Geneviève, to think that they could ever have quarrelled with such friends! — she had had nothing but compliments from all her superiors. They held her up as an example to the whole staff; and in less than six months she had been promoted to the Paris service, with the Morse apparatus, so difficult to handle. How could so perfect and wise and pious a creature ever have such diabolical fits of temper?

"Well, mamma," grumbled the pretty little demon, "why do you look at me with those sad eyes, while you try to hide that stage frippery, as if I could not see that you are sewing on buttons for monsieur your son? And I, for a fortnight, have been asking you to put a patch on my satchel, the satchel in which I carry my breakfast and my rice powder, and which is far more useful to the family than that opéra comique waistcoat!"

The mother gently tried to interpose a few words:

"But, my child, you know that Raymond —"

"Is to dance the minuet in costume at the Foreign Office."

Dina twisted her lips over each word to give it an absurd emphasis.

"Surely we have had it dinned into our ears long enough, that minuet of marchionesses and shepherdesses, arranged and mounted by Monsieur Dorante, of the National Academy of Music. Do you want me to sing it for you? No, wait, I will dance it for you. Tra-la-la-la."

She sketched the step, humming, still quivering with rage, and so comical withal, that she suddenly began to laugh at herself, conquered by the rhythm, her anger falling suddenly at her feet.

"I am always dying of hunger, you see, when I return from the office," she continued, completely mollified. "Formerly I used to find my plate set, and a bowl of soup to stay my hunger until dinner; but since Raymond has had his eye on the presidency of the A and receives visits in his garret, the stove is n't lighted until very late, because of the smell. And so, as long as our elder brother has

everything to make him comfortable, has his chocolate brought to him in bed, and dances the minuet in the great departments, I must get along as best I can."

Madame Eudeline recovered her serenity, the storm having come to an end.

"As if you were not the first to rejoice at his success. So don't be nasty."

"I am not nasty, but simply a little less blind than you and Antonin."

On opening the cupboard, she had found a piece of cold boiled fowl in its jelly, a triumph of mamma's cooking, and, beginning to eat, found herself in that soothed, indulgent frame of mind which the sourest mortals cannot resist. Then it was that Raymond made his appearance. Two or three times in the course of the squall he had half opened his chamber door, but hastily closed it again at a fresh outburst. At last, Dina's voice having recovered its natural pitch, a pretty Louis XV marquis, in powder and shoe buckles, his shirt puffed out over his green satin breeches, Raymond Eudeline to wit, with four more summers upon his shoulders than in those autumn days at Morangis, appeared at the top of his ladder and slowly descended it, brushing the wooden rail with the ruffles of his sleeves.

"Ah! is our little sister here?" he said, feigning surprise.

"Nonsense! you must have heard me, for I made noise enough."

And turning eagerly toward her mother, she said with a burst of pretended admiration:

"Why, how pretty, pretty, your boy, your favorite is!"

To avoid a fresh gust, Raymond made haste to ask if any one had come from Monsieur Aubertin's.

"No, nobody," said his mother; "but, you know, I warned you. If any one comes they shall not come up to your room. You shall not allow yourself to be tempted by that man's offers. The idea of your going to Indo-China!"

"Never in his life!" exclaimed Dina, with an air of conviction.

Raymond looked at them both with a hesitating air corresponding to his somewhat shifty eyes, his undecided features, drowned in the splendor of a complexion retouched with powder.

"Whatever you may say, my darlings, I think that I did wrong to refuse. It was no great thing to begin with, private secretary to the governor and tutor of his children; but I am very sure that if I knew how to go about it, I should succeed after a few months in getting hold of a real position; whereas at Paris I get nothing. With this study of the law, which will never end, even if I am elected president I shall not be able to help you any. It would be much better for me to go, believe me."

Madame Eudeline made a gesture of despair:

"Can you think of such a thing? Why, it's simply one great swamp, that Annam country. Suppose you should get a sunstroke there, or an abscess on your liver? Then what would become of us?"

"You would still have Antonin."

"Hush! In the first place you have no right to go. Remember your father's words, which Monsieur Izoard has repeated to you so often. If only our dear friend were here to repeat them to you again!

'Raymond will be the head of the house, the support of the family. He must accept all its burdens.' Does the head of a family exile himself, pray?"

"But suppose there is no other way to earn the family's bread!" And the young man added, with a furtive glance at his sister and a quiver at the corner of his lips: "I am sure that Dina agrees with me."

"That's where you are mistaken," replied the girl indignantly; and her brother would have surprised her exceedingly by repeating what he had heard from his chamber a mom

He contented hin iling, and, taking from mamma's hands tl Louis XV waistcoat, covered with tiny ıe paid her for her trouble with a kiss

If there are perso n indifference or awkward shyness, have of bestowing caresses, others on the contr ed creatures like Raymond, possess both ion and the seductive power.

"Ah! you whee ed Madame Eudeline, deeply moved by t a blond moustache on her old English curı.

But the door of the shop opened with a violent peal at the bell, and the two women had the same thought: "some one has come from Aubertin's." Instantly Dina dragged Raymond toward the staircase, and Madame Eudeline rushed into the shop to prevent the enemy from passing through.

But no sooner had she entered than she stood still in utter stupefaction, and cried in an altered voice:

"Dina! Raymond! Quick, quick!"

Then she rushed forward, and there was a medley

of embraces and exclamations, lasting several minutes, in front of the counter on which lay her spectacles beside *Madame Lafarge's Hours in Prison.* From the arms of a little old man, with an erect bald head and an endless river of snow-white beard, Madame Eudeline passed into those of a lovely young girl with a frank, kindly face, then escaped, to cry toward the rear of the shop:

"Come, come quickly, children; it is Monsieur Izoard and Geneviève!"

For two years they had not seen one another, had exerted their ingenuity not to see one another, living only a few streets apart, the Eudelines on Rue de Seine, the Izoards at the Corps Législatif. Do you ask the reason for the rupture, the apparent reason? A political discussion between Raymond and the old stenographer, after which Geneviève had gone to pass a few months with her friend Sophia Castagnozoff, who was practising medicine in England; then, seized with a sudden attack of spleen, she had returned to Paris suddenly; and it was shortly after that abrupt return, that, talking of the Eudelines with her father, she had suddenly exclaimed:

"Let's go and see them."

"That's a fine idea of yours, Tantine!"

Dina entered at that moment and threw herself on Geneviève's neck, whom she found still lovely, but with slightly hollow eyes and cheeks. They looked at each other smiling, with a strong desire to weep, while the old man raised his voice to pretend that he was above such weakness.

"My girl declares that I was entirely in the wrong; that's why I have come round first."

Madame Eudeline distractedly wiped the glasses of her spectacles.

"For my part, I never understood the quarrel at all!"

Izoard began to laugh.

"Nor I

"Same

little Dina. "I simply remember t

day at the shop, when we had our ho

e gentlemen were talking about Gam

ublic, and then came the quarrel. D

tine, why we fell out?"

Tantine

trained smile, and Père Izoard fanci

ssed his daughter's sentiments by s

"No mat

s without motive are the most dangerous, like the vague diseases of which the doctors don't know the name; and I am very glad that my dear girl returned from London expressly to cure us. I tell you I have had a dreary time, alone in Paris; and to cap the climax, a heap of villainous things that I saw piling up every day at the Chamber, the Republic drowned in gold and in slime. But let's not talk of that. What have you people been doing? Do the little lamps go off pretty well? Is Tonin still with his electrician? And will Raymond soon have finished his law studies? Is he satisfied?"

"Oh, very well satisfied," the mother made haste to reply. "You will see him, he is here, he is coming right down. Did you tell him, Dina?"

"You must not disturb him," said Geneviève with an indifferent air.

"Disturb him?" rejoined Dina vehemently; "why he is like us, overjoyed to see you again."

This delay on Raymond's part embarrassed the party, in spite of everything. They waited, without speaking again, until the old forty-eighter, spying on the counter the large green volume from the book-stall, made a gesture of delight.

"I see, my dear friend, that you remain loyal to the stories of our time."

"Is n't it true, Monsieur Izoard, that there is real poetry in those *Hours in Prison?*"

"And what injustice, that woman's fate!"

"Ah! Monsieur Izoard!"

"Ah! Madame Eudeline!"

Dina and Geneviève looked at each other with a smile, made to feel at home once more by those well-known words and tones, that disheartened refrain of every conversation between the two survivors of a distant, sentimental generation, like an echo of an old long-forgotten romance. But the glass door at the rear was thrown wide open, giving passage to a young marquis resplendent in satin, whom Geneviève and her father did not recognize at first in the fading light.

"Why it is Raymond," roared Izoard at last, with his arms extended. "So it is the fashion to disguise one's self now to receive old friends, is it?"

Madame Eudeline hastened to say that her son was to dance the minuet that evening, at the Foreign Office; indeed he was to dine at the department, in costume, with the whole troupe of the minuet.

"*Macareù!*" exclaimed the Marseillais, his heavy eyebrows twisting like whip lashes. "What luck! when I wanted to take you all to dine at the *Quatre Sergents de La Rochelle!*"

Observing the embarrassed attitude of Geneviève and Raymond, standing apart from each other, he said crossly to his daughter:

"Why don't you kiss him? No matter if he does dress up as a marquis and dine at the departments, he is still our l

Luckily it w grow dark in the shop, where only a sunlight remained at the top of the nond alone could have seen how pale and how she trembled. But he paid no lready embarked upon the current of l easure, with the impetuosity of youth everything in anticipation. Ah! ho that innocent first kiss under the leave

"So you are to dine with the Valfons?" continued Père Izoard, as if he divined the young man's secret thought. "You are going to see the fair Marquès of your school days. She was already a minister's wife in those days, but not on Quai d'Orsay. I used to know her at Bordeaux, where I was a professor of rhetoric twenty years ago; a free professor, you know, down there, never took the oath to Badingue.[1] The lady's husband at that period, the last years of the Empire, was the richest armorer in Bordeaux, a Portuguese Jew. The elder Valfon, the famous clown and rope dancer, was giving performances at the Grand Cirque; the son managed a little journal of gossip, the *Galoubet*, and, being already a terrible gambler, was supposed to consume at the card-table the sav-

[1] Badingue (or Badinguet), a Moor; Louis Napoleon was so called, because he escaped from Ham (in 1846) disguised in Badingue's clothes.

ings of Madame Marquès, whom, twenty years later, having become her second husband, he was to install at the Foreign Office under the vile name of Madame Valfon. There 's a pretty mess for you! "

Placing his broad hand on Raymond's shoulder, he asked him familiarly:

" Is it for the mother or the daughter that you put all this tinsel on your back? "

" I did n't know that the Valfons had a daughter," murmured Geneviève in an altered voice.

" A daughter by a first husband, as well as the boy Wilkie, Raymond's former schoolfellow; Florence Marquès is engaged, it seems, to the son of the very wealthy silk merchant and senator from Lyon, Tony Jacquand."

" How well informed Monsieur Izoard is," said Raymond, laughingly.

" A mere matter of neighborhood, my boy. The Corps Législatif and the Foreign Office are back to back; we watch one another over the ivy-covered walls. Besides, after more than fifteen years of stenography in the Chamber, you can imagine whether I know the whole Parliamentary gang, specially the so-called Republican gang, as to whom I have few illusions left. I have learned some fine things, I tell you, since we met."

And he paced the shop at an angry gait. Ah! yes, he knew them, those deputies, he could cite this or that legislator's conscience which was not fit to carry the bunch of straw which is used to mark a field or a horse for sale. The Chamber had thrown open its doors to bargainers now. You could see prowling around in the corridors, even at the door of the com-

mittee rooms, the same fellows with hog snouts, with spectacles of smoked glass which masked the eyes, and with broker's satchels, who prowled around under the peristyle of the Bourse and in the cafés near the Palais de Justice. And the authorities allowed them to do it. Th the uncle, ex-colonel of gendarmes, e of the police of the Chamber, t se infamous goings-on. Why, his ne 's former suitor, the man with the kenn ls, actually did a broker's business in it disguise, and earned large sums at ade! Ah! it was a fine business! A e came from higher up. There was t ister of Foreign Affairs, all Paris knew l tell within a few thousand francs the figure of his gambling debts and the sum that his stepdaughter's husband would be obliged to pay over to him under pain of seeing the marriage fall through. Yes, he was a sweet creature, the minister to whose house this honest youth was going to dance the minuet.

"Let him dance, Monsieur Izoard," interrupted little Dina, dismayed at the spectre of that hideous politics, which had already made trouble between them. "We will have a much better time than he, you will see."

With one arm passed through the goodman's sturdy arm, and the other around Tantine's waist, she proposed this plan for the evening. Instead of dining at the *Quatre Sergents*, which they would hold in reserve for some day when they were all together, she would go to Melano's, the small restaurant on Rue Mazarine, and order some *soupe aux ravioli*, rice *à la milanaise*, *estouffato* and *zambayons*. As it happened, she

was not on duty that evening; as soon as Antonin had come and the shop was closed, they would lay the table in the back room. Ah! the shrewd fox! At the first suggestion of *ravioli* the eyes of the old man, who was a fervent admirer of Garibaldi, of Manin, and of Italian cooking as well, gleamed brightly under their heavy brows.

"Agreed, little one; go and give your order."

"Do you want me to go with you?" Geneviève asked Dina.

The little one, who was hastily putting on her hat in the back room, turned, and in a low tone, pointing to Raymond, who had followed them:

"No, stay with him, and have a little chat before he goes away."

Geneviève did not reply, did not even seem to understand.

The two young people, left alone in the back shop, instinctively drew near the window, as if the darkness frightened them, and with their foreheads against the glass, not speaking, they watched the darkness steal over the yard, and the pavements turn purple, while under the shed there was the gleam of gilt frames, like the rays of the setting sun still resting on the ridge-pole and in the topmost branches of the lindens.

"Give me your hand, Geneviève."

Without answering Raymond's urgent prayer, without looking at him, she put out her hand, which he took in his.

"How cold it is," he said, "how it trembles! Is it really true that I frighten you?"

"No, I assure you," she replied deeply agitated.

"Yes, I do frighten you. You are still thinking of that horrible scene upstairs in my room. How brutal, how shameful I was! And you never complained to any one. Poor Tantine! Forget that evil morning. I entreat you. What happened to me then will nev . You are not, you can never be to n e than a friend, a sister."

At the cor lips quivered a sad and bitter smile.

"You do Geneviève? Oh! I see plainly enou not believe me. Listen then."

And less fo f convincing her than to satisfy the c ung men feel to tell of their love aff a young woman long desired, Raymond told her in whispered tones of his amorous successes in society, the grand official society, where he was to dance that evening. Now he knew what true passion was; he knew how little it resembles that youthful frenzy which had so maddened him one day, that he had terrified Tantine, had kept her away from them, indignant, for many months. Oh! so indignant!

As he spoke, Geneviève's hand became cold and heavy in his, until it dropped by its own weight; but he hardly noticed it, any more than he saw in the deepening obscurity the expression of irony and grief upon that beautiful face bent toward him, within reach of his mouth, and to so little purpose. He detailed the most trivial incidents of his romance, the first words exchanged with his society lady one evening at the opera, in the ministerial box, to which Marquès had taken him; his extraordinary presump-

tion in offering his arm, in presenting a bouquet; and to conclude:

"Come, Tantine, you are a woman, tell me, do you think that she really loves me?"

Like all men of his age, the fear of not being taken seriously distressed him terribly, and especially the difficulty of receiving in his room that lovely person who had twice or thrice expressed a desire to see him at home, at his study table. On Rue de Seine, in that humiliating hovel, with his mother and sister at hand, it was impossible to receive anybody, above all a woman, and a society woman. Oh! the abomination of poverty in a family! Great Heaven! When could he escape from it? To think that, at twenty-two years, after running hither and thither so much, and wasting gallons of ink, he did not earn enough to hire a decent room. For a room was what he needed — Tantine, being a woman, must understand that — and carpets and a piano, Madame Marquès being a great musician, renowned in all the salons of Paris for her beautiful contralto.

The darkness, falling like ashes, had long since filled the little yard, where not even a thread of light remained. Suddenly a jet of white flame shone through the glass door: the electricity which Madame Eudeline had turned on in the shop, and so unexpectedly that Geneviève had no time to wipe away the tears which burned her cheeks. Raymond was surprised to see that distressed face, as much surprised as she herself was to find him in that shimmering costume which she had entirely forgotten. With a gesture which Monsieur le Marquis felt that he must repeat often, albeit slightly vulgar, he drew from his satin

breeches an enormous watch of gold enamel, the sole heritage of his father, and said abruptly:

"What time is it? I must be late."

"Go then!" retorted Geneviève, with quivering nerves.

A carria[illegible]e yard — the cab ordered by Dina i[illegible]er, whose costume would have cause[illegible] the shops on the street. While he [illegible] look for his gold-laced, three-corn[illegible] cane, the little one whispered in T[illegible]

"You a[illegible]weep, he will find no one there as pr[illegible]

At the s[illegible]lled the two old friends, who were [illegible]heir memories with their "Ah! Mon[illegible]nd "Ah! Madame Eudeline!"

"We are launching Monseigneur, are you coming to see him off?"

The departure was depressing. That poverty-stricken yard, the gleam of the silver buckles on the step of a closed cab, the broad sleeves sending farewell kisses through the door.

"We look as if we were acting the *Émigré's berlin*," said Père Izoard, furious on account of that inopportune minuet.

However, when Raymond had gone, the sadness did not last. There was the table to set, the fire to light in the stove, as well as the great blue lamp — they still used only oil in the family of the inventor of the *lampyres;* — then the triumphant arrival of the *ravioli*, which, as they simmered in the stewpan in the tiny kitchen, impregnated the whole house with a cheerful,

spicy odor. And when the little brother came, as he did every night, to close mamma's shop, the sight of that glistening cloth, surrounded by those appetites born of good humor, especially the unexpected presence of Pierre Izoard and of Geneviève, gave to the honest junior's lashless eyes, still a little haggard, an expression of stupefaction so extraordinary that everybody roared with laughter.

In four years the difference between the two brothers had become still more accentuated; Antonin in language and bearing was the typical overseer, his face sometimes contracted by a wrinkle of anxiety and responsibility. One would hardly have taken him for anything more than a retainer of the young nobleman whom they had just escorted to his carriage. Still the same kindly creature, however, and the same difficulty in expressing himself.

"Will you never finish, you wretched dawdler, with your shutters and bolts?"

It was the hollow voice of the Marseillais, scolding good-humoredly while Tonin closed the shop.

"If I once go down into the soup tureen, you will find nothing more there than the tail of a ravioli."

That evening, in truth, the little fellow was exceedingly slow and awkward. He banged the shutters noisily, and jangled the iron bolts. At table it was much worse. In his fear of spattering the cloth, he hardly put his glass or spoon to his mouth, he trembled so violently; and when they spoke to him, such efforts to reply!

Tantine became anxious.

"What is the matter with our Tonin, pray? Is he ill?"

Madame Eudeline protested indignantly. Tonin ill! That was something that no one had ever seen. And he himself felt called upon to support his mother's assertion.

"Oh! never that, Tantine. Only the surprise of finding you ng a time — and the — the — you k an —"

That was y, emotion closing his mouth for t g. When Père Izoard asked for n rkshop, and if his employer was had to speak in her brother's ste ith a loquacity, a fervor which Anton ld have made impossible for him.

"His em Why, for a long time Tonin, outside has had an interest in the house in Paris, and a little private laboratory for his experiments and investigations. When he is there, no one dares to disturb him, not even Esprit Cornat. For you see, there have already been some fine inventions come from that laboratory. And always in some unforeseen fashion. A miracle every time. You, Monsieur Izoard, who do not like miracles, — why, if I should tell you how he invented his lampyre, that wonderful lamp to which we owe it that we are all united again! Just imagine that one day in an old cast-off box, among some packing paper, there was a lot of old dry herbs which he amused himself by burning. To be sure, I had said a *Remember us, Mary*, that very morning."

The old veteran of '48 interrupted her:

"So you still believe in your images, do you, you little idolater?"

"Why, more than ever, since it is always after a prayer that — "

The good man testily turned to the mother.

"So you sell some of these little lamps, do you?"

"Many, my friend, so many that I regret not having kept Dina with me; I shall soon be obliged to hire some one. That is only a trivial trouble; but something else disturbs me. For the manufacture of this carbon point" — how proud she was to pronounce these technical words! — "Antonin's presence is indispensable at the factory, and before long he will be obliged to go as a soldier. Monsieur Esprit came to see me the other day to talk about what we could do."

"Why, the same as for Raymond," cried the little one heedlessly.

The mother shrugged her shoulders.

"Pray understand, my child, that in Raymond's case we had facilities to which his brother cannot pretend.. Raymond is the eldest son of a widow and the support of his family."

By the respectful manner in which she emphasized the words, *the support of his family*, by the pious elongation of her eyelids, one would have thought that they referred to some exalted magistracy. Dina took the liberty of interposing. Antonin also supported the family, and much more effectually than his brother. They would find it out when he was no longer there.

The mother and the little red-faced fellow burst forth as with one impulse:

"Oh! Dina!"

Izoard, absorbed by his rice *à la milanaise*, raised his head:

"What is Raymond doing, any way? It seems to me that he is simply marking time."

"Do not say that, Monsieur Izoard." Mamma was indignant. "The time that he may have lost is all on account of us. In order to obtain a good position, he tried for ad Normal School, which obliged him t his studies twice, to remain at the twenty. If they did refuse him at ol, it was not his fault, but the fault whose philosophical ideas did not s Everybody said so. He wanted to his friend Marquès pointed out to ld be much better to take his cours en enter the Foreign Office, where h n a good salary and a much more brilliar at the Normal School. So he went at his law studies in hot haste, and in a few months he will have his certificate. But before that we shall see him president of the A."

The stenographer's thick eyebrows stood up in interrogation points.

"President of the A?"

"Yes, the Association of the Students of Paris. He is already a member of the committee; he has every chance of success in the elections next month."

"And what might that place be worth to him?"

Madame Eudeline replied, not without pride, that he would receive no pay. Dina added with a laugh:

"It is always so; the places that are offered to Raymond are all superb and without pay."

Antonin attempted to protest, but as the words did not come his mother spoke for him. In the first place, this presidency of the A carried with it great advan-

tages: he would be received at the ministers' houses, at the Élysée; he might represent France in foreign countries, with banners and broad ribbons across his breast. Marquès, Raymond's friend, who was president of the A the other year, had received a visit from a grand duke. Besides, it was not true that they offered her boy only that sort of positions. The very day before, Monsieur Aubertin had come to propose to him —

Izoard leaped from his chair.

"Aubertin, the man whom they have fired into the governorship of Indo-China? Another fine mess of filth! And he would have taken Raymond as his secretary, I suppose?"

"I would not consent, as you can imagine," said Madame Eudeline. "Raymond has no right to leave us; but still there is the proof that if he wished to — And then, too, if he had a presentable lodging, if, instead of that garret" — she pointed to the ladder leading upstairs — "he could receive in a real chamber —"

"He is going to have one, mamma."

Everybody turned upon Antonin, who had spoken at last and did not stop again, like one of those old dust-covered clocks, which, after much creaking and many false starts, begin to strike and never cease. Yes, a very nice lodging on a third floor, new furniture, magnificent carpets and curtains, secondhand Genoa linen; but it would not be ready for a few days to come, so until then, not a word!"

"Come and kiss me, you are too dear." And while she held out to him her English curls, Madame Eudeline, beside herself with joy, asked him:

"How did you do it? Have you saved money?"

"To be sure," said the little red-faced fellow, with a triumphant laugh. "And the best investment that I can make is to — to — you know — to furnish Raymond with the — the — tools that he needs."

The stenographer turned toward his old friend.

"The boy speaks well enough when he takes the trouble; but what he does is worth more than what he says. So believe me, this question of military service is the most important of all. This boy is indispensable to you. This is the time to go and see Marc Javel; as it happens he is not in the ministry just at this moment, but he soon will be. Is it long since you saw him?"

"Oh! a long while. I know I have done wrong, the little one often tells me so; but these men in power terrify me. The departments where one must go to see them have so many servants and clerks, such high ceilings and so richly gilded, one is awe-struck even before going in. And Marc Javel especially — when I find myself face to face with him, I feel completely dazed and deaf as it were. Even his politeness, his way of speaking to you, of patting your hands, the phrases in which he entangles you — In fact, he never gives you anything, and yet you would say that he overwhelms you. Open the fine phrases wrapped in paper and you find nothing but empty sugarplums."

But Père Izoard insisted:

"In truth, I begin to believe, my dear friend, that Marc Javel, like so many other Republicans of these days, is only a clever actor and a wonderful ventriloquist, who stuffs his electors with gestures and fine

phrases. Never mind; he is worth more than that contortionist of a Valfon; and then, too, he has contracted a sacred debt to you and your children. He must liquidate it; he must pay."

The name of Marc Javel, with all the gloomy memories it evoked, cast a frigid current, as from a windsail, over a portion of the repast. They were about finishing, when a carriage stopping at the door, blows upon the shutters, and Raymond's voice calling loudly, made everybody leave the table in a hurry.

"Here's an adventure," cried the elder son, rushing in among them, bareheaded, the overcoat which he had thrown over his shoulders all wet and stiff with snow, simply from crossing the sidewalk.

"Does it snow, pray, that you are all white?" said his mother in dismay. "It was so fine a little while ago!"

"The spring in these days is as cold as winter, but has many more whims," grumbled the old graybeard of '48.

Raymond at last explained that they had just learned at the department that Hélène Molin de l'Huis, one of the shepherdesses in the minuet, had sprained her foot while descending the steps of the family mansion. Madame de l'Huis had hoped at first that Petersen, the Swedish masseur, by attending her daughter at once, would make it possible for her to dance none the less; but they had had to abandon all hope of immediate relief, and, at the last moment, Madame de l'Huis announced in a sorrowful despatch that Mlle. Hélène was doomed to spend a week in an invalid's chair, and at the

same time sent the costume and accessories in case they could find some one to replace the young shepherdess.

"And have you some one?" said Dina ingenuously.

"Yes," replied her brother, "yourself, my girl."

"You are joking!"

"It was not I who thought of it, but Madame Valfon, who knew that, by dint of rehearsing with me, you danced the minuet better than I did. 'Jump into a carriage at once, my friend, and go and get your sister!' And as luck would have it, you have the same short stature as Mlle. Hélène. Here are the costume and the headdress; dress yourself at once."

Dina contracted her slender eyebrows, and questioned Madame Eudeline for form's sake:

"What do you think, mamma?"

The mother, also for form's sake, because of the friends who were present, thought it her duty to object.

"What about your office to-morrow morning after sitting up so late?"

For very little more the girl would have flown into a passion. Her office, oh yes! and how was it when she stayed there at her office until three or four o'clock in the morning, sending off the government's prosy stuff, reports and speeches? That was much more tiresome certainly and not so cheerful. No; what vexed her was leaving her friends instead of finishing the evening together.

"Will you hush, little wry-face," said Geneviève gayly, Raymond's return having apparently roused

her from a lethargic sleep. "Where is the costume? Mamma Eudeline and I will make an adorable shepherdess of this little telegrapher."

In three trips, with infinite precautions, costume, shoes, accessories, all were carried into the back room and spread out upon the bed, which glowed with brilliant colors; then, the gentlemen being requested to remain in the shop, the screen unfolded as a curtain before the glass door, the ladies rapidly performed the little one's toilet, with much laughter and bustle, and calls through the half-open door.

"Raymond, your hair powder."

"Tonin, hurry to the hair-dresser's."

"He will be closed."

"Make him open; we have no more rouge."

And when the ladies were quiet for five minutes, the shop in its turn became excited and impatient.

"Come, come, hurry up! ten o'clock is striking at Saint-Sulpice."

Decidedly the shop of the Wonderful Lamp would not have suited me that evening for my fortune-telling establishment, assuming that "fortune" means also peace and quiet.

At last the screen stepped respectfully aside, and they saw come forward with mincing steps a Pompadour shepherdess, dressed in light flowered stuffs, with a short skirt, corsage cut square at the neck, in her hand a crook with floating ribbons, and on top of the heavy masses of powdered hair a little hood of flowers, like the bouquet which is hoisted to the top of a new house when it is finished. The marvellous thing was the brilliancy of the complexion, and that indiscreet corsage over ideally fair

flesh, pearly flesh on which, attached to an imperceptible thread of pearls, gleamed two tiny gold reliquaries.

"She would not wear any other jewels," said Madame Eudeline in a reproachful tone, being very proud of a few gems which had escaped so many d were kept in the bottom of a dra Dina, those two little medals—Notre- ères and Notre-Dame-des-Victoires— pieces which never left her.

"Poor little she shows her province!" cried th ter, his scornful smile seeking the ap s daughter, who had been brought up clerical, anti-religious deism.

Dina was much amused.

"Why, you are the one who is behind the times, Monsieur Izoard; you date from 1812."

Geneviève for her part contented herself with saying, as she turned the rays of the lamp upon the little doll she had just dressed:

"She is very pretty, all the same."

The little one's blue eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Ah! Tantine!"

And leaping on her neck, without thought for her *mouches* and her paint, she whispered:

"You can be easy in your mind, I will defend him against all the beautiful women."

This time again Geneviève pretended not to hear her.

"Are you ever coming?" said Raymond in a testy voice.

But Madame Eudeline asked a moment's grace. Just long enough to dance a few measures of the minuet for her, so that she could be sure that Dina knew it perfectly; in reality for the gratification of her twofold maternal pride. Indeed, it was of no use for Raymond to say that his sister was too small for him, that a marquis did not go with a shepherdess, that the minuet was called "marchionesses and shepherdesses," two entirely distinct quadrilles — nothing could be imagined more fascinating than that pair of beribboned phantoms, emerging from the half darkness and coming forward gradually into the bright light, keeping time to the air of Mozart which they hummed with their mouths closed, hands joined and raised in the air, fingers intertwined, with many glidings and turnings, — two characters of Lancret or of Fragonard, with pompous and frivolous gait; then a courtesy, a half turn, and ribbons, lovelock and crook faded away in the darkness of the back shop and the yard, to be extinguished and disappear at last within the carriage which bore through the silent streets the little Cinderella so magically carried off from her melancholy fireside.

II.

THE END OF TH

In front of the main courtya
all white and slippery with snov
the bright sunlight, by the lant
gate, the transparencies arrange
and the silent blaze of the fror
carriages were still waiting alo
time to time a shivering figure l
vast stoop guarded by two horse
less beneath their snow-covered
guest, whom one might each tin
last, the heavy glass door swun
men returned to the benches in
where they resumed their interru
through the long line of brillian
serted salons could be heard re
music, voice and piano, the las
which had taken refuge on the
ground floor was deserted.

In the vast hall, decorated wi
and as fragrant and warm as a c
formed the means of communi
two receptions, a Watteau shephe
Marquès, the minister's

swiftly upon a reporter's note-book. Delayed by the dedication of a statue of Jacquard at Lyon, these two gentlemen had arrived too late to be present at the minuet, which had, however, been danced twice, the first time in the salons on the ground floor, the second time for the spectators on the floor above.

"The most delightful moment of the evening, which I urge you to describe in the *Graphic*" — the private secretary, a short, thin, smooth-faced gentleman, with the face of an old maid, spoke in an arrogant tone to the artist of the English paper, a giant who towered more than a head above him; the reporter was of no account — "was the moment when the two quadrilles, marchionesses and shepherdesses, four couples each, ascended this staircase, followed by an orchestra of hautboys and violins playing Mozart's Minuet. Each couple, as it ascended, came in sight by degrees, keeping time with gestures and footsteps; and it was the universal opinion that nothing had ever been seen more charming than those rhythmical movements, that music, the shimmering of the satins under the chandeliers, the pearl sword-hilts, the gilding of the crooks, the ribbons, caps and love-locks."

"Give me a few names, I beg," said the reporter.

The secretary replied, with his nose buried in one of the great yellow roses with which the stair-rail was entwined:

"The quadrille of the marchionesses, led by my sister Florence, the minister's stepdaughter, and her fiancé, Claudius Jacquand, the son of the senator and great manufacturer of Lyon, whom you must have seen down there at that dedication from which you have just returned. It was mostly for these young

people that our fête was given. In the same quadrille Mademoiselle Nadia Dejarine, the daughter of the Russian General, formerly Prefect of Police of St. Petersburg. Quadrille of the shepherdesses: Hélène Molin de l'Huis, daughter of the Minister of Agriculture, replaced [illegible] ent by Mademoiselle Dina, a new st[illegible] n heaven, of whom I have the honor [illegible] t[1] — with a crook."

He winked a[illegible] dry lips to emphasize his jest; the [illegible] crook; the Foreign Office did not [illegible] sms of that calibre!

"To contin[illegible] n of the quadrille of shepherdesses: [illegible] t, niece of Marc Javel, a minister of ye[illegible] -morrow; and Octavie Roumestan, th[illegible] e great leader of the Right in every [illegible] hamber. Who else? I am thinking —"

Before he had thought, there was a crash of arpeggios on a full pedalled Pleyel piano in the adjoining salon, at the same time that a woman's voice attacked with a high note, a shriek rather, uttered with the full force of her lungs, Banville's beautiful cantilena:

> "Ah! when death, which naught can hinder,
> Shall take us both in one last kiss —"

After the "Ah" of the attack, it all crumbled, dribbled away in a rapid, panting *diminuendo*, in which the voice died, became a mere breath, rushing hurriedly over the concluding notes.

"Madame Valfon, the minister's wife, my mother," the young shepherd replied, in an undertone, to the silent question of the reporter. He added with a

[1] Jacques Babinet was a famous French astronomer.

jocose air: "She has sung several times during the evening, but she still has a little steam left and is letting it off, as the fête is at an end."

"And now I will ask your leave to retire," murmured the huge artist of the *Graphic*, falling into his album as it were, as if crushed by this final musical avalanche. The reporter, having trotted about all day on the same scents as he, seemed hardly more active.

Theirs were the last overcoats in the dressing-room. To make sure of it, beyond question, the private secretary escorted the gentlemen as far as the veranda, and, shivering in his flowered jacket and his beribboned short clothes, while the *Angelus* rang in the distance amid the pale mists of the Seine, he said:

"You are very fortunate, gentlemen, to be able to go and take a little rest."

The reporter scuttled away like a rat, without replying. The man from the *Graphic*, who had stopped to light a cigar as stout as himself, turned in amazement.

"Why, you are not going to work at this hour?"

"I should say so! The minister is already at his desk, and I must join him at once. And we are going to cut out some work for Bismarck."

The young diplomat added, pointing to his finery:

"A Watteau shepherd, cutting out work for Bismarck — it seems to me that there is a touch of Choiseul, Pompadour, and old France about that."

He saluted with the ends of his little daintily gloved monkey's fingers, and as he crossed the immense hall said over his shoulder:

"There is nobody else here, Granvarlet."

In the silent salons with the gleaming floors, where there still hovered a composite odor of rice powder, truffles and hothouse flowers, where fragments of tulle, of gilded paper, of little bells and banners lay about among the débris of a magnificent cotillion, the long luminous rainb[illegible] reflected as he passed the prematurel[illegible] of a young wall-panel shepherd, who [illegible]sly at the thought of the good sleep [illegible]ntil noon, and laughed to himself as he [illegible]

"To think th[illegible]hat I am going to cut out work for [illegible]ile the artist of the *Graphic* on the [illegible] white with hoar-frost, wrinkled his gre[illegible]ly and repeated:

"To think th[illegible]hat I think that he is going to cut out [illegible]marck."

Before a sideboard, which the servants were clearing away on the first floor, the private secretary stopped to drink a strong cocktail, then entered the small salon, where a woman of whom he could see only the face with its long heavy eyes, the lovely fatigued lines and the artfully revealed neck, whitened like the wall of a mosque, was singing, dreaming rather, with her hands on the keyboard of a Pleyel grand.

"Where is the master?" the young man asked in an undertone; and receiving no reply: "And Florence? has she gone to bed?" he added, examining with his inquisitive glances the curtain of Japanese pearls which separated the salon from the adjoining room.

The musician smiled absent-mindedly.

"Florence, I don't know." Then she added pas-

sionately: "Listen." Striking a quivering chord, she sang with all her strength:

"Ah! when death, which naught can hinder,"

and remained as in a trance, with fluttering eyelids.

Young Wilkie, whom an exaggerated display of any sort disgusted, said very coldly:

"Is that new, dear mother? I don't recognize it."

"It was brought to me this evening; I am wild over it."

"Very *chic!*" murmured the young man, still spying.

What she did not say, what she could not confess to her son or to anybody else, was that, just before, in that same spot and to that same affecting accompaniment, she had pronounced the definitive "yes," made the appointment at which she was to surrender herself. And those same notes, sung again and again, evoked the haunting image of a burlesque young nobleman, leaning over her, breathing passionately on her shoulders, and receiving at last the promise that she gave him of herself,

Ah! when death, which naught —

At the end of the room, a very long and very narrow room, which Wilkie had entered, putting aside as if he were house-breaking the jangling curtain of pearls, the master of the house, hidden by card-tables, was sitting on a low divan, beside his stepdaughter. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, a reduced edition of his father, Valfon the acrobat, as we knew him, with his curly mulatto's head and his white, drooping moustache, embellished in the son by a vulgar twist of the jaw, was almost out of sight under the skirts

and falbalas of Mademoiselle Marquès, who was as tall at eighteen, and almost as mature, as her mother. The private secretary, who, when he entered, had seen only his sister, stopped as if stupefied when he saw beside Florence's headdress of roses and powdered curls the stepfath ece. It was not the familiarity of the a surprised the wicked youth, but that his owing that they were alone, had not seem isturbed, that she remained before her piano, fferent and absorbed, contrary to all her habits.

In the private circle of the V lfons, every one knew that the great sorrow of that woman's life was the too deep affection of her husband for the daughter she had had, when she was very young, by a first marriage with her cousin the Portuguese Marquès, who died of apoplexy on the Bourse at Marseille. As very often happens, that sorrow was the sequel of what had been at first a great joy. How many times, seeing her husband, that product of universal suffrage, that shrewd and redoubtable politician, rolling on the carpet of their chamber with the little Marquèses, Florence and Wilkie, whom he called his "chicks," — how many times had Madame Valfon gone into ecstasies over that fondness for small children, the paternal instinct innate in that pitiless being! But when Florence, precocious like all the fruits of the sun, was fourteen or fifteen years old, the mother, who was at that age when she was born, took alarm at the disturbing familiarities of the stepfather, and remarked to him upon them. Valfon, an acrobat by inheritance, although he had changed his stage and his repertoire, feigned indignation, and

declaimed loudly, pacing the floor with his little ministerial step. That child? Who would believe it? No, to renounce a single one of their pure, innocent caresses would be to confess that they were wrong. And then, just suppose that Florence should come to her mother and say: "Valfon is cross to me, Valfon is angry. Why is it? What have I done to him?" Would the mother dare to reply? Would it not result in bringing confusion into that young mind, simply to attempt to put her on her guard? Thereupon he continued his perilous game, deceived perhaps by his own falsehood, and treated "his dear Floflo" with the most tender, most intimate familiarity, especially when her mother was there.

Thereupon hell was kindled in that unhappy woman's breast, an interior conflagration which she carried into society with her, and which scorched her, hollowed her eyes and reduced her flesh, without extorting from her an outcry or a complaint. Indeed, to whom was she to complain? To her husband — she had abandoned that idea; her son, at the first word she tried to say, simply laughed at her suspicions. And yet he knew what to think, and better than any one; but his professional wickedness took a certain pleasure, as of a "seer," in the changing phases of the adventure, to say nothing of the fact that Valfon was charming in his treatment of him, taking him into his office, initiating him in public affairs, in short, a genuine father. The idea that, for the whim of a jealous woman, disturbed by the coming of old age, he should quarrel with the master! And the boy turned his back upon her with a pirouette, leaving the poor woman in greater

dismay than ever. Should she confide her sorrow to her daughter? She certainly was tempted to do it; but Florence was very young and very innocent. She would have to go into everything in detail, to take the risk of destroying that innocence, as her hypocritical husba[illegible]he recoiled from such a ghastly confiden[illegible]hild continued not to understand. She wa[illegible] creature, a little slow and heavy, with a da[illegible] complexion, the cow-like eyes of a hearty eater, a[illegible] beautiful white teeth set far apart and pointed. When she was a little girl old Valfon called her the "Ogre's daughter," and the name was well suited to that urchin, unconsciously sensual, who already loved jewels and perfumes, fine stuffs and rich food. As she grew up amid the luxury that surrounded her, this taste for the comfort which wealth gives had constantly increased, and to prevent anything impure from entering into it, between the perversity of the brother and the hypocritical affection of a Valfon, there must needs have kept watch over pretty Florence the occult power of innocence, that invisible, protecting garment, which keeps the maiden white through all manner of impurities.

Official society, witnessing this family drama which the Valfons deemed absolutely hidden, followed it with deep interest. When the family entered a salon or a theatre, the two women ahead, and behind them the minister's apelike face, people watched their slightest smiles and movements. They manufactured symptoms and prognostics from them; and whereas, in the opinion of some people, the mischief had been consummated long before, others, on the contrary,

believed that Valfon, a refined rake, purposely left his passion ungratified. Everybody admired the vital energy of the little old man, whom passion, instead of turning him aside from his political ambitions, aroused to a superabundance of astuteness and activity.

The sudden announcement of Florence's engagement to young Jacquand was a thunderbolt. At first people suspected some scheme on the part of the rascally minister. "Wait! this will blow over." But when the report was confirmed, when the lazy figure of young Claudius had appeared several times at the opera, in the Valfons' box, escorting Florence and her mother; when the minister himself had announced the marriage as close at hand, without the slightest change in the apparent relations of the three, the most positive began to doubt what they had affirmed the day before; and soon, with that delicious emphasis which gives to the opinions of society a suggestion of bewilderment and childishness, every one refused to listen to any further talk of that doubtful intrigue, which was so definitely contradicted. And yet it had never been so interesting to follow.

Although driven to despair by Florence's marriage, Valfon found such advantages in the *combinazione*, that he would have acted very foolishly in not being resigned to it. In fact, although in his capacity of President of the Council he had promised to give Tony Jacquand, the great Lyonnais silk merchant, on the day after the signing of the contract, the ministry of the Marine, which had been vacant for a month, old Jacquand in return promised to pay the

debts of the minister, who, before love filled his heart, had been a gambler, and as unlucky as he was inveterate. In addition he was to find the funds for a great newspaper, a source of influence indispensable to one who wishes to remain great and strong in politics or i[illegible]e most illustrious and most practical [illegible] of our time, Victor Hugo, was th[illegible]stand this fact. This newspaper infl[illegible] had thus far lacked. During his fre[illegible]ncies of public office, he had paid l[illegible]e secret funds for the support of the [illegible]ts, of all the parasitical pens; but a r[illegible]s own, for bad times, times of disgr[illegible]ion, the blind weapon, always loaded, [illegible]n his daughter-in-law's trousseau, under the [illegible] and English lace. But fatality willed that this opportunity should present itself just when his wife, diverted by an unimportant flirtation with that pretty fair-haired boy, Wilkie's friend, had ceased to be jealous, and when Florence, who had long been dazed and dumb, as it were, began to quiver under her stepfather's caresses. As if that Claudius Jacquand could not have delayed his suit for two or three months!

To fully understand the frantic state of nervous excitement in which the Minister for Foreign Affairs had been living for some time, one must turn over the *Journal Officiel* of that period, and discern in our external policy, usually so prudent that it seems timid, the rash strokes and relaxations of the nerves which resulted from Valfon's private troubles. On that night especially, during the ball in honor of the gallantly costumed fiancés, the President of the

Council had manifested the savage humor of a wild boar, pouncing upon everybody who approached him, small and great, the slightest touch leading to a blow of tusk or claw; while, a not uncommon contrast, Madame Valfon, radiant with good humor, greeted or dismissed her guests with a languid and amiable smile.

"What in the deuce is happening here in our house?" thought young Wilkie, when he surprised Florence and the minister in that intimate attitude so near his mother.

He coughed to warn them; then, approaching them, said:

"Little sister, there is to be a fine picture of you as a marchioness published in the *Graphic;* I have given them your photograph and Claudius's — you are leading the minuet with your fiancé — to a reporter who was here. I emphasized the words, 'your fiancé.'"

"He is not so any more, as it happens."

The lovely girl had raised her head, and not until then did her brother see that she was weeping.

"Why, what has happened to you, my little Flo?" he faltered.

The reply came from the first salon, behind the trembling pearls, Madame Valfon singing with all her lungs:

> "Ah! when death, which naught can hinder,
> Shall take us both in one —"

She had not time to finish. The minister was on his feet, drunk with rage, crying with clenched fists, in frantic oblivion of the proprieties:

"For the love of Heaven, will you hold your tongue!"

Florence and Wilkie turned pale as they glanced at each other. They had never seen him treat their mother so brutally. She appeared, quivering with indignation.

"The serva they heard you," she said coldly. H of his violence, especially in the p children, and tried to turn it off as a ng of the false notes which follow su es of tone.

"I shouted to drown your contralto. We ne Ask Florence what has happened."

She glanced

"What is it, pray?"

Florence tried to speak: "My marriage, — ended, — broken off." — Her voice broke in a sob. Instantly her mother sat down beside her on the divan and took her hands, touched by her suffering, but unable to believe it. Some childish nonsense. They had probably quarrelled about some superstition, some religious service; surely it was not serious.

"Yes, yes, very serious."

And the unhappy marchioness, her face inflamed with tears under her Louis XV headdress, sopped her cheeks, spoiling her paint and her *mouches*.

"But, after all, since you know our dear Claudius's hobby," said Madame Valfon, so happy herself that night that it did not seem possible to her that any one she loved should grieve, "why talk religion to him?"

"So it's true, is it?" the minister asked hastily; "there is some religious foolery in your quarrel?"

"Something else too, but mostly that."

He laughed a cynical laugh, which distorted, wrinkled all the vulgar features of his face.

"This is too much. For Heaven's sake where does the great simpleton come from, to believe in such nonsense? There are only two Catholics in France, he and one other — who died a long while ago."

Wilkie saluted the master's jest as an old acquaintance, and after chuckling over it sufficiently, he said:

"Don't you make a mistake, Valfon, the coming generation are believers and mystery-seekers."

"Possibly." The minister shrugged his shoulders. "In any event I don't know what more this Claudius Jacquand wants. To please him I agreed to a marriage in the church, which will put all my electors at Belleville in a rage. What more does he want?"

Soothed by her mother's touch, the girl replied simply, without too much emotion:

"He wants another wife than me; he makes no secret of it to me."

"You are mad!"

"No, mamma, not I. He is the one who has suddenly gone mad over that little Dina, Raymond's sister."

"The deuce! This is serious."

The secretary had spoken between his teeth. Valfon asked him in an ill-humored tone:

"Why serious?"

"Why, master, because that little girl, with her shepherdess's hood, bewitched us all to-night during the two minuets: Old Dejarine, and Marc Javel and

of the divan on which Flor
seated, gnawed his nails fu
manifestation of secret exc
always self-controlled.

"Come Florence," he sa
pened between you, tell us

"It was like this."

The girl spoke, her eyes ha
mother's bare shoulder the i
headdress, breaking at ever
of the little Indian fan, of ve
which she opened and close
as of castanets.

"As soon as Mademoise
Hélène de l'Huis's costume,
the same. Absent-minded,
that little Lilliputian shephe
minuets he could hold out no
must needs present him to hi
twice together, then he took
room, where I followed them.
attention to me; I saw the litt
and pecking at her sherbet wit
and talking about the efficacy
tell you that religion had som
rupture? They

formance, I warned Monsieur Jacquand that if he danced once more with the young telegrapher, all would be over between us. He replied that unfortunately he had engaged her for the next *berlin.* — 'Very well! Disengage yourself.' And I watched him walk away toward his partner, while the orchestra played the prelude. He seemed to be reflecting, to hesitate."

"He always hesitates," said Wilkie; "that 's his nature."

"It is n't mine."

At these words, uttered in an angry tone, Florence had drawn herself up, and as her face flushed hotly at the insulting memory, she added:

"All the same, he danced the *berlin* with her."

A flood of nervous tears prevented her from continuing, and all the ivory sticks of the little fan fell on the carpet. Madame Valfon, sorely distressed by her daughter's emotion, although thinking of something very different, took her hand with vague words of consolation.

"Oh let her finish," grumbled the minister.

"That 's all," murmured the girl. "And if that Claudius did not have the insolence to come afterward to get me for the cotillion which we were to dance together. I pretended not to feel well, leaving him at liberty to sit down beside me, if he chose, and try to obtain his pardon. But he returned to his telegrapher, and they cotillioned together until morning. Don't you think that 's a dastardly thing?"

There was a moment of silence and distress. In the quivering rays of the dawn which whitened the window-panes and turned the lights pale, in the dull

rumbling of Paris just coming to life again, the stealthy steps of servants, the jangling of the chandeliers as they extinguished them, and now and then the bursting of a bobèche, the flickering of a dying flame in a mirror, those four personages, so incongruous in ideas and in costumes, that shepherd and that Louis XV marchioness of the Third Republic in his black coat [illegible] ribbon of the Russian order about his [illegible] in a corner of the little card-room [illegible] another anxiously, revealing only [illegible] thoughts. So many things had happ[illegible] sport of them during that ball, which [illegible] come a dream! The violins of the M[illegible] carried away illusions and hopes upo[illegible] almost solemn measures, but they l[illegible] nd as well. Tears of pride, huge and glistening, filled Florence's eyes; her mother's shot forth gleams of a joy that she could not avow; and despite all that he lost by the failure of his stepdaughter's marriage, Valfon reflected with delight that she would not go away, that he could still hold her on his knees, against his heart. So it was only a sort of half anger that curled his moustache as he reproached his wife with being the cause of all the trouble, on account of her infatuation for that family of beggars.

"The — the — what 's their name? Oh! yes, the Eudelines. First, you brought us the son, a fellow with the head of a hair-dresser's apprentice, who tries to unhook a fine marriage with his curling-iron; and after the brother, the sister, this little Dina, who also seems an artful minx."

Madame Valfon protested valiantly:

"Hush! As for the sister, I abandon her to you. I have seen her only once, and I do not know her. But as for Raymond, that admirable existence, that martyr of the family, as handsome as Jesus at twenty, and crucified all his life, he is too divine, too far above your paltry egotism. Do not speak of him, I forbid you!"

The fever of her vigil, love, indignation, the insult of a moment before, which had remained upon her forehead in the shape of a visible wrinkle; everything combined to exalt, to transfigure that once beautiful woman, who, with her superb arms and shoulders, recovered for a few moments the pure lines of her face of former days. She was so intensely excited that, except for the presence of her children, she would have shouted at her husband, at that villain, that knave from whom she had suffered so much:

"Yes, the man you speak of is handsome and I love him; and to-night, right here, I promised myself to him, do you understand, I promised myself to him. And now speak, just try to speak; I shall have something to say in reply."

And the husband understood so well, he was so conscious that he was face to face with an impending explosion of wrath, that he did not insist.

"After all, if I do lose a newspaper, old Jacquand loses a seat in the ministry; for he can't suppose that I'll take him at the Marine, after this affront from his son."

"Oh! Claude was not at all anxious to have his father a minister, for he would have to go to Lyon himself to look after their factories."

Florence, standing in front of a mirror and already

somewhat consoled, spoke tranquilly of her misadventure, as she removed the flowers from her hair. Her stepfather put his arm about her waist, with the ambiguous affection denoted by his slightest movements with respect to her.

"Go to bed, my F[illegible] the last word has not been said about this busi[illegible] wever great a simpleton your Lyonnais m[illegible] will understand that there is no need of his marrying a girl with nothing at all, whom he can so easily make his mistress."

Florence shook her head:

"It is easy to see that you do not know him."

"She is right, master," said Wilkie, who was busy putting Florence's fan in order. "Claudius is a gentleman who would consider that he had forfeited his honor in this world and his salvation in the other, if he should pay court to a pretty girl for any other than a good motive. So that I am convinced that if he is really in love with Dina, he will go and ask her mamma for her hand. He will take his time about it, you may be sure, for the fellow is one constant oscillation. That is because of his great height. And so I promise, my dear Florence, that if she cares ever so little about it" — he put his withered, malicious little face, which the brilliant satin of his costume made still older, close to his sister's — "I will undertake to reconcile her to Claudius before he has taken the first step, and to patch up their marriage as easily as this fan."

She took the fan, the pieces of which seemed to be very skilfully put together.

"How will you do it?"

"That is my secret, and I will intrust it only to our

mother, who will help us when the time comes. Do you hear, mamma?"

"What is it?" asked Madame Valfon, who had gone back to her dream.

The minister, who was deciphering his wife as the conversation proceeded, sneered in his falsetto voice:

"You see that your poor mother is no longer with us. Sleep has overcome her; let us go to bed, my children."

While they sought their bedrooms, those ministerial bedrooms, magnificent or coquettish, from which an intelligent upholsterer, under the direction of Wilkie, the artist of the family, had striven to remove the flavor of a former furnished lodging-house, little Dina, the perfectly innocent cause of all their agitation, was sleeping, or perhaps pretending to sleep, beside her mother, behind the screen, in the room back of the shop of the Wonderful Lamp. Madame Eudeline would have been glad to talk with her little one, to ask her for details of the ball; but the child was dropping with sleep, and the poor mother, with the difficulty that all people of middle age have in going to sleep after a certain hour, had all the trouble in the world to lie still in the half-darkness of a night light, listening to her daughter's almost imperceptible breath beside her, and to Raymond's nervous footsteps in his little room above.

Although he had brought his sister home nearly an hour before, the elder brother could not make up his mind to go to bed. Half undressed, he paced back and forth under the ceiling, which was so low

that the powder on his hair brushed against it; then he would stop and gaze piteously at the iron bed, the pine cupboard and table, and the three dilapidated chairs. Ah! these contrasts in our Parisian lives, all brilliancy in the gas-light, whether diamonds or paste, and dying out on our return to the darkness of anxiety, of poverty to what evil thoughts they may give b d of a penniless young bachelor, who h a black coat and a few aristocratic conn , on leaving a society function, he retu y morning to his melancholy attic o l home of his family! What savage dr arrangement of society by means of to , if the boy has an evil mind and his di envy; if he is simply a commonplace, f how many hours wasted in dreams, in vain and barren reveries!

Before the table covered with law books, where Madame Valfon in a ball dress shone resplendent with all the glory of her eyes and her shoulders, in a showy frame of silk plush, Raymond held the lamp high in the air and snorted with pride as he reflected that this woman, the wife of a statesman, one of those of whom all Europe talks, had told him only a moment ago, as she sat at her piano, the whole story of her private life, of her moral distress, and whispered in his ear:

"Love me, comfort me."

While she was speaking, the rhythm of a distant waltz accompanied the confessions of that low, slightly husky voice. People approached, senators, deputies, ministers, diplomats, with green or red cravats. Illustrious heads bent before her, foreign accents thanked

her for her party; she did not turn her head, hardly replied, one hand on the keyboard, the other pressing the taper fingers which emerged from a marquis's embroidered wristband, squeezing them and crushing them with all the blind force of her nerves, utterly heedless whether she was seen or not. Oh! the sly glances of that hunchback, a deputy and friend of the minister, who came to congratulate Madame Valfon on the success of her minuet; the lustful, ironical, envious glance which followed the curve of the woman's lovely bare arm down to that caressing gesture! What would he not have given to be in Raymond's place, to receive like him the homage of such an attachment, even at the price of poverty, at the price of that wretched garret!

From her bed behind the screen, the mother, listening to his every step, hears him descend the ladder, groping his way to fill his pitcher in the kitchen, and asks him in an undertone:

"Pray, are you not going to bed, my darling?"

"You see that you cannot sleep either, mamma. How about Dina?"

"Oh! she fell into bed like a stone. She must have danced a great deal?"

"All night. She was sure to do it, however. Her minuet was a triumph."

Mothers never know anything, or at least never enough.

"What a close-mouthed little creature!" whispers Madame Eudeline's voice. "She told me nothing of all this. Indeed, when she went to bed I thought that her face seemed preoccupied."

Raymond approaches the screen and whispers: —

"Are you sure that she is asleep? Then listen: what your daughter accomplished as a shepherdess, how she stowed them all away in the pocket of her little apron, you cannot imagine. I heard on all sides: 'Why, where does that jewel come from?' Even Marc Javel—"

"Our Marc

"Yes, our M is inseparable from the Valfons now, b one department vacant in the cabinet, ich he hopes to obtain. Your daughter impression on him too. She absolutely his house and dance at a ball which he he birthday of his niece Jeannine. I pr name and my own, as you can imagin l may be very useful to us; and then h dial man, so obliging! We form wrong ideas about people. For instance, Monsieur Mauglas, the writer, you remember him? According to some people, he was a police spy employed to follow the Russian refugees in Paris. They had proofs of it. Antonin came back from London very positive on that point. Well! it's nothing of the sort. I met Mauglas at the ball to-night, petted and surrounded all the time, everybody talking of his last study upon Corinthian dances in the *Revue*. The idea of that man being a spy, upon my word! He told us some wonderful things about the origin of the minuet, and for my part I was very proud to meet him again there."

Madame Eudeline behind her screen is also very proud and very happy to think that Raymond and Dina know these fine people. What joy for the poor father if he could see his child embarked thus in

Parisian society! And excited by her maternal hopes, by the gorgeous prospect of the future opening before her children, the good woman twists and turns and makes the iron bed creak, while the plaster Madonna watches overhead, with her daughter's picture of the first communion and the great rosaries, hanging against the wall. Suddenly, lowering her voice still more, with her mouth close to the screen:

"And you, my Raymond, you tell me nothing of your own triumphs. But you had them, I am sure; you are happy?"

"Beyond everything, mother," says Raymond in an undertone, with emphasis.

"You well deserve it, you are so good, so handsome!"

She cannot see him, but imagines him, her pretty fair-haired boy, in short breeches, buckled shoes and love-lock. His pitcher, which he holds in his hand, vulgarizes the picture a little, but the mother does not think of that.

"Ah! but she is the one who is good and handsome, mamma. If you only knew her!"

"You are right, there is an expression of goodness on her face. I look at it every day when I do your room. Her age is the only thing that I can't explain very well, for Wilkie is twenty-two years old, like yourself. To be sure, I was an old maid when I married, and she very young, so you tell me."

"A child, mother, a little child, whose first husband amused himself with her as with a doll, and whom the other has made suffer terribly. Ah, the

villain! he had better not try it again, she will have some one to defend her now."

Madame Eudeline feels a thrill of terror.

"Be careful, my darling; that Valfon is a man to be feared."

"I am not afraid of him; for two years now I have been fencing an hour a day at the Association. Don't be alarmed," he adds, hearing the poor mother's frightened sigh, "Valfon is as cowardly as he is mean. He is supposed to be a great fighter, and people choose him as referee in affairs of honor; but he never fights. Now good-night, dear mamma, or rather good-morning; I am going up to bed."

Luckily Raymond does not lower his lamp, and the vague gleam of the night-light, hidden by the screen, does not permit Madame Eudeline to see a faint smile hovering around the half-closed lips of little Dina, who, with closed eyes and the regular breathing of sleep, has not lost a single one of their words.

III.

A BONNE FORTUNE.

AT twenty-two, Raymond Eudeline, a well-favored youth, and very particular about his dress, like all our young men of to-day, still had his first *bonne fortune* before him. For one could hardly apply that name to his relations with Geneviève, which had come to such a pitiable conclusion, or to his ephemeral intimacies with divers young women of the quarter. But this assignation with Madame Valfon was the beginning of his worldly life, the dawn of a career of seduction. Raymond had been for several months a favored visitor at the house of that once lovely woman, whom his twenty years and his golden curls had dazzled at once, and he might have been master of the citadel long since, but for the absurd timidity of his years.

What is the source of this timidity on the part of a young, intelligent, and comely man in presence of a woman; the invincible embarrassment of speech and gesture, which may extend even to rudeness, and which the woman invariably distrusts? Nervousness above all, nervousness with its manifold, complex causes, the most common of which is lack of money, or rather unfamiliarity with the use of money. How many times, if he had had more money at his command, if he had had in some corner of Paris a

not to see it.

But this time he had t
formal appointment made
three o'clock precisely, at
and Protais. I shall be fre

And the next moment
thought: "Where am I to
first of Antonin's room on
tiled corridors were so old,
and then the embroideress
neighbor for a minister's v
membered a furnished lodg
quarter, kept by a former a
who was then living with one
at the École Centrale and
Several times this young mar
line brothers to dine with his
had formed a very favorable i
and the service, especially as tl
on Boulevard Beaumarchais a

"And the money?" — tha
of his distress. For the ev
Office, costume, shoes, gloves
turned mamma's cash-drawer
inside out. Nothing more to
tion. He was trying to

for whom he had obtained the place of cashier of the Association of Students, suddenly flashed through his mind. The clock on the Palais Mazarin, by which all the habits of the quarter were regulated, including those of the *Wonderful Lamp*, struck ten. He hastily dressed himself, assured now of obtaining the few louis he needed.

At number 41, Rue des Écoles, in one of those enormous buildings with two wings, all built on the same model, to which imitation marble gives an air of magnificence, the Association of the Students of Paris occupies the five floors at the rear of the courtyard. It has taken pains to pull down the partitions of all those bourgeois suites, uniformly composed of a cream-colored salon with pink ceiling, two or three bedrooms, dressing-room and bath-room, painted in gorgeous colors and with pasteboard ornaments; replacing them with libraries of law, pharmacy and medicine, a cashier's office, and even a shower-bath and a fencing-room. The Association has increased in size since then; but in 1887, on that sharp morning when Raymond bent his steps toward Rue des Écoles, along sidewalks slippery and mirror-like with the white frost of the night, the appearance of the A was as we have described it.

In the room on the entresol used as the cashier's office, the attendant, who was lighting the fire, said to young Eudeline, when he expressed his surprise that M. Alexis had not yet arrived:

"Oh! he won't be here at all to-day, nor tomorrow either, probably. His niece in Bourgogne is being married."

Life sometimes gives to these trivial mishaps the importance of catastrophes, and the words which convey them — what they call on the stage *mots de situation* — fall on the ear as heavy and crushing as stones. Raymond was dazed for a moment, as he listened to the roar of the fire and the buzzing of the boy's voice a is stupid, disastrous statement. T to apply for that money? To e," perhaps, one of the thirty-three e? Ah! but it was in that commit ion as president was brewing, and l of endangering it by adopting that eling and borrower. However he libraries, which were cold and deser their windows starred with frost in th Only in the library of pharmacy did he find a fire of coke burning; and beside it, a codex on his knees, and a huge piece of hot bread in his hand, a poor devil of a foreign student, Roumanian or Wallachian, with hollow cheeks and protruding eyes, was reading and eating and roasting himself greedily, in a state of beatitude. Ask that fellow for three louis! Eudeline closed the door softly, and, diverted for a moment from his selfish preoccupation, reflected as he went downstairs again, that that Association, absurd and ostentatious as it was in many respects, that artificial hatchery of petty deputies and embryonic statesmen, had its sides of compassion, of generous confraternity, of which it did not boast.

In addition to the one attendant and the concierge, a little groom or *chasseur*, who goes by no other name than that of the *gosse*, and who generally disappears

after the first pay-day, makes up the whole indoor staff of the establishment.

"Here, *gosse*, take this letter to Monsieur Marquès at the Foreign Office, in a hurry," said Raymond, handing the boy a few lines which he had written on the cashier's desk, and to which he anxiously awaited a reply.

Since the young men had been acquainted, the poorer of the two had always been the one to lend money to the other, to that egotist of a Marquès who, in the far-off days of the *lycée*, used to declare cynically: "I borrow when I can; I never lend."

Great was Raymond's surprise, therefore, and greater still his joy, when the *gosse* brought the reply from Quai d'Orsay:

"Three louis, my dear fellow! Here are five. And do not thank me, for the service that I have to ask at your hands is much more rare and valuable than a loan of money. This evening, at nine o'clock, I shall expect you at the smoking room of the A. I am to meet there some of the thirty-three who, like myself, are looking after your election; afterward I will lay before you the dearly cherished desire of my heart."

What could that desire be? Raymond did not give it a moment's thought, absorbed as he was by the restless agitation of his first assignation, the preparation of the room, the instructions to be given the driver. Just before three o'clock his cab halted in front of Saints Gervais and Protais, a venerable church in the Hôtel-de-Ville quarter, where it was the fashion to go at that period to hear the beautiful religious music of Allegri and Palestrina, performed by the best boys'

choir in Paris. If a lady of the high official society, like Madame Valfon, descended in broad daylight the very long flight of steps of that out-of-the-way church, it was evident that she had come there to subscribe to one of the musical services of the approaching Holy Week, and her presence was in no wise suspicious.

He opened [illegible] kly. She jumped in beside him, sa[illegible] ernoon," in an undertone, and takin[illegible] er own daintily gloved hands, pressed [illegible] nder the veil, then did not move again. [illegible] for a long while, close together, while [illegible] re them swiftly toward their destinatio[illegible] e older of the two, she seemed more n[illegible] She was one of those worldly creatur[illegible] stant anxiety concerning their beauty takes the place of virtue, as the fear of losing her voice may do in the case of a celebrated singer. In reality, in a life of pleasures and temptations, in which love seemed to fill every corner, the fair Marquès had given her heart but once, to that knave Valfon, and that was so long ago that every symptom of passion seemed new and ingenuous to her now, and she did not think that she lied when she swore to her young lover that she had never had a lover before him. As for Raymond, he watched her out of the corner of his eye, with curious, uneasy admiration, amazed to see how young she looked, perturbed since the morning by his mother's question:

"But how old is that woman, pray?"

He had never as yet asked himself the question, mainly for the reason that a very young man, in society, however deeply in love he may be, is always

too much engrossed by the effect he produces, by the reflection in the mirrors — never large enough — of his personality, which he seeks and pursues before it asserts itself, and too dazzled by his first conquest to scrutinize her very closely. Moreover, how can one determine the age of a society woman, with all the resources of toilet and arrangement, all the shams in the way of wigs and false hair! How few men can distinguish the natural from the artificial; how few are surprised to see a Venetian red flush on a dark skin, replacing the pearly flesh dotted with red blotches, and the peculiar odor, which are the typical flesh and odor of the redhaired woman, so universally ugly in France! And when men of experience and mature judgment are deceived, how could Raymond with his twenty years have been more clear-sighted?

The cab stopped in front of the entrance on Rue Amelot, where an attendant was waiting, who escorted the couple through a dark passage-way to the office, separated by a glass partition embellished with flowering plants from the landing of the entresol. A woman was at the piano singing a German air.

"Schubert's *Dwarf*, I recognize it," murmured Madame Valfon; "it is seldom sung in France."

She spoke in an assured voice, but Raymond felt that she trembled on his arm; and her emotion afforded him the satisfaction of making him feel more manly, a stouter protector. As they went to the apartment pointed out to them, a door opened abruptly and closed again after a call for the waiter, giving them a glimpse of champagne glasses full to the brim and the broad back of a man in yellow shirt and suspenders sitting at the table.

"We have neighbors," said the lover gayly, to soothe the agitation of a throbbing heart near his.

She did not reply, did not breathe freely until they were in their own room and the door securely locked. A large room with an alcove, comfortably furnished, curtains and hangings with gilt flowers, lighted by a window that loc ard used as a pantry and covered by a narrow border of zinc.

"Very conve oof, in case of a surprise," thought ing to himself his decidedly unher wood fire was burning on the hea le, covered with an embroidered cl luncheon of sandwiches and she

"Now tell me e suffered."

She had seated herself against the mantel in a low easy-chair, her neck bare, the purple waist of her dress partly unfastened, her hair half falling in heavy waves. He, on the carpet at her feet, raised to his beloved the curls encircling his brow, his charming face, all ruddy with the reflection of the fire and of a glass of the Portuguese wine. The night before she had told him the story of her life, that long martyrdom between her husband and her daughter; to-day she wishes him to tell her of his. But it is very sad and paltry, that life of a poor school-boy, and to make it interesting he must introduce complications, a flavor of romance.

And he romances!

Those devoted, loving creatures, Mamma Eudeline, Antonin and Dina, form together a blind and deaf Moloch who, is called the Family, and to whom Ray-

mond gives his flesh, his blood, even the finest tissues of his brain. The little shop of the *Wonderful Lamp*, that nest of radiant affection, lined with warmth and gentleness, is the dark lair in whose depths the Moloch plies his deadly work, where the blood of the victim smokes day and night.

However, he is the first to admit that of these creatures who rend his flesh and live on the marrow of his bones, not one is really unkind. For instance, his brother Antonin, whom Wilkie has met with him sometimes, and whose mental deficiencies distress them terribly, that brother who has not been able to rise above the level of a mechanic, a Parisian mechanic, with all the drawbacks, all the defects of his class, is a good fellow none the less, a heart of gold, as they say.

Nor was Raymond himself, despite his falsehoods, a bad fellow, but one of those feeble creatures who grow old without ripening, and are naught but vanity, especially before women.

Leaning over him, inhaling his breath, and with flashing eyes, Madame Valfon murmurs again and again:

"Poor boy! dear boy!"

Or else exclaims breathlessly:

"God! what a fine book could be made of it!"

But when he comes to the sentimental part of the romance, when he tells how he has sacrificed to his family the love of that adorable girl of whom Madame Valfon once caught a glimpse in the parlor of Louis-le-Grand — in the narrative Geneviève has become a young woman of very great family, and honest Père Izoard an old Provençal marquis, something like

the dean of the nobility of the South; Père Izoard would hardly be pleased with the metamorphosis! — oh! then, in the face of such generous self-abnegation, Madame Valfon, beside herself, takes the pretty blond head in her hands and whispers, almost inaudibly, on his lips:

"Come, com[illegible] y love comfort you!"

It is almost d[illegible] n, the yellowish darkness of a foggy [illegible]. The heavy curtains at the window, d[illegible] e loops with a modest, passionate gest[illegible] oor. The wood blazes and snaps and [illegible] light on the carpet. Guided by these [illegible] e, vapory figure draws near the bed, w[illegible] ring lover hopes, implores, with ou[illegible].

But outside, i[illegible] here are hurried, rushing footsteps. A voice choked by terror whispers at their door as it passes:

"Madame, madame, here is your husband!".

For a second the lovers gaze at each other with phosphorescent eyeballs. The dark alcove is illuminated by them.

"My husband! Fly!" murmurs an agonized voice, which does not even know what it says. In an instant the woman is at the foot of the bed, feeling about for her scattered clothes, picks them up and throws them into a dressing-room into which she locks herself, while Raymond, remembering the glass roof, darts to the window. He is on the point of throwing it open, when a woman's shriek, answering the crash made by breaking in a door near by, stays his hand and his impulse. Evidently they are not the ones whom it was sought to warn, it is not in their room

that the drama is being enacted. But the rooms so near together, the similarity of the situations, — it is terrible! With a feeling as of a hand clutching his heart, he follows the sounds on the other side of the wall, an overturning of furniture, then a horrible struggle; not a word, simply loud breathing, and the last, the longest and deepest breath accompanying the dull heavy fall of a body which has ceased to resist, and, as Dante has it, "falls as a dead body falls."

At the same moment a window very near his is thrown open, a man climbs out and crawls along the narrow zinc border of the glass roof, facing the house, clinging fast to gutters and cornices. The lover making his escape, doubtless, trying to reach the other stairway.

But why is it that, when that man passes before him, his face almost on a level with his eyes, Raymond has the sensation of looking upon a familiar face? where has he ever met that eye of a steely, fanatical blue, separated from him only by the thickness of a pane of glass, its ironical glance seeming to question him, to recognize him in its turn? He has no time to remember before the glass roof is untenanted, the vision has vanished, but leaving in its wake a ghastly drama which is still in progress.

Behind the partition they are dragging something heavy along the floor. A voice gives the order:

"On the bed, put it on the bed."

The wood and the springs groan under a tremendous weight. From the end of the corridor, amid a constant running to and fro, solemn footsteps advance,

attended by other more rapid ones, and announced by whispers.

"The commissioner — the dead man's doctor."

And while Raymond listens to all these noises, with his ear against the wall, his body bathed in cold perspiratio[illegible] at chamber, of which he caught a pa[illegible] ncreased in size now by silence and [illegible] ifix and two lighted candles occupyi[illegible] the head of the bed on which stood [illegible] lasses of champagne, and spread out [illegible] the man in the suspenders and sa[illegible] hirt, with arms outstretched and t[illegible] bleeding.

"What a gha[illegible]

Hearing these [illegible] red by his side, Raymond turns. M[illegible] s there, also listening.

"There is a dead man in the next room. Did you hear?" she says, her face sadly changed; and so long as there is the slightest sound in the adjoining room, of moving furniture or deadened footsteps, they do not exchange another word or a smile.

But quiet is restored little by little; behind the partition the silence of death spreads out in cold, mysterious waves. Even the hall seems deserted. In their own room, which the darkness rapidly invades, the mirror alone still retains a little daylight. Madame Valfon mechanically approaches it to arrange her hair. That womanly movement, the unconstrained, graceful curve of the arm, reminds the lover of his rôle; he holds out his arms, tries to embrace her, but she eludes him and in a supplicating tone:

"No, no — not to-day, not here — I have had too terrible a fright."

And he himself, completely enervated, chilled to the depths of his being, is not sorry to turn his back on the ill-omened hotel.

Wilkie Marquès had arranged to meet the members of the committee that evening in the smoking-room of the Association, where Raymond was to join him; and some time before nine o'clock he had set about forwarding his friend's candidacy. The smoking-room at that time was a small apartment on the second floor of the building on Rue des Écoles, with hangings of écru linen with Turkey red border; on the walls were divers black-framed lithographs representing romantic subjects, presented by the directors of the Beaux-Arts. Crippled, broken-seated chairs stood against the walls. On the mantel, a long-necked bottle of spirit of wine, in which swam a bit of Pranzini the Levantine's skin, served as a pendant to the bust of Chevreul, disfigured by the scratching of many matches on the nose of the first French student. Luckily for him, the young men of the schools have lately lost the taste for tobacco, and the smoking-room was mainly a place of free discussion, always very animated at the time of the election of a president, which usually took place in January. But this year, as a result of intestine dissensions between the presidency and the terrible C. I. O. (Committee of Internal Order), the sudden resignation of the incumbent of the office had advanced the election several months.

Marquès, formerly president of the Association, was, by reason of his position as private secretary at the Foreign Office and his relationship to the minis-

ter, the important man of the establishment, the man whom all those youths envied and courted, whose cold *blague*, hangman's laugh, and solemn manner they imitated, not perceiving that he himself was simply a pale copy of his master. To see him, with his hands behind his back, walking with the ostentatiously placid [illegible] ort men who wish to appear solemn, [illegible] narrow room, tossing his brief, treach[illegible] on this side and that, you would have [illegible] as Valfon trotting to and fro in the t[illegible] elivered one of those ministerial disc[illegible] em like one of Arnal's long monologue [illegible] at he had undertaken that evening wa[illegible] he praising of his own candidate as t[illegible] of the other two, especially the la[illegible] hom part of the committee wished to re-elect. With his sharp little voice Marquès pointed out to his "dear comrades" what a mistake they made in regretting that gentleman, of whose talents they could judge by his three months in the presidency, and who, despite his pretentious harangues, and his philosophical jargon about the "modern mind" and "intellectual regeneration," desired the office simply as a means of forming connections, of dining at the Élysée, obtaining a chair in the Institute and a good place. And his manner of administering the funds, the confusion, the leakage!

At this point approving murmurs arose from every corner of the smoking-room. They went into particulars, they shouted figures: "A hundred and fifty francs during the quarter for brooms and feather-dusters!" — Some one observed too that he was the third president chosen from the section of letters,

and that the law section, to which Raymond Eudeline belonged, was entitled to its turn. As for the other candidate, Marquès quickly disposed of him. He was the librarian of the committee, known to them all, and the way he managed his libraries gave them a foretaste of what his presidency would be. He was from the South, from the *Sub-South*, familiar, impertinent and dissipated, seeking popularity by the easiest road; it was easy to imagine him taking a cocktail with the office-boy. Although there was no one like him for giving a hearty welcome to Belgian or Swedish "dear comrades" at the railway station, shouting the *Marseillaise* and brandishing the banner, he lacked good breeding unfortunately, and would cut a sorry figure at the dinners at the Élysée, even at the foot of the table. Amusing if you please, but nothing serious about him.

And how well Marquès knew them, all those little men whose broad watered-silk caps, recently adopted by the students of Paris, affected the correct and majestic shape, like their black frock-coats and their enormous cravats à la Royer-Collard! How well he knew how to talk to them in such wise as to destroy confidence and admiration in their minds! A president who would not be serious! To realize the contempt in which they would hold him, one had but to observe in the gaslight the expression of their solemn street-arabs' faces, streaked and crevassed with premature wrinkles, marks left by the nails of experience and intrigue; and you should have seen them wrinkle their brows as they read the reports which they had been instructed to draw by the committee, the sub-committee, or the counter-committee!

The time which Raymond, who was deeply moved, allowed to elapse before replying, seemed interminable to Wilkie; he feared an engagement between Dina and Claudius, but he was reassured at once.

"You know, my dear Wilkie, that my sister has no fortune."

"Nor have [illegible] ie other with a laugh. "So that my [illegible] be realized for eight, perhaps ten m [illegible] t time Valfon will have found me a pl [illegible] rt of Accounts or the Council of St [illegible] ke the management of the great new [illegible] ch Claudius Jacquand, my future br [illegible] to furnish the funds. His father is [illegible] know; he has a considerable fort [illegible] n as well, on which I shall be able to [illegible] of my enterprises. So I can promise you, my dear fellow, that, if your sister will take me for her husband, she will not be in want, and that I have fully determined to assume my share of the heavy burden which you have borne so long and so courageously. Now, tell me, do you think that in seeking Mademoiselle Dina's hand so long in advance, I have any chance of obtaining it? for I propose to call at your house with my mother, and that as soon as possible, in order to be sure that no one steals my happiness from me."

The two friends turned the corner into Rue de Seine, and as he saw in the distance the windows of the *Wonderful Lamp* shining in the darkness, Raymond remembered Dina's remark that, with that sign from the *Thousand and One Nights*, they might expect all sorts of miracles; and was not this miraculous, in very truth, this that had befallen the little

sister, and all the rest of them on the rebound? Ah! if he had not restrained himself, how he would have pressed Wilkie to his heart! with what transports of joy and gratitude he would have greeted his suit! But he hesitated from sheer vanity, knowing that in a few days he would have a dainty apartment where he could receive Wilkie and his mother more comfortably than in that shop, open as it was to everybody; and to the unbounded astonishment of Marquès, who hoped for better things, although he did not betray his feelings, he calmly promised to transmit his petition to his mother and to reply at once.

The north wind howled and nipped the rare passers-by on the dark and deserted quay, the quay running northward which our young men descended in the direction of the Invalides. Their conversational pace, slow and interrupted by frequent halts, had ended by chilling them to the bone. One of them suggested that they go and warm themselves for a few moments at the Café d'Orsay, which was still open; and they were hardly seated when the conversation at the next table, where several dragoon officers formed a circle around an old colonel, attracted their attention.

"I knew this General Dejarine in the Crimea; he was then a lieutenant of cavalry like myself, and, like myself, orderly officer to a corps commander; and at two different armistices we drank our mistresses' health in vile canteen champagne. He impressed me as a fiery, passionate fellow, one of those men who, no matter at what age they die, are sure to play *jeune premier* rôles to the end."

One of the officers whom Wilkie knew from having occasionally breakfasted next him at this same café, being nearest to him now, placed in front of him in explanation of their conversation an evening newspaper which lay on the marble table, and which told of the death c[illegible]rine, former Prefect of Police of St. P[illegible]lered that very day, in the act of adu[illegible]band of the school of Dumas.

"Is it know[illegible]appened?" asked Raymond, of a sud[illegible] perturbed.

Wilkie passe[illegible]paper.

"Look; in a [illegible]ing-house, close to the Bastille."

He himself [illegible] conversation with the officers.

"One of the last times that the poor general came to the Foreign Office, he passed more than an hour at my desk telling me about his adventure, this one that caused his death probably. A tall, handsome girl, a trier-on at a shop on Rue de la Paix, who took a Bastille-Madeleine bus every morning. The husband, a draughtsman for a dealer in bronzes in the Marais, always put his wife in the bus; and about half-way the general would get in and sit down by the fair one, accompanying her to her shop. Three weeks of this manœuvring — standing in front of a bus office every morning in such temperature as we have been having — until the day when he came and told us at the department that he had at last obtained the assignation he had craved so long. He was in such a state of excitement! I could n't help saying to him: 'Take care,

general!' — But I confess that I was not so much afraid of a marital vendetta as I was of apoplexy, a stroke of paralysis, with that short, swollen neck and that purple face."

The officers and their colonel had risen and gathered about Wilkie and were listening to him, standing, while Raymond meditated, with his face in the newspaper. That this drama of which they were talking was his drama, and Dejarine the stout man who had been killed in the very next room, he did not doubt. But the other, the one who escaped by the zinc roof, who was he? The husband, doubtless. In that case, why conceal himself, as he had the law and the gendarmes on his side? And then that familiar face, that ironical glance as of a confederate, — in what corner of his memory could he find them?

As if in reply to his unspoken question, a voice in the group beside him said:

"The thing that strikes me, messieurs, although the newspaper does n't seem to notice it, is that nothing has been heard of the husband, the assassin. In connection with a personality like the general's, an ex-minister of police in his own country, any supposition is justifiable; and this disappearance seems very mysterious to me. How was it that the commissioner, who was summoned to take cognizance of the condition of affairs, did not order the house closed instantly, and question everybody that he found there?"

Raymond felt the color fade from his cheeks in a paroxysm of retrospective terror, and he buried his face deeper in his newspaper. He imagined him-

self, in that far-away quarter, compelled to give his own name and that of the woman who accompanied him. A minister's wife exposed to such ignominy, at the mercy of a subordinate police officer's discretion! All the horror of what he had seen vanished before the thought of what might have been. No, never aga[illegible]e the risks of such an adventure, and [illegible] rooms of his own, he would never [illegible] upon such hazardous *bonnes-fortunes*

IV.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

"IF Claudius Jacquand is anxious to know where the little telegrapher to whom he wishes to give his name goes almost every day, between five and six, on leaving her office, let him lie in wait under a porch and watch the office door. He can be sure of seeing something that will please him."

In the elegant ground floor apartment on Rue Cambon, which his father, the senator from Lyon, shared with him during the session, young Jacquand stood reflecting, with his forehead against the window of his dressing-room, crumpling the anonymous letter in his hand. Since the ball at the department and his meeting with Dina, he had been overwhelmed with these notes in awkward handwritings, on letter heads of department shops, but although he could not tell why, not one had made such an impression on him as this one. He read it again, protesting the while:

"No, I will not watch, I will not lie in wait. I will simply go and ask for Mademoiselle Eudeline at the central office, and I will tell her, *Mon Dieu!* I will tell her what is perfectly true, that after an hour of madness, of vertigo, reflection came and destroyed a dream of happiness too difficult of realization. I should have to quarrel with my father, undergo at-

black frock which made her seem taller, made her head smaller, her complexion more rosy and the heavy red-gold tresses of a still more brilliant hue, Claudius was so dazzled that he lost his ideas and words. Never had there been anything like that youthful charm, beside which the shepherdess of the other evening seemed like a show-case doll. And while he was obliged to support against the stair-rail the trembling which shook his frame, she observed with her most tranquil air:

"I was sure of seeing you to-day, I prayed so fervently for it to Notre Dame de Fourvières. When they called me I was not surprised."

Leaning on the rail, close beside him, paying no heed to the people who ascended and descended the broad staircase of the department, she told him of Wilkie Marquès's strange whim, and the offer of marriage with which she was threatened. Although Raymond had said nothing to her as yet, Madame Eudeline had taken it upon herself to warn her.

"Of course, my dear Claudius, I did not say a word of your plans, since you desire to inform your father first. I did as you wished, although it was very hard for me; but Monsieur Wilkie is in great haste to receive my reply; I must give it to him as soon as possible."

"But do you love this Wilkie? Do you even know him?" asked Claudius, whose sallow complexion was suddenly overspread with a jealous flush.

A smile embellished Dina's reply. In love with that gentleman? Oh! surely not. But he was her brother's best and oldest friend, such a friend, in fact, that his offer could not but flatter her, especially as

he made no secret of it, as he proposed to come with his mother and ask for her hand.

"That man makes a secret of everything." Claudius as he spoke shook the stair-rail with his long light-gloved hand, with restrained wrath. "He is a monster of wickedness, a vile creature, and he boasts of it. Why does he seek your hand? What is there behind this offer of marriage? I will find out, but I am sure beforehand that there is some infamy."

Still smiling and calm, she asked:

"But tell me what I am to reply."

Why, did he know himself what she was to reply? To seize her, yes, to take her just as she was, to roll up that little jewel of a woman — a fairy in her golden tresses and her black frock, and escape with her like a thief — such was his only thought, the precise sensation which he had had the first time that he saw her, and which he had again upon finding himself once more face to face with her. An irresistible impulse, a vertigo of the heart and the flesh. How was he to explain that in becoming words, and on a staircase, with people constantly passing and casting curious glances at them? So it was that he expressed himself very badly. But words count for so little in true passion! Nothing was said of what he had prepared, he even forgot the anonymous letter, and, having come there to retract his word, he pledged it more seriously than ever. As for his father, he would go and telegraph him at length, and the next day, immediately on the arrival of the reply, which would in no wise change his sentiments, by the way, he would bring it to Dina instantly.

"Not here, — impossible!" said the girl hastily.

soon be in a commotion."

"Might I not wait for you wh

"That would be even more

hand the reply to the concierge

to say nothing. He will take

dressing-room and put it in m

The violent jangling of a bell

of the ten-minutes rest given to

according to the rules, each ho

mured timidly, while a little hanc

white cuff and offered itself to hin

"When shall we meet again?"

Dina seemed to reflect, long e

beautiful eyes, then said:

"You know that the Marc Jave

for Monday. Shall you not come

The brow of the Lyonnais darl

Javels; what an idea! In the first

not be admitted. It was a white b

ball, for his niece's birthday. Bu

not to go there, not to become i

people. She had no idea what th

girls were, of their conversation a

For instance, that Nadia Dejarine,

just died in such a horrible way,

the grooms in their stable

"Dina, I beg you, do not go there; it would make me too unhappy."

His voice came in gasps, hurried by the flight of time and by emotion. His gestures, always respectful, became affectionate and coaxing, implored her, enveloped her from a distance.

"If you ask me that way, it must be because you think you have a right to," said the girl with fascinating seriousness.

And touching Claudius's hand with the ends of her little fingers, she added:

"No, I will not go to Marc Javel's; but this means more mystery and fables with mamma!"

Hitherto there had never been a secret between that mother and that daughter. Separated for so long a time from her boys, having with her at the house of her provincial relations, who kept them for charity's sake, only her little Dina, even then very shrewd and quick of comprehension, Madame Eudeline had come to take delicious enjoyment in their habit of whispering confidences to each other every evening, on the pillows of the great bed which had followed them from Faubourg du Temple to Cherbourg, and from Cherbourg to the back shop of the *Wonderful Lamp*. But for a few days past their confidences had become less unreserved; the mother felt that her daughter was concealing something from her. She was so cold in the face of such a flattering offer of marriage, and asked time for reflection when any other girl would have accepted immediately — that it must be that Dina's heart was engaged. Just try to confess a child who distrusts even her own mother! Her brothers could obtain nothing from her,

the one being too imperious, the other too timid. There remained Tantine, dear Tantine, who seemed to have returned from London for the purpose of extricating her old friend from her embarrassment.

This is what Madame Eudeline was thinking, under her long, sentimental English curls, as she bent her steps toward slatif at the end of that same day, wh fluence of a last anonymous letter, C ved himself to a mighty resolution. S find Geneviève alone in the little roo s of which, under the eaves, looked of the inner courtyards of the Palais l ckily, when she arrived, Père Izoard w hter.

Tantine wa he open window, gazing sadly at the s and gutters outlined against a frosty sky in which crows were cawing lustily, while the old stenographer lighted the hanging lamp, humming with a somewhat forced gayety. As if that artificial illumination shut them up in different rooms, the father and daughter seemed far away from each other and were not speaking. And so, when Madame Eudeline appeared, the emotional Marseillais uttered a familiar, characteristically Southern cry of joy:

"Ah! adieu, Maman Deline!"

"What a nuisance not to be alone with her!" said the mother to herself, as she sat down beside Geneviève. And involuntarily she translated her thought aloud: "Did you have a session to-day, Monsieur Izoard? How early it is over!"

"But it is n't over, if you please. This terrible Dejarine affair has led to an interpellation, which

has raised the deuce with everything. I just came up to tell my little girl to sit down to supper without me, for our orators are so slow with their speeches."

He took a few steps, twisting his long beard, a sign of great perplexity with him. Then suddenly, pointing to Geneviève, he said:

"Mamma Eudeline, I place her in your charge; I rely upon you to brighten her up a bit. Tell me, is this reasonable? Since her return from London, that's the face my child has had all the time. Sometimes for one reason, sometimes for another, according to what she tells her old father, that is to say. To-day it's this Dejarine affair, it seems; she is afraid that her poor Casta will be compromised; why, since she is not in Paris?"

"We know nothing about it," said Geneviève hastily. "And surely Lupniak must be in hiding. They suspect him of being one of the principal actors in the drama. And so, although my dear Sophie no longer meddles in politics, and her mind has broadened out to a dream of universal charity and compassion — everybody knows about her founding of hospitals and clinics for sick children — I know her to be so ardent, so passionately enthusiastic over the gallantry of her revolutionary friends, that I tremble every moment for fear of seeing her come in."

Madame Eudeline assumed a compassionate tone:

"Of course, I understand that that worries you."

But Père Izoard blinked his little coal-black eyes, and sighed to his old friend:

"There's nobody but a mamma to find out what goes on in these little girls' noddles."

And his words seemed to imply: "Try questioning mine, will you?"

That is how his old friend understood it, for no sooner had the stenographer gone away and left her alone for a confidential talk with Geneviève, than she murmured:

"The mammas know no more about it than other people; and the proof is that I came here to ask you —"

She hesitated; and lo! Geneviève's pale face flushed with a secret apprehension: Raymond perhaps. But Madame Eudeline, engrossed by her own thoughts, paid no heed.

"My little Dina worries me; I wish that you would help me fathom her."

Geneviève started; what did Dina matter to her? That was not the name that she expected to hear from the mother's lips.

"Why, your daughter is a mere child, and she worries you, you say?"

"Oh! cruelly."

Thereupon Madame Eudeline began to tell of her little Cinderella's adventure, as much as she knew of it at least, and of the fear which had come to the poor mother on finding her so contemptuous in the face of a most excellent offer of marriage.

"Perhaps she is right to be contemptuous," said Tantine gravely. "I have heard my father declare many times that those Valfons and Marquès were a very poor sort of people. Who knows if your little Dina is not guided by an instinct of dignity and virtue?"

Geneviève's voice, ordinarily profound and tran-

quil, quivered with a secret indignation which kindled a flame in her eyes and her cheeks. Suddenly she recovered herself, a little confused:

"After all, is it not an evil sentiment that leads me to slander those people? But how do you suppose that I can hesitate between them and your daughter, who is naturally so straightforward and frank?"

"Then you don't think that her reason for refusing is that her heart has spoken for another?"

Madame Eudeline gurgled that simple sentence like the refrain of an old romance.

"She would have told you of it, madame."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh! surely."

The mother, transported with joy, smiled as if Heaven were in sight.

"Ah! Tantine, Tantine, if you knew how much good you do me! it is so sad to suspect any one whom one loves! To think that my little Dina, who has slept by my side ever since she was born, whose existence has always been a part of mine, should seem to me now so far away! I am afraid that she is hiding something from me."

"What has given you the right to be afraid?" asked Tantine, rising to close the blind, for night had fallen. Below, under the galleries of the courtyard, they could hear the clash of weapons and the measured footsteps of the sentries just relieved.

"What has given me the right?"

Madame Eudeline produced from one of those unfindable dress pockets, so inconveniently placed that women always seem to be sitting on them, two

or three unsigned letters of the type which Claudius had received in the morning.

"Are you very sure," asked one of these letters, "that Dina goes to her office every day? With the connivance of a chief of staff or an over-looker, nothing is easier than a false report as to the departure or arrival of cl — "

Another not ne Eudeline's attention to the fact that eturned from the office an hour or th f an hour late several times a week. teresting to know where the little one p .

"These are gs to say," murmured the poor wom ève, standing near the lamp, deciphe nies. "These letters, which you ar only one to see, are spoiling my life. Now, when my child comes home, when she goes out, my eyes instantly go to the clock. Not a fold in her dress, not a lock of her hair that I do not examine; when she is asleep, I watch her sleep and her dreams, I rise to feel in her pockets, and as I never find anything, instead of consoling me, that distresses me; I say to myself: 'The fact is that she is cleverer than I.' In our 'boat,' you know, as Monsieur Mauglas used to say, we are all for sentiment and sedative water."

She took the tall, lovely girl in her arms and said in an outflow of selfish affection:

"My darling, you are so sensible, my children have always listened to you more willingly than to their mother; help me to find my little Dina again; I don't know what to do."

Oh! the sweet, distressed smile on Tantine's face, the accent of sorrowful irony in her reply!

"It is true that I am very sensible, I have always been so, too much so, indeed; doubtless a little folly would have been better for me. However, I will be sensible this time again, and if your child is in need of advice I will give it. But first of all"—with a gesture of disgust, she handed the anonymous letters to the mother—"you must burn these villainous things and not besmirch your eyes and your thoughts with them any more. I fancy my poor father receiving such accusations against his daughter's honor! He would die of it, or he would kill some one."

A joyous ring at the bell, a whirlwind of youthful laughter and blond curls. It was Dina, who had come in search of her mother and threw her arms around her neck, apologizing for coming so late. Whose fault was it? Why, Monsieur Raymond's, whom she had found at the shop preparing to dine out, and making a toilet which cluttered up the whole house. No, one could not imagine the room that a young man requires nowadays to dress in, and the complications of a masculine toilet: the boot-trees to prevent the boots from getting out of shape, and the stretchers to prevent trousers from bagging at the knees. Never had such refinements been heard of before. But they should see Antonin's face at sight of these things; the boot-trees above all, and the garters for silk socks made him open a pair of eyes! It was very certain that all those inventions were not known in his workshop.

"Does your brother dine out every evening?"

asked Geneviève, forcing herself to smile at all this chatter.

A wink from Madame Eudeline warned her daughter:

"Do not be too unkind."

But the little one, once started, could not stop.

"Raymond? He cares for nothing but dining with foreign swells, who send him messengers on horseback. Oh! I told him —"

"I was sure of it," her mother interrupted; "when I saw you come in all flushed with excitement, I understood that you had come from a dispute with your brother. Tantine ought to scold you. You are not fair to Raymond. When Tonin does not dine at home, do you reproach him in the same way?"

The little one was so indignant that for a moment she almost suffocated? But she soon recovered herself.

"Reproach Tonin, *mon Dieu!* And for what? It is work which keeps him at the shop, when he does n't dine with us; some urgent order, which does not, however, prevent him from coming to close the shop, nor from going to oversee the last preparations for the Dauphin's installation, as he has done this evening."

That name of "Dauphin," with which the little one sometimes crushed the older brother, made Tantine smile.

"And when is the installation to take place?" she asked.

"Next Sunday, I suppose; I still have a pair of curtains to finish," replied Madame Eudeline with a glance at her daughter.

Dina shook her head crossly.

"I do not know as I shall have the time."

"Oh! yes, of course you will have the time, little demon," said Tantine, putting her arm affectionately around her neck; "and I will help you if necessary. Let me see; suppose I come and meet you at your office, and we will return to your house together?"

Dina seemed embarrassed.

"But — but I am never sure just when I shall come out, with the extra work!"

"Before I went to London we would have worked all the evening and had one of our pleasant old-time talks."

"Never fear, Tantine, we shall have another opportunity." And Dina, taking her friend's short, plump hand, held it caressingly against her cheek.

Over her head the two women exchanged a meaning glance, as if to say: —

"What did I tell you?"

"Indeed, there must be something; but have no fear, I will find it out; she will tell me."

The night which followed that visit to the Palais-Bourbon seemed terribly long to Dina. Lying beside her mother, behind the screen, with her face to the wall, obliged to keep perfectly still with all that fire which swelled her veins, all the fever that gleamed under her lowered eyelids, she wondered what would be Père Jacquand's reply, and if Claudius, in case of a refusal, would have the courage to keep his word. What distressed her especially was the timid appeal which Madame Eudeline essayed before going to sleep:

"Are you asleep, my Dina? Don't you want to talk a little with mamma?"

Then a long sigh and silence. Ah! if she could have thrown herself into her mother's arms and told her everything! But no; Claudius asked her to keep it a secret and to wait, to wait a little longer.

Her first thought in the morning, on rising, was a fervent prayer to Notre Dame de Fourvières, whose image never le ay was to be decisive for the happine for she did not separate her destiny ıer dear ones; and so, when, on her aı ıtral office, she entered the dressing-rc : clerks remove their cloaks and ha : long black working frock, her han she hung her satchel on the peg. I black calico bag that she would find ly, good or bad. The thought kept h ıghout the day, which, luckily, was filled with work. Feverish with loss of sleep, cheeks and eyes on fire, she kept pulling the cord of the ventilating window; but the north wind was blowing sharply outside, the rain and hail blew into the middle of the room and pattered on the floor, and indignant exclamations from every side compelled the superintendent to come and close the glass, until Dina opened it again in an involuntary spasm of nervousness.

"That little Eudeline must be terribly warm this morning," muttered her neighbors at the machines; and the chief of staff, making his round with short steps and hands behind his back, observed as he passed:

"It must be the tall young man with the light gloves that has brought the blood so to her skin."

The chief of staff considered Mademoiselle Dina

very attractive, and, since the day before, that pair of light gloves had worried him exceedingly. Indeed, everybody in the department was talking of the mysterious and stylish visitor; and during the ten minutes that the young ladies pass every hour in the lavatory, some knitting, others readjusting before the mirror a detail of headdress or gown, the tall young man was the only subject of conversation.

"Who could he be?"

"A cousin? a fiancé?"

"You are burning, mesdames," said the little one, making an effort to appear cheerful, despite the sadness that oppressed her heart, for her reply had not come. At three o'clock, still nothing. And yet she could not despair, so great was her confidence in Notre Dame de Fourvières. At last, during the last recess before the close of the day's work, her hand felt the rustling of an envelope through the calico. But the people were watching her all about, even the jealous chief of staff. She could only slip the letter into her pocket, — with what impatience and agitation! — and keep it there until the end of the day.

The change of service is announced by the violent ringing of a bell. From the three rooms in which women are employed on the first floor, — Paris, Suburbs, Provinces — a whole rustling swarm of little caps and cloaks and satchels escapes at once, filling the broad staircase, where they meet other caps and cloaks and satchels of those who take their places, saluted as they pass by inquisitive glances and mocking smiles. As always, Dina, being smaller and more active, had glided through the crowd, and, be-

ing the first to leave the building, hastened to Cité Vaneau, a narrow street, then quite new and deserted, a line of empty houses and signs waving in the wind. After a swift glance about, she could at last take the letter from her pocket and read it, her hands trembling feverishly.

"My father h My father has not come, and certainly wi learn that he is very ill: congestion of th peless at his age. I start instantly, my he l of you, and I shall be in Lyon before daw t, to embrace him. May I tell him that I it you are before God my spotless fiancée? ead to him last night the long despatch ir n of my love for you and of our troth pl ssed Image of Fourvières. That despatch w bad effect on him. So I am not sorry that he knows nothing of it. Does it seem credible that in that shipwrecked, ruined mind, ambition alone still survives? In his delirium he talks of nothing but the Valfons and the Ministry of the Marine. That hope will absorb his last breath. You will understand that I do not propose to deprive him of it, and that I beg you to pray for him as well as for the man who signs himself

"Your faithful and passionate

"CLAUDIUS JACQUAND."

The letter read, re-read and tucked into her glove in the hollow of the warm little hand, Dina thought fervently: "Oh! yes, I will pray for your father, my dear friend." And with quick and ringing steps, her veil over her eyes, the black satchel on her arm, she walked in the direction of Saint-Sulpice, the church where she liked best to go. This custom, which she

had adopted in the long idle days in the provinces with Madame Eudeline, of stepping into church for a short prayer, a mental appeal to God, Dina preserved in Paris; and it was ineffably sweet, after the commotion and tumult of the office and the noise of the streets, to soothe herself with a childish prayer, ending in meditation, in the silence and repose of the lofty naves, in the semi-darkness of the chapels; a delicious retreat for a maiden's imagination, and of such a nature that there could be none better in which to shelter itself, to take its full flight without the risk of bruising or breaking its wings.

Of these long visits to Saint-Sulpice, two or three times a week, Dina never spoke at home, from a species of modesty and embarrassment; nor did she mention them at the office. She dreaded too much the laughter and jests of her fellow clerks. They had noticed, however, that she always went away first from the office, without waiting for anybody to accompany her, and so hurriedly that, when she was once outside, she was out of sight in an instant. Starting from that, nothing was necessary but an anonymous letter to set all sorts of conjectures afloat; and for the last few days, at Claudius Jacquand's and at Madame Eudeline's, that species of lying, cowardly correspondence had abounded in every mail, morning and evening.

"Let him lie in wait under a porch and watch her when she leaves the office; he will see something that will please him."

How many times had the poor lover vowed that he would avoid ambush and spying, deeming them unworthy of their miraculous love; and now, behold

him trotting upon Dina's heels, following her at a distance along the houses on Rue de Grenelle. Had he lied, then, concerning his father's illness and his journey to Lyon? No, it was all absolutely true; but jealous suspicion, stronger than filial distress, had seized upon h[illegible] fore, when he came to bring his repl[illegible] Dina would come out within an ho[illegible] might be waiting for her, in a word, [illegible] that he had absorbed in the last two [illegible] eins on fire. He still had two hours [illegible] he train left for Lyon; he would at all [illegible] aris with some certain knowledge, son [illegible] ould not go away consumed, torture[illegible] ubt.

La Croix-Ro[illegible] ieux-Colombier.

At a rapid g[illegible] ct under her blue silk cap, glistening by turns with sunshine and with rain, the little one walked straight ahead, toward a definite goal which was not her own home. Two or three times the long strides of the Lyonnais brought him involuntarily almost upon her heels. Thereupon he crossed the street or stopped in front of one of the shops for the sale of rosaries, consecrated images and other pious articles, of which that quarter is full. Turning suddenly, in the middle of Rue Saint-Sulpice, he looked to right, to left, in front and behind to no purpose, he could no longer see the slender, agile figure which a moment before was speeding along the other side of the street, on the sidewalk that skirted the old black walls of the church. The idea came to him, as he saw people going in and coming out through the small doors, that she might have disappeared there, this strange little Catholic who, amid

the tumult of a society function, talked to him of her devotion to Notre Dame de Fourvières, whose medals she wore on her neck. To make sure of it, he ascended four or five steps, and pushed open the swinging door; and for some moments his emotion was so great, so overpowering, that he forgot the motive that had brought him thither.

From the rear of the choir, studded with jets of gold and flame like an Asiatic tiara, the great central nave was bathed in a starry, lily-like whiteness, ascending from long rows of muslins and tulles, the white veils, white dresses, and silver purl of first communicants, and the albs and surplices of the great seminary, seated in lines of two hundred young priests behind the masses of children. And all this made a swell, a moving stream of whiteness, irised by the light falling from the high stained-glass windows, lulled by the music of the organs and the crystal-like tones of childish voices, amid the odor of incense and of white lilacs hanging in clusters from the great altar. There had been a first communion at daybreak that day; in the afternoon, confirmation and renewal of vows, as Claudius was informed by an old grandmother, of excited speech, with small lashless eyes shining and streaming with joy. The sides of the church were full of figures of that sort, tender-hearted women of middle age or older, in the same rigid attitude of prayer, with the same quivering prostrate bodies ready to open their wings for a new flight, or languid and weary, as at the close of a day of overwhelming excitement and outpouring of the heart.

Coming from that Place Saint-Sulpice, one of the great squares of the left bank, echoing with the

whistles and clanging bells of omnibuses, with the popping of corks in the gutters, whence arise ribald songs and laughter; emerging from that fading daylight, made dimmer by the squall which overturned half the contents of the great holy water basin upon the asphalt surface, an image, as it were, of all the dregs, of all th ty foaming around the temple, the cc t striking of that lofty nave, an imm th white sails, having nought but flc is for its defence. For a moment, the erienced that clash of ideas, that wl trary impressions, the reducing to or s soothing and delicious to him; the ve sang in his memory:

"These are t ke arms in thy quarrel,
The women stice eternal!"

The organ and the childish voices continued their sweet lullaby, the white swell its mysterious rolling. Suddenly Claudius espied, among other prostrate forms, a slender girlish figure which he recognized by the heavy golden tresses twisted in a coil above the white neck. Dina, it was Dina! And when he saw her engrossed in prayer and weeping, then only did he remember that, on taking leave of her, he had asked her to pray for his father, who was so near death. And that was where she was going, so straight and so swiftly, while he followed her at a distance, and his ghastly suspicions panted shamefully behind her! Ah! now he can go. The image of the maiden, purged of all dread, radiant and pure, he carries away upon his heart, against his flesh, as a precious amulet, and nothing can part him from it.

V.

INSTALLATION.

ONE Sunday morning Antonin was making the final preparations for his big brother's installation in his apartment on Boulevard Saint-Germain. Raymond was to arrive a little before noon with Madame Eudeline, who was to show him over the suite and detail its splendors: a balcony, the Seine mirror-like between the quays, a prospect of sky and water; and then the question:

"Guess in whose rooms we are? For whom these hangings, this furniture, this piano?"

And they all had been in a fever for a fortnight, in anticipation of the cry of joy that Raymond was to utter. Standing on a double ladder, in the narrow dressing-room which he was draping from floor to ceiling with a brilliant flowered cretonne, Tonin, with his mouth full of upholsterer's tacks, punctuated with blows of the hammer and with "the — the — you know — " his conversation with Dina, who was busily hemming curtains, and so small that she disappeared under the waves of pink stuff that surrounded the ladder. With the reflections from the gleaming, dancing river, of which the windows were full, one might have fancied oneself in the cabin of a ship, just at the bow, for as the house stood in the acute angle formed by the quay and the boulevard, each room was smaller than the one behind it.

"I say, little brother," asked Dina's voice after a pause, emerging from under the curtains, "when you lived in London three or four years ago, used you to see these Russian revolutionists?" Like all Paris that morning, our young people were talking of the hideous Dejarine affair.

"Oh! very ter," replied the other, hammering a altogether outside of London, in a tory on the shore of the Thames, a bra lowed under my house and came out everything in the house seemed to da few men, just enough to watch my d ttend to the customers; and when the me, I barely found time once a month on in the carriage that belonged to th gh the vast fields in the suburbs, where the advertisements and placards make such a strange show lying flat on the grass."

But the hammer drowned his voice. He ceased speaking only to begin again in a moment. Oh! those English houses, so homelike and comfortable when one is inside, how uncivilized and inhospitable they appeared outside to the Parisian mechanic, with their doors too constantly closed and their guillotine-like windows! He had never been able to accustom himself to that sealed, impassive aspect of the English home. At Sophia Castagnozoff's everything was very different. He would arrive at the hour of her clinic; the door, thrown wide open, admitted a lamentable procession of the diseased and the wretched. "Go and wait for me at Hyde Park," honest Casta would call to him; "I will join you after my consultation." —On one of the benches in the vast square—like

our Bois de Boulogne, but in the heart of the city — Antonin would find five or six Russian refugees, sometimes lying on the lawns beside threadbare, vermin-ridden vagabonds, with the backs of buffalos or hippopotami emerging from the tall grass, separated only by a wooden railing, or a grating level with the ground, from the long line of landaus, victorias, male and female equestrians; and never a glance descended from one of those equipages toward the wild beasts lying in the grass, nor did one of the wild beasts interrupt his slumber to gaze enviously at all that magnificence of accoutrements and liveries.

"But what could you find to talk about with all those madmen, my dear Tonin?"

"Faith, little sister, I used to tell them that if there are wicked men in the world, that's no reason for being as wicked as they are. To which Monsieur Lupniak never failed to reply —"

"What Lupniak? The murderer, the man who is accused of killing the general?"

"Precisely. Oh! he is no savage. On the contrary, a well educated man, a former officer of artillery, but one of those implacable theorists to whom — the — the — you know what I mean — a man's life is not even the — the — anything at all. He used to reproach me for being such a horrible egotist."

The little sister sprang up in a rage from her waves of pink cretonne.

"You, an egotist!"

The other, from the top of his ladder, replied:

"Well, yes, there is some truth in that charge, after all. My dream of happiness on earth is a little narrow. Thus, when I feel that you have all that

you need, you and mamma and our big brother, yes, and Tantine; when I think that you are happy, why, I don't look much farther. I am like our mother when we were small. When she had once tucked all three of us into our beds, her day's work was done; not ur[illegible] he sleep peacefully."

"Never mi[illegible] iak did n't know you; Sophie never [illegible] ed you an egotist."

"Oh! she [illegible] ny sort of suffering in this world ca[illegible] She would like never to rest until the [illegible] iow—"

"Yes, until [illegible] l all mankind into their beds," said t[illegible] rmly; and, plying her needle with a [illegible] "That is too fine for me. If I co[illegible] content to be an egotist of your kind, [illegible] has sacrificed himself all his life, who has consented to be simply a mechanic, to learn nothing of all that his big brother has been taught."

"Poor Raymond, what good has it all done him thus far? And he loves us so dearly, he goes to such pains to assist us! Yes, yes, Dina, I promise you, much pains. Oh! I know, you don't see him as he is, you don't understand each other."

Dina smiled mockingly.

"It is true that I am less good-natured than you and mamma. How I have raged all this morning at having to hem curtains, instead of passing the lovely Sunday I might have passed at Morangis with Geneviève. Dear Tantine! she sewed with me all last evening. The idea that she was working for Raymond inspired her with such ardor! I say, do you want me to tell you something? My anger with

him is caused by his indifference to Geneviève more than anything, and I saw at that ball the woman that he prefers to her."

"You are mistaken, Dina, he prefers no one to her. But—"

And as he had finished nailing his ceiling, Tonin came down from the ladder and seated himself on the lower rounds to explain to his sister that, if Raymond renounced Geneviève, it was because he did not think that he had the right to love her, to marry her, with all his domestic responsibilities.

"You talk of sacrifice, my child, but you must know that he has sacrificed his love to us. For it torments me, this distrust between you two, which might become a very great grief to mamma when I am no longer here, when I am performing my military service. I shall have enough anxiety about money."

"Don't be alarmed, my Tonin, you have n't gone yet. And before the time comes, something will certainly happen."

At these imprudent words which escaped the little one, Antonin looked at her curiously, impressed by the vehemence of her tone.

"What is it that's going to happen, an inheritance?"

Ah! if Dina could only speak, if she had not promised!

She blushed and stammered:

"No, it's nothing, unless that Raymond, now that he is going to have apartments of his own, will be able—"

But here is Raymond; he appears with Mamma

Eudeline. A few delicious moments, in conformity with the program, but with this variation, that, when the suite had been inspected, room by room, and Madame Eudeline asked her son: "Guess in whose rooms we are?" little Dina exclaimed, in spite of herself: "As [illegible] told him, the very first day!"

Thereupon, [illegible]es, everybody began to laugh, which [illegible]ed in the protocol.

Informed h[illegible] been long before, but what he saw s[illegible] his anticipations! How could he su[illegible] tonin would have that refined, unen[illegible] angings and furniture? For that clo[illegible]d, that clothes press of a very rare p[illegible] piano was one of the best make; a[illegible]ent of the suite was so amusing! Raymond opened a window and stepped out on the balcony, waving his arms as if he were making a speech. The cool morning air raised his fair locks and broadened his brow superbly. Below, the tram cars rumbled along, and the whistles of the tow-boats shrieked on the river with the clangor of the Sabbath bells.

"This is a genuine spring-board that you have put under my feet, little brother," he said, taking Antonin by the shoulder. "You will see, I will do something now."

He did not particularize; but why need he, had not all of them confidence in their boy? Ere long he would be chosen president of the A, he was assured of it on all sides, and then he would not lack opportunities to speak, to put himself forward. A first day's march toward politics, a seat in the

Chamber. Everything became possible, now that they had put the tools in his hands.

"To begin with, my dear mother—"

He had returned to the study and spoke standing, with his elbow on the mantel, already perfectly at home, receiving his constituents.

"To begin with, I have the pleasure to announce a noteworthy visit which has been postponed for several days; for this visit, which is intended for both of us, we could not decently have received at the shop."

All looked at him in surprise.

"Who is it, pray?" inquired Madame Eudeline.

"What! you can't guess?"

And amid general stupefaction he explained:

"Madame Valfon, wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is coming to ask you for Mademoiselle Dina's hand for her son Wilkie. Surely you suspected it, did you not?"

The mother, sorely perturbed, lowered her eyes and seemed to seek on the floor a reply which would not compromise her.

"Certainly I knew, you had told me, but I did not think that this lady—in fact that it would be so soon."

Raymond rejoined eagerly:

"Oh! it can't be at once; have n't you explained to Dina? She is too young, and Wilkie is not in a secure position. But he is so—so in love, there is no other word—that he is determined to enter the lists first, for fear that some one else will carry her off."

Antonin's countenance, on hearing this marriage

mentioned for the first time, assumed an expression of comical dismay. Dina, her lips slightly pale, but with a tranquil air, seemed to have prepared her reply, she spoke so mildly and firmly.

"Pray thank Madame Valfon for the honor she desires to do me, my dear Raymond, but a visit would be enti[illegible] my decision is formed and is irrevo[illegible]equested mamma to tell you so."

"She did t[illegible]th." The big brother's voice tremble[illegible]ands. "But I thought that it was a n[illegible]ice which would change with the slig[illegible]. For Heaven's sake, think what [illegible]vould be to you, the society to wl[illegible]lmit you."

Dina raised [illegible]ly:

"It is precisely that society that I do not choose to enter; I have had one glimpse of it, and that is enough for me. To hear women, girls, talk together in a way that fairly makes me sick! Why, at the central office, where we have many impudent creatures, never, you understand, have I known anybody like that Nadia, the general's daughter, nor her fair friend, Marc Javel's niece."

Raymond took two steps, which brought him in front of her.

"Then you will not go to their house either?"

"Certainly not."

"That is the last stroke," said Raymond in an undertone, as if crushed.

The little one continued, with her resolute air:

"What can you expect? I was born in Faubourg du Temple, but I was brought up in the provinces;

this Parisian society frightens me. I am sure that Antonin and mamma are of my opinion in their hearts. And if Tantine were here —"

Madame Eudeline shook her long English curls, thinking: " I wish she were, if I were sure she would say all she thinks."

And Tonin murmured, addressing Raymond:

" It is true, brother, that if I were to choose a wife I would not look for her in the — in the —"

Raymond shrugged his shoulders and leaned toward his sister.

" Well, is this your last word? You will not accept my friend Wilkie, six months hence or a year? "

" Never! "

" Take care, my child." It was evident that he was holding his wrath in check by this pretended gentleness. " Before deciding upon a definitive no, be sure that you realize what you are doing."

" But I think I do."

" Well, I do not think so."

He paused, a very long pause, such as people only make on the stage, then declared with great solemnity:

" You are going to kill my presidency, that's all there is about it."

She made a gesture of absolute indifference.

" Oh! as to that —"

" You mean that you laugh at that as you do at my friend, I suppose? But it is not exactly the same thing. You see, I have no alternative presidency provided for elsewhere. Mademoiselle has made her choice probably? "

He strode about the small room, which was too

it has devoured me,

"Poor family! If it h
live on, it would be pretty

"Dina!" cried the mot

But he:

"Let her go on, let he
see—" And, turning tow
"So you think that I have
that I have not given you
my blood?"

"For my part, I have n
flesh or your blood. As fo
All that I can say is that
professions without sticking
You tried to enter the Norm
lawyer, to go to Indo-China—

Antonin, beside himself, wr
ingly in the distance:

"Dina, I beg of you!"

But when the little one lo
would hold her back? Her
simply excited her, served
insults. What would have b
Antonin? There was the man
for them all, who had support
them. There

As soon as she had said it, she shuddered at the enormity of her offence, and felt an impulsive longing to withdraw it. If her brother had opened his arms to her at that moment she would have thrown herself into them and asked his pardon. But the blow was dealt. He, the God, the Buddha, exposed to such insults! And by that little hussy!

"That is too strong for you to have invented, my girl," he said, raising her chin with his bent forefinger; "some one suggested that venomous speech to you, you never would have thought of it alone."

The mother sobbed. Antonin implored with clasped hands:

"My dears, my dears! Dina, you are not just. Forgive her, brother. You know her, she is a violent creature, she has papa's trouble."

Raymond turned on him like a dog on a wasp:

"Oh, let us alone, will you; I have had enough of your grimaces of a false Christ in the church of St. Hypocrite, and of your benefactions, which sicken me; take back your furniture, keep your lodging; I will return to my garret on Rue de Seine."

"But it is he who pays for your garret too," shouted Dina in his face.

"You are cruel, Dina," cried Tonin.

And, taking his brother in his arms, he embraced him and coaxed him.

"Don't go away, brother; I have done nothing that you should cause me this grief. It is so good to be together, we are so comfortable. In the first place, I deserve no great credit for arranging for you to have this apartment. I knew that we should all profit by it. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* When I think of

mamma's joy this morning, and now see the state of despair she is in! Come Dina, put your hand, your little paw, in his. You see, mamma, he will stay, he will stay! Yes, yes, don't say no, brother. There! it is all made up."

An embarrassed silence. Then the big brother, appeased, but

"Well, yes, on one condition."

"Whatever

Raymond re en:

"In spite of said here, I am the head of the I propose to be respected. I of all the money that has been

"All the r drawer," said the younger broth ocketed and in due form."

Raymond turned over the package of bills and declared in a most serious tone:

"Before this time to-morrow you shall have my note, on three or six months." He added, to forestall any discussion: "I insist upon it, I demand it."

Madame Eudeline, who was wiping her cheeks, supported this idea of her oldest son.

"He is right; a note will be more businesslike."

Having already recovered her serenity, she saw her children all on the best of terms, and Raymond out of debt to his brother, since he proposed to give him his note; but how unfortunate that they could not all pass the day together! But the elder had to busy himself about his election.

"And I, brother" — Tonin looked at his brother

with the anxious eyes of a faithful dog — "I have a few of the books left to move, and a whole portfolio of music to arrange. Oh! it does n't amount to much, especially as I shall have Madame Alcide to help me, the woman who is going to do your housework; but if you are going away, leave me your key. When you return, you will find it under the mat."

"Above all things, don't forget yourself," laughed his sister; "don't come to the *Wonderful Lamp* to sleep."

Raymond asked her if she proposed to take possession of his little room at once.

"No, indeed, not yet. I am too comfortable in mamma's great bed, behind our screen."

The girl said this with such artless and touching grace, that Madame Eudeline was deeply moved and relieved from certain doubts which her child's resolution had roused in her mind.

First of all, Raymond felt a craving to be alone, to meditate and collect himself.

Touched to the quick of his pride, he felt dethroned, decreased in size, and would have liked to be enveloped anew by that pleasant warmth of affection and admiration from which his family had just weaned him so abruptly. He thought, first of all, of his friends the Izoards, who had gone into the country two days before. There he was sure of an enthusiastic welcome, of sympathy with his sorrows and his lamentations; and since Dina refused to go to Marc Javel's, he must arrange with the old stenographer a solemn appeal to his father's creditor.

But it was a very strange thing, after all, that girl's obstinacy. What was hidden underneath it? What an uncomfortable situation she was placing him in with Wilkie, Madame Valfon and the minister!

All these anxieties were beating against his brain while the Orléans train carried him toward Morangis and the Tree of Liberty, at the junction of the four roads.

At the blow of the knocker which shook the door of the former hunting-box, a flock of pigeons rose from the blue roof, and the old father's voice came from the rear of the garden:

"Ah! Raymond! what luck! I 'll wager that you expected to pass the rest of the day with us. And Geneviève has just gone away until evening with some friends from the provinces. And I am to dine in Paris. A grand banquet of the staff on the occasion of my appointment as chief stenographer. However, come in, we can talk a moment before I dress. Tantine has prepared everything for me."

In the shaded and still damp portions of the garden the winter's frost remained; but wherever the sun shone, the spring-time was budding on the slender branches, perfuming the shrubs and the greensward. — "Good morning, lilacs; hail, violets!" Raymond would gladly have cried to all of those sweet odors of spring, so reminiscent of the Sundays of his youth. But how could the lilacs along the hedge and the cherry-trees that lined the path have recognized in this tall fellow, whose light curls touched their branches, the pretty little fair-haired boy, Tantine's former pupil?

So it was that, seeking the consolation of a familiar

nook, he felt as he sat down under the arbor an impression of solitude and desertion, an oppression of the heart, as if he had lain down discouraged on the bank of a ditch by the high road.

"Are things going wrong, my boy? What's the matter with you?" suddenly asked Père Izoard, whose little black eyes had been watching him ever since he came in.

Raymond tried not to give way to his emotion and said simply:

"I have just been operated on for cataract, and it hurt me; that's what's the matter with me."

The old man contracted his enormous eyebrows.

"Cataract, you?"

"Yes, Monsieur Izoard; I know now that my life has been a failure, that the task which my father laid upon me when he died, my pride, my courage — I was incapable of — of —"

Choked by tears, he was obliged to stop.

"But who has told you all this, my poor child?"

And the old father, as deeply moved as he, tried to comfort him, to convince him first of all that he was loved and respected by his dear ones as the head of the family. In the most united households there were tempests of that sort, but neither authority nor affection were impaired thereby. To be sure, Victor Eudeline had gone all wrong in his blind respect for Latin and Greek; it would have been much better for Raymond to have entered Esprit Cornat's employ with his brother. There he would bravely have earned the bread for the family, and his title of support of the family. But whose fault was it that it was not so, and who could blame him for it?

"Everybody, Monsieur Izoard," said the young man, drying his tears with a frantic gesture, "and because I feel that I am unequal to my duty, because I have listened to horrible things which I do not choose to listen to again, I have come to you as to my oldest friend. I ask you to go with me to Marc Javel. You re you, when you used to come to the sc go and hunt him up, always in some it? We will begin the same hunt agai d me a place, no matter what it is, re it is, so that I can supply my fam ey need to eat, and release my broth ry duty which he has been doing toc re his turn."

Pierre Izoar him on the circular bench of the a turdy arm about him:

"Embrace me, you are a fine fellow."

And Raymond, moved to tears again by that embrace, murmured:

"Ah! my friend, if you knew what pain it caused me — to see my mother, my mother doubt me!"

A tremendous falsehood, but almost involuntary, which came to his lips in his excitement.

"Yes, life is not cheerful," replied the old man, "but there is some unhappiness for everybody, if that consoles you any." He had pulled down over his eyes the huge straw hat donned in honor of the first Sunday in spring; and walking feverishly around the arbor, he continued:

"Do you suppose that I have no sorrow myself? Do you know whom Geneviève is with this morning? I promised not to tell, but I can tell you, especially after what I have just heard, after the new Raymond

you have shown me. Well! Tantine is walking about the woods with Sophia Castagnozoff, who arrived from London this morning. I thought at first that she had come to the rescue of Lupniak, who, they say, is compromised in this vile Dejarine affair; but no, Lupniak is safe, it seems he runs no risk; and Sophia has come to see my daughter, if you please, to remind her of an undertaking of theirs to go to the English Indies to found a branch of the hospital for sick children which the doctoress has established on the other side of the Channel. You know that in London Geneviève took up the study of medicine again, with the idea of devoting herself to her friend's work. She made no secret of it and even asked me for the remaining thirty thousand francs of her dowry, to meet the first cost of the branch hospital. What took place then, what change in her ideas and plans, that she should return to me one day, abandoning all thought of the journey to the Indies and the friendless children? Can you imagine whether I was pleased! For after all it is of no use for one to be an old forty-eighter, with humanitarian and philanthropic ideas as broad as the Rhone between Beaucaire and Tarascon, — when one has only one daughter, and she is all that you have left to love in the world, a hospital for abandoned fathers arouses much more interest in you than one for little urchins in the same plight! But a man cannot rely upon anything. Behold, Sophia appears this morning, and at breakfast Geneviève informs me that before the end of the month they will both be on their way to Calcutta. Not a word for me to say, you understand. Tantine is close on twenty-five years old, mistress of

her own actions; indeed she has always been that. I brought her up without religion, but on the strictest moral principles; she knew that I would never forgive her for a misstep, she never has been guilty of one, and she never will be. So let them go to their task, she and her friend. I am proud to see my child, faithful to my [illegible] my masters, devoting her youth and [illegible] of human wretchedness, but my he[illegible] the same, and deuce take me if I k[illegible] raise my glass to my lips to respond [illegible] my colleagues."

"Indeed, yo[illegible] fine promotion," said Raymond, wal[illegible] by his side.

Pierre Izoar[illegible] through the young man's and dr[illegible] violently.

"Don't spe[illegible]? I am angry with myself, I ought to have refused. Ah! I know why they appoint me. I am the old grumbler of the Republic, one of those old fur caps who told the truth to the Emperor's marshals with their gold lace and their well-lined paunches. I know too much, I have seen too much, so they gag me. Their republic is rotten; all these people want to be rich, there is a stench of money in all of the offices and corridors, one can't take a step without walking on it; and do you suppose that I make any bones about telling them so? When we go to see Marc Javel, next Tuesday if you choose, I will show you what I mean. The Chamber will be in session that day, but I prefer to speak to him there, rather than at his house; you will see whether I make him swallow a few wholesome truths about Gambetta and the rest. That's why I am made chief stenographer."

On the other side of the wall with its crest of red tiles, a bell rang in the adjoining garden.

Raymond started. Had their former neighbors returned?

"The old Mauglas? Why, you are joking; they would not have the assurance for that."

And in the face of his young friend's amazement, the Marseillais, folding his arms over his long beard, planted himself in the path in front of him.

"Oh! yes, I forgot! You still believe in Mauglas' innocence, don't you?"

It was an old ground of quarrel between them, revived and rejuvenated by recent events.

"But have I not told you, Monsieur Izoard," replied young Eudeline, unable to refrain from an indulgent smile, "that at the ball at the Foreign Office I talked with Paul Mauglas a long while, that he was one of the Minister's select circle, invited to the supper, to the *cotillon*, to everything?"

The old man's face turned red as fire.

"What does that prove, God in Heaven! if not that Valfon, Mauglas, and all of those people are in the same mess, the same filthy politics? They don't get disgusted with one another except when their affairs become involved. Have n't you read the papers? Then you don't know that Valfon, standing in the tribune in the Chamber last night, denounced Mauglas as a police spy in the service of the Interior Department. I promise you that at the next ball at the Foreign Office, he won't be invited to the supper or the *cotillon* either."

The old fellow, a great reader of political newspapers, especially in the country, produced one from his garden

jacket, and in a deep voice read Raymond the article in which the name of the shrewd informer of the French police — those were the very words of the Minister in the tribune — was given in full, the informer who, during General Dejarine's residence in Paris, had been constantly a rson, and had kept him informed of s formed against him.

" Horribl Raymond, completely overwhelmec had refused to believe; but after su tions, what a state the poor devil n at moment!

" Oh! don aid the old man, resuming his natu is particularly distressed at the loss of n a man descends so low as that, what im? When his pride is once dead, no re it to life."

They took a few steps in silence. Laughter and the capering of children behind the wall reminded them of their neighbor's former revels:

> " To table, oh! to table,
> Let us eat this fine young shoat!"

" But, after all, Monsieur Izoard," said Raymond, deeply distressed, " how can a mind of that scope, an intellect so refined, degrade itself to such a point?"

" As if any one knew, my poor boy! From weakness perhaps, or from cowardice. Sometimes also a misplaced switch, or even the misapplication of a fine sentiment, yes, boy, of a fine sentiment. Look you, I believe I never told you of my adventure at the Barbès Club in '48."

He stopped to listen to the church bell of Morangis, striking four o'clock and the call to

vespers in the distance, through the steel-blue sky. Suddenly the old stenographer thought of his frock-coat, of his white piqué waistcoat, of the majestic muslin tie which awaited him upstairs, laid out on the bed, and Raymond was deprived for that day of the adventure at the Barbès Club. But he had heard it so many times already, and he was likely to hear it so often again!

As his day was spoiled, since he expected to pass it in the country with Geneviève and her father, he returned to Paris — in a somewhat less despairing frame of mind, however. It is so pleasant, it is so sweet to complain when one is suffering, so sweet to be pitied, especially for those wounds to the pride, treacherous and smarting, which one would like to confide only to his pillow as he bites it to prevent himself from groaning. To speak of these wounds when the first feeling of shame is once overcome, to display them, is a relief as sweet as revenge. Simply from having said to that poor old man: "See what they have done to me," from having stirred himself to emotion over his own distress by exaggerating it, Raymond recovered his enjoyment of existence; and when he alighted from the train, his first thought was for Madame Valfon, who received on Sunday.

They had not met since their meeting at the Hôtel Beaumarchais, a fatal meeting splashed with blood; since then, almost every day, she had written him letters, fervent and impassioned, but still terrified by the drama in which they had so nearly been involved; and always at the close she spoke with impatient longing of the new establishment which her handsome boy led her to hope for:

"Oh! my own Raymond, make haste to install our boy in our own apartments."

What joy to be able at last to reply to her:

"The nest is ready, it awaits you."

In anticipation, he fancied the graceful quiver of a round, white neck, when, gliding behind his friend's chair between two visitors, he should whisper to her the address of the new apartment.

"Monsieur, monsieur, where are you going?"

He had already walked partly across the ministerial reception room, and had to return and write his name at the door-keeper's table. Madame was indisposed, madame did not receive that day.

"Oh! indisposed, that is a mere form of words."

It was young Marquès who spoke, as he came out, putting on his gloves, as white of face as a clown, with quivering nostril, and descended the broad steps on the arm of his friend, who was amazed to meet him at the department on Sunday.

"The mistress is no more indisposed than I am. Simply a horrible family quarrel; my sister sent for me. Ah! what a pretty play could be made out of it — a minister's household! By the way, friend Raymond, what day will Madame Eudeline receive my mother touching the matter which you know about?"

They were standing on the edge of the sidewalk, at the corner of Pont de la Concorde and the quay. It was an exquisite moment, with the slopes of the Trocadéro studded with gas-jets in a violet haze, the boats meeting and passing on the river, with their swift-moving, many-colored lights.

"Excuse me," said Raymond, much embarrassed by the meeting, "I think that at present we should be causing Madame Valfon useless trouble. I have already told you that my sister was inclined to hesitate a little. This uncertainty, in which there is nothing personal to you or to others, has changed to genuine resistance, and patience alone can master it."

Wilkie, whose little face, distorted with rage, shrunk to its smallest viperine proportions, replied in a jerky voice:

"I master everything, my boy; take care."

Then, abruptly:

"Will you go with me to Avenue d'Antin?"

"No, thanks, I dine on this side of the river."

"So much the worse! We would have gone into Gastine's. I would have shown you my last target, and intrusted you with a message to Claudius Jacquand, to warn him that within a week he will have a bullet in his groin; one of those wounds from which one does not recover."

Raymond repeated without understanding:

"Claudius Jacquand? A bullet in the groin?"

"Perhaps you do not know this Claudius?" sneered Wilkie. "Well, you will make his acquaintance. As for yourself, my dear President, are you sure of your election? For my part, I doubt it. Adieu!"

He disappeared in the motley crowd on the bridge, and Raymond remained a long while in the same place, haunted by his friend's threatening manner and his little bell-like laugh. What was all this about Claudius Jacquand, whom he knew only through having walked through a few figures of the minuet with him? He was not even Dina's partner, for she had

danced with Wilkie. Then, why this anger? He reflected: "A line by mail to Madame Valfon asking for an early meeting. She will tell me all about it."

Night was falling; it occurred to him to dine at a restaurant and write his letter there. Tired shadows, parents drag[illegible]en along by the hand, rubbed again[illegible] the quay, in the melancholy twilight [illegible] afternoon. He walked a long while, [illegible]ed, by the blaze of light on every floo[illegible]rant, dear to the gourmands of th[illegible] the lower room only a few tables w[illegible]pon that one at which he took his s[illegible]rated paper, giving the photograph [illegible]er of Police of Russia and that of [illegible]sassin, that mysterious Lupniak, who [illegible]cret service on edge for a week past. At sight of this last portrait, Raymond felt that the color left his cheeks. Those sharp eyes turned up at the corners, that Kalmuck nose, that wild beast's jaw with the fangs set far apart, — it was surely the man who crept along the edge of the roof at the Hôtel Beaumarchais, and whose glance, meeting his, seemed to say: "We meet only under tragic circumstances, young man; remember the parlor at Louis-le-Grand." The identity of the person seemed established to him now; and while he gazed, deeply agitated, at that newspaper, he fancied himself yonder at the window of their hotel room. He was still trembling at the thought, as he wrote to Madame Valfon fixing the place and time of their next meeting.

In the smoking-room of the Association, where he went after dinner to see if Wilkie was really beginning a counter campaign, the students were all absorbed

by the Mauglas incident. He boasted of knowing him, and praised the writer's literary salon, seeking motives for his baseness. He found them too, and acted Tolstoï all the evening before the bust of Chevreul and the lithograph of Victor Cousin; but he would have done better to keep his reflections to himself, for several members of the committee, consequently his electors, sons of solicitors and notaries who were destined to succeed to the paternal functions, were scandalized by his theories.

About ten o'clock, he suddenly became conscious of the fatigue of the day, which had been so long and so full of emotion for him. By instinct he went to Rue de Seine, as the hare to his form; and it was not until he reached the corner of the boulevard and saw in the distance his mother's shop closed, that he thought of his new abode. He made the journey on foot, and having counted the four flights of stairs, found the key in the place agreed upon. His key! His room! How sweet it seemed to him. To what deep-seated and secret sources of liberty, of human individuality, must we attribute such charming childish feelings? He entered, found his way without a light as if he had lived there twenty years. Having arrived in his bedroom, as he scratched a match he heard a faint rustling, as of a ghost, at the corner of the window, where there appeared a tall silhouette outlined against the white rays of the moon.

"Who 's there?" he said aloud, approaching the motionless form, which suddenly stirred and murmured in a voice as vague and dreamy as the darkness:

"It is I, Geneviève."

francs, what there is left of my dowry, for which I am accountable to nobody. Here 's the key; that is more than you need to pay your brother and support your family until you have finished your novel."

He rebelled at that. What! she spoke to him again of that money! she must think that he had fallen very low!

"Words, words which mean nothing. If I were your wife, my Raymond, would n't you accept this thirty thousand francs?"

"Yes, but not under any other circumstances."

"You know, however, that you have no right to marry, with a family dependent on you; you told me so one day, and I have not forgotten it."

"Then?"

She put her arms about the pretty curly head, and, still affectionately, but giving to her voice and her glance a grave and meaning expression:

"I have no regret for what I have done," she said; "I shall never sadden you by a single tear. What has happened was fated to happen, and I shall never repent — on the single condition that you treat me as your wife, that I shall have all the rights and all the duties that exist between two people who love each other, who have given themselves to each other, and who possess everything in common, money with the rest."

The attack was so direct, so frank, that he could only reply evasively:

"But I thought — did you not tell me that you intended the thirty thousand francs for Sophia's little orphans?"

She did not deny it. It was true — if she had gone to English India, to found a branch of her friend's hospital.

"What prevented you from going?" queried Raymond, with a cajoling look in his eyes:

"Why, you, bad boy, you must know it. When Casta and I came home last night after strolling about the forest of Sénart, talking of our long journey, and found father all upset by your visit and your despair — ah! my poor boy, the bare idea that you were so wretchedly unhappy overturned all my resolutions; and Sophia at once guessed what had happened, I had no need to tell her. As soon as father had gone, she said to me with a smile: 'I will bet that I know where you are going to-night.' I might have returned the compliment, I was so sure that she would pass the evening in Paris, with her friend Lupniak, who is here, I know. Where is he hiding? The dear girl did not dare tell me, because of —"

She hesitated. His lips contracted sorrowfully beneath his silky golden moustache.

"Because of me, you mean? I have always inspired unspeakable horror and distrust in her; it is n't so with Antonin."

"What can you expect? She thinks you are too handsome, too much admired. Tonin appeals to her compassion, pleases her by all that he lacks; but that does not prevent her being the best creature in the world. Listen to the last words she said to me at the station last night: 'You know, Tantine, I have made my peace with Odessa; the crops are good and I am very rich; so my work, while it will always need you, can do without your money.'"

"Observe that I say precisely the same thing," said Raymond, with an affectionate smile, "it is you, nothing but you that I want."

Left alone, he dressed slowly, with heavy head and trembling hands, in the intoxication of this happiness which had co[illegible] ke a thunder-clap, and trying to colle[illegible] so many varying sensations. Abo[illegible] was conscious of an infinite gratitu[illegible] le, beautiful, absolutely virtuous girl, [illegible] nding herself so long against him, a[illegible] self, abandoned all her pride to him i[illegible] because she knew that he was unhap[illegible] this infinite gratitude there was mi[illegible] of embarrassment, of remorse for [illegible] Tantine by playing before her the [illegible] nily pariah, denied and cursed by all his kindred, and by swearing eternal love to her when he was entirely devoted to another, that Valfon from whom he had received two letters in rapid succession, that same morning. Oh! as for her, he was done with her now. To see her again would have been a crime; and as soon as Madame Alcide appeared, she received once for all peremptory orders not to allow any woman, except the one who had just gone out, to come up to his apartment.

This Madame Alcide, the concierge and manager of the house, was a tall, thin, active and garrulous person, with the small fierce face of a rat terrier, and a terribly protruding under-jaw which seemed always to hold between its fangs the seat of an unlicensed organ-grinder's or a sneak thief's breeches. As soon as the young lady had gone that morning, she came up to put her new tenant's apartment to rights, and

incidentally to tell him about the innumerable vicissitudes which she and Monsieur Alcide had gone through since the year 1871. A victim of the political upheaval, Alcide Scelos, by trade a marble-cutter, and a member of the chorus in various musical theatres, after being manager of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique throughout the Commune, and an officer of the artillery during the last week, escaped as by a miracle the fusillade at the Lobau barracks, as did all those of his comrades who were captured at Père-Lachaise on the night of the last battle. Before starting for New Caledonia, where he was sentenced to pass the rest of his life, he obtained permission to legitimize (at the prison at Versailles) his liaison with a burnisher of twenty, the mother of a charming little girl, of whom the manager of the Théâtre National was very fond.

"Ah! Monsieur Raymond, it is not for me to tell, but I might boast of having been a first-class manageress all through the Commune, with gloves up to my shoulder, eighteen-button gloves, such as nobody but the empress wore."

You should have seen the majestic gesture with which Madame Alcide moved the broom that concealed her fore arm!

"As bad luck would have it, my poor man had no sooner sailed than I fell sick from all the bad blood, and all the miserable frights I had had. Then it was the little one's turn; but she never got over it, and I never had the courage to write my poor man that his child was dead. So you can imagine how we felt, the night of the amnesty, when we met again after ten years, in that crowded Montparnasse station, and

he looked all round and asked me: 'Why, where's the little one?'—Ah! how sad we were going up the hill of Belleville all alone, among his comrades singing and shouting for joy, so proud to find their families all safe and the children grown up! It was no use for us to s r: 'Let's not cry any more, others w could n't stop sobbing, as if we knew at a sickly little fellow was coming t n't taken a step yet, though he's fo d his father drags him round in a lit m morning till night. Come and loo aymond."

As the rain Madame Alcide opened the window an the balcony, where her tenant joined here they saw coming along the side ening with the rain, a baby-carriage pushed by a tall, strong man with the build of a porter at the market, taking advantage like themselves of the improvement in the weather. The hood was lowered so that they could only catch a glimpse of the little white bundle; but the man, having instinctively raised his head toward the balcony, showed the strong features of a Tartar warrior, adorned with long red moustaches and with an oblique scar that cut his face in two.

"That is Monsieur Alcide," said the woman, with respect and pride.

"Does n't he work?" inquired Raymond, impressed by the disproportion between that nurse's employment and those piratical muscles.

Madame Alcide informed him with a smile that it was not an easy matter for the ex-manager of a great State theatre to find a place that was worthy of him.

"And then, you see, Monsieur Raymond," — her face grew sad as she confided this to him — "when one has been ten years in prison, ten years at the galleys, even if he 's innocent like my husband, when he has got used to obeying the guards and keeping step with the cane, he never gets rid of a sort of trembling, a stoop. My poor Alcide, who has commanded chorus-singers and scene-shifters by the hundred, whom I have seen in the cap with five tassels, and the red belt with gilt fringe of the members of the Commune, — why, now he 's frightened to death even by a factory overseer. To go into a shop to ask for a place, no matter how modest, to speak to a policeman or a custom-house officer, even to an employé of the post-office or railroad, is beyond his strength, and I don't think he ever would get anything to do if it was n't for that good Monsieur Antonin."

"Oh! yes, of course, you know my brother," said Raymond, losing his temper beforehand at the thought that he was to be crushed again with his brother's generosity and superiority.

He restrained himself, however, and succeeded in listening without too much impatience to the eulogium of that excellent young man, who, not content with having proposed Monsieur Alcide as watchman at Esprit Cornat's, talked of having a famous physician, who was a friend of his, see their little cripple.

"A friend of his!" muttered the older brother in a tone of scornful irony.

And while he tried to think who that famous physician could be, Madame Alcide dwelt unwearyingly

upon the kindness of the heart which found time to think of everything.

"And Madame is very fond of your brother Antonin."

Raymond raised his head.

"Madame? Who is she?"

"Why, your lady, Monsieur Raymond, the tall, beautiful lady who just went away. I had seen her here two or three times with monsieur your brother, helping him prepare everything for you: that's why I let her come in last night. Did I do wrong?"

"No, no! on the contrary, it was quite right. And when I am not here, that lady and no one else has the right to take my key and enter my apartments."

His voice trembled in spite of him at the thought that his brother and Tantine had passed many hours together in familiar intercourse. Decidedly he was becoming jealous of his brother in every way.

Was it the sensation of having a home of his own, with new furniture and thirty thousand francs in a drawer, or was it rather the responsibility of this great and serious affection that had newly entered into his life? Whatever the reason, Raymond felt that morning that he must assert himself by acting like a man, by extricating himself from the network of childish habits by which he felt that his career was impeded. Of a sudden the presidency of the A seemed to him a useless, foolish thing; he discovered for the first time that since the foundation of the Association those who had made the most noise in the meetings in the smoking-room, and had been most

prominent in the offices and the committees, had evaporated at the first touch of real life, had melted away, vanished in distant, lifeless provinces. No, that toy presidency was not worth all the trouble that it would cost him to defend himself from the perfidious attacks of Wilkie, all the time that he should have to waste. The resolution he had formed would be much better.

Arriving early at Rue des Écoles, he went to Alexis's office, and the cashier made two or three copies of a document wherein the future president of the A apologized to his dear comrades of the committee and the C. I. O. for having to abandon his candidacy for reasons relating to his private affairs. A copy being affixed to the mirror in the smoking-room, one to the mirror in the fencing-room, and one posted in each library, Raymond laughed in anticipation of Marquès's surprise when he should come to begin his campaign of demolition and find it completed without him.

That question settled, he betook himself to his mother's shop, knowing that he should find her alone at that early hour. Although he did not admit it to himself, he bore the dear woman a grudge for having been present at the humiliating scene of the previous day, and for having contented herself with weeping instead of imposing silence on Dina. So he proposed to have his revenge; and, just from his way of turning the door-knob as he entered the *Wonderful Lamp*, Madame Eudeline, behind her counter, felt very uneasy: "Ah! *mon Dieu!* he is still angry." She hastily closed the *Memoirs of Alexandre Andrianne*, marking her place with her spectacles.

"Have you come to breakfast?" she asked.

No, he had not come to breakfast, but simply to say good morning and sit down with her a moment while he drew some notes of hand for his brother. As she passed him the pen and ink, the mother timidly remarked:

"Why so [illegible] ow that Tonin is in no hurry."

"But I am, [illegible] ined the first-born very haughtily.

And it wa[illegible], the gravity with which he drew his [illegible] s at three, six, and nine months, unde[illegible] line's ecstatic eye. You could hear t[illegible] ver the stamped paper, breaking the [illegible] glistening, well-ordered shop, and, a[illegible] n an omnibus or dray passed through the street, the tinkling of the *lampyres* in the show-cases.

"Now, my dear mother," said Raymond, when he had carefully placed the notes in his pocket-book, "I wish you to show me your books."

She stared at him in dismay.

"Yes, the books of your business. I wish to know what you and your daughter spend, what my brother gives you to live on."

There were two of these books in the small safe under the counter. The book containing the accounts of the shop, which Tonin verified, and in which he entered the number of little lamps that came in and went out, were manufactured and sold each week; then there was the house-book, in which mamma set down her daily expenses. This last, a large book which Raymond had never opened, any

more than the other, was beautifully kept; and from top to bottom of those long columns, as straight and pompous as the nave of a cathedral, figures stared you in the face, always accompanied by the explanatory item. And so, having run through the first few leaves, Raymond, blushing and embarrassed, hastily closed the book, where, among the petty expenses that told the story of the modest existence of the two women from day to day — *Tramway*, 0 *fr.* 30; *Laundry*, 0 *fr.* 20; *Coal*, 0 *fr.* 15 — there were repeated entries of the sums given him for pocket money, set down like this: *Raym.*, 20 *francs; Raym.*, 40 *francs.*

Madame Eudeline misunderstood her son's gesture.

"Do you think that we spend a great deal?" she said gently. "To be sure, we might possibly get along with less."

Her son protested. Why reduce their expenses? — because he was to pay them hereafter?

She looked at him with a distressed expression.

"Why, you are not going to take us on your shoulders at once. With his share in the profits of the shop, Antonin succeeds in supporting us very well."

Without entering into particulars, for he did not know as yet what course he should pursue, he assumed a dignified air:

"That's a matter between my brother and myself, and I beg that you will not meddle in it. What I can assure you is that, on the day when I take charge of you, neither you nor Dina will have any cause to complain."

"Then you are still angry with our Didine?"

The mother resumed her place behind the counter and kept Raymond in his seat by her side.

"She is not really unkind, you know; but violent, passionate. For some time past there has been something going on with her which I do not know about, but which is a constant torment to me; I feel that she is sad, preoccupied, and above all, mysterious, for no one can find out what is the matter with her, not even Tantine. Ah! if you would try, I am sure that you could make her confess."

Raymond smiled bitterly.

"I, rub against that bundle of thorns? No, thanks! I am still a mass of scratches from them. She has set me at odds with Marquès, she forces me to make an appeal to Marc Javel, which she might do herself so easily; and I bear her no ill-will for it all—a pretty girl's whim! But don't ask me to have anything more to do with her; I simply propose to prove to her that I am not an honorary support of the family. Now, give me a kiss and I am off. Tell Tonin to come and get his notes to-morrow; I shall not go out all day."

She clung to him anxiously.

"Then I shall not see you?"

"Oh! no, I must stay at home, I am working."

He touched the gray curls with his lips and left her with moist eyes and a smiling mouth.

The next morning he did not go out, it is true, but he hardly worked. Early in the morning, just as Geneviève was starting for Morangis, they had a little jealous scene. Oh! a mere nothing, such a scene as any one may have after two days of housekeeping. They were talking about work and the

future. Raymond, still in bed, holding his friend's hands, already gloved, in his, as she sat on the edge of the bed as on the preceding day, dazzled her with his wonderful projects, described with that luxuriance of imaginative power which the horizontal position gives.

"Ah! if it didn't take so long, medicine would tempt me strongly."

"I could help you more in that than in anything else," Geneviève replied; "I studied it with Sophia all the year that I passed in London; I worked by her side and never left her clinic."

Raymond thought aloud:

"Ah! yes, to be sure, you went to London; why?"

She, loyal as always, replied:

"To try to forget you, bad boy, you know very well. In Paris I was too near you."

"And you couldn't?" He laughed, and coaxed her: "Confess that you couldn't."

"Why, my return was a confession — only to learn that you loved another."

He tried to deny. Men know no other sort of discretion.

"Who told you that?"

"Why, you yourself; don't you remember, the fine singer, the society woman, for whom you wanted an apartment of your own, a piano?"

He felt that he was blushing.

"Oh! that is all over now."

She smiled a joyless smile and, gazing into the depths of his eyes:

"Why all over? It would be so convenient; I

cannot come until night; that would give you two wives, one by night, the other by day, who would run no risk of meeting."

"Oh! Tantine, why do you hurt me so?" he said in an outburst of sincerity.

She leaned against him.

"Do you wish ? You have a very simple means."

And, as she ro pointed to the drawer of the chiffonie the thirty thousand francs, which he used to touch.

A fact that i culiar significance to this dialogue wa of a despatch from Madame Valfon a visit between ten o'clock and noo ay. Despite the precise orders given re, the urgent tone of the telegram and the strange hour fixed for the visit did not fail to make Raymond uneasy; and as soon as Geneviève had gone, he made haste to summon Madame Alcide and repeat his instructions, making them more precise.

"Between ten o'clock and noon a lady will come, a rather large person, richly dressed and wearing a thick veil; do not let her come up at any price."

"You need n't be afraid, Monsieur Raymond," replied the ex-manageress of the Opéra-Comique, "when we had the Salle Favart, I often had to defend Monsieur Alcide's office against the ladies. Not one of them ever got in."

Oh! with what a gesture of that imperial arm, which had worn gloves with eighteen buttons, did she plant herself before the door! But in spite

of everything, Madame Alcide's tenant was sorely disturbed.

It was a dull day, with low-lying fleecy clouds; fine weather for meditation and concentration, for the christening of that modern study with its light hangings, where there was neither velvet nor bronze nor mahogany, and that white-wood table which invited him to write. Raymond would gladly have accepted the invitation, but the thought that it was nearly ten o'clock and that perhaps Madame Valfon's carriage was below, prevented him from keeping still. In a full suit of white flannel and blue cap, he went out on the balcony a moment and scanned the boulevard to right and left. A closed cab that came jolting along from the direction of Cluny made his heart beat fast for five minutes. That was she, surely. The cab did, in fact, stop in front of the door, but it was Antonin who hurriedly alighted, rushed into the house, and returned almost immediately, followed by Monsieur Alcide carrying on his shoulder the little white, hooded parcel. The bust of a stout female encased in a jersey and surmounted by a hat adorned with brilliant flowers leaned out to take the little cripple; and Raymond recognized Sophia Castagnozoff, doubtless the famous physician of whom Madame Alcide spoke. Instantly he reflected that Geneviève's friend had always distrusted him, that now she concealed her presence in Paris from him, as if she dreaded a denunciation. Antonin, on the contrary, the confidant of all her secrets, knew where to find her at any moment. Why that unjust discrimination? and what elements of superiority could an intelligent, well-informed girl like Sophia find

in that ignorant, stuttering mechanic? Once more he felt that cold chill at the heart, that wasp's sting leaving behind it the sharp point of which he had already felt the prick as he thought of his younger brother.

It was a genuine open-air consultation concerning the condition of their little cripple, which the Russian gave those po ıdame Alcide, having joined her husb in on the edge of the sidewalk, strain d ears, trying to catch the decrees of the ingenuous faith of simple souls. r the two men entered the cab, which the boulevard in the direction of th t, while the ex-manageress of the (returned to her office, throwing kisse es to the little white bundle and the an whom the cab bore away. Evidently Sophia had deemed it more convenient to take the patient home with her for examination. But what a strange anomaly it was that she should place herself so confidingly in the power of this Alcide couple, whom she did not know, and who were indiscreet and garrulous as the common people generally are, with their confabulations on doorsteps and beside peddlers' carts; why admit those people to her home and keep Raymond at such a distance?

He stood tormenting himself thus, leaning mechanically against the balustrade, when a chord on the piano, as low and deep as the echo of an avalanche, rang out behind him with the first notes of the famous cantilena, in a superb contralto:

"Ah! when death, which naught can hinder—"

He opened the window, then stood still, in blank dismay. Madame Valfon was seated at the piano,

bareheaded, the reddish waves of her hair forming a brilliant contrast to the gray cloth jacket which gave her the figure of a woman of thirty. Her gloves, her hat, which was very, very small, as fashion decreed that year, a double veil and a dainty umbrella with priceless handle, lay about in charming disorder on the study table amid the books and papers. Without removing her hands from the keys or ceasing to sing, the Minister's wife, supple and caressing, threw back her head and offered Raymond her parted lips. Certainly, after what he had sworn to Geneviève, after her unreserved abandonment of herself to him, the treachery was execrable; but how was he to avoid it? Seriously, he would have been exceedingly glad to do it.

"How did you — did you come in?" he asked, in the first embarrassment of his surprise.

"I left the cab at the corner of the quay and the boulevard; there was no one below, you had told me it was the fourth floor; I found the key in the door, gave it a double turn on the inside, and here I am. This is very nice, this little nest of ours," she added, with feminine curiosity.

He must needs show it to her in detail; the bedroom, and above all the dressing-room with its resemblance to the prow of a schooner, amused her immensely. And she began at once to make plans for rearranging and beautifying — a veranda over the balcony, the kitchen in the bathroom — as if she were dealing with a bachelor's establishment hired for her behoof. Her dear handsome child's embarrassment, which was very visible to her, touched her; she explained it as due to excess of delicacy; too

poor to assume that additional expense, he was too proud to accept it from a— And she reassured him; no, they would change nothing; everything in that fairy retreat was exquisite in her eyes. If she could only come there every day! The words made him blush, reminded him of what Tantine had said, that he could so conveniently have two wives, one by night, the other by day. How he had cried out against such an infamous hint! and yet, an hour after all his grand oaths, his wife by day, embracing him passionately in the darkness of the lowered curtains, asked him under her breath:

"Do you know what it reminds me of, this pink darkness that envelops us?"

Raymond was thinking, as she was, of their first assignation at Hôtel Beaumarchais; but before he could reply, a violent peal at the bell echoed through the rooms, and Antonin's voice shouted on the landing:

"Open, it is I."

"My brother. Don't be afraid," said the elder Eudeline to Madame Valfon, who was white with terror. "I had forgotten that he was to come."

"Ah! yes, that wretched brother of whom you told me."

She recalled the heart-rending story of the degraded brother, who had become a drunkard. And, overflowing with pity and admiration for the other:

"Poor dear!" she murmured, "perhaps you ought to speak to him; go, I beg you."

He hesitated to leave her in that error; but pride carried the day. When all was said, his junior was adopting too freely the habit of walking in on him;

to-day he was not sorry to be able to give him a lesson, to show him that all women were not like Sophia Castagnozoff, that they did not all prefer a journeyman bellhanger to a well-educated and refined gentleman. That was all right in the days of George Sand and the *Compagnon du Tour de France.*

"You must come again, my little Tonin; I can't let you in at this moment; I have some one here."

But in vain did the big brother, who had hastened into the reception-room, underline his "I have someone here," with a significant wink and cough; his junior, with his round shoulders and arms swinging at his sides in his workman's blouse, answered without understanding:

"All right, brother, I will come again."

Raymond detained him.

"Wait, come in a moment, I have something to give you."

They entered the study, and you can imagine nothing more touching than the younger brother's timidity as he dragged his heavy boots over the carpet, — among those pieces of furniture selected and paid for by him it is true, but transfigured by the presence of the first-born, by the thought that he lived there and worked there.

"Look, boy," whispered Raymond, "how's that for *chic!*"

Being unable to exhibit his society belle, he was determined that his brother should admire the little hat of lace and roses, the priceless umbrella with its handle of chased gold studded with emeralds. Indeed, that was what he loved in Madame Valfon, her luxury and her dress; and, believing that his junior

had the same vain tastes, his wave of the hand signified: "Look, burst with envy!"

And when he had looked his fill, Antonin, overflowing with admiration, cried in his poor stuttering voice:

"Rascal!"

Then he add atural tone:

"If the lady ll the rest, and if she has — the — th - the — she must be a dainty morsel,

The senior, v shrug, took from an open drawer of t e three notes of hand all prepared:

"Here is wh for the furniture," he said, handing A s; "we will adjust the rest later. Now e in my way."

The younger brother stood still, gazing alternately at his brother and the notes, which trembled in his hand. He dared not speak, feeling that the tears were ready to flow.

"I beg you, brother, keep these papers — the — the — I shall think that you are angry."

The other drew himself up, a cruel, gratified smile playing about his mouth; he had his revenge now, and his cheeks flushed with satisfaction.

"Enough! you gave me a lesson the other day which I remember."

"A lesson to you, my dear brother? — Oh!"

The affectionate tone begged for forgiveness, as did the eyes, glistening with tears. Raymond was softened.

"You see, little brother, I owe you this money; I must pay it. I pay you in notes, but if I chose —"

He took from the drawer containing the thirty thousand francs a package of blue bank notes, and showed them to him, saying at sight of his stupefied expression:

"An advance payment from my publisher on account of the book I am to write. You see that I am not crippling myself."

"No, indeed!" said the junior, completely dumbfounded at the profits of literature. He turned on his great heel and went away radiant, with ingenuous respect depicted on his honest face.

From the adjoining room, adding the little she had overheard to what she knew of the two brothers, and listening to that heavy, drunken step, that humble workman's voice which seemed to her to be soliciting alms, Madame Valfon, sentimental like all women of her age, reconstituted the scene in accordance with her ideas, and when Raymond joined her he found her deeply affected, with arms outstretched, and murmuring tenderly:

"Ah! my poor, dear child, you bear your cross, your heavy family cross. Weep, oh! weep on my shoulder!"

Seated at the piano now, her light jacket thrown like a cape over her white arms and bare shoulders, the minister's wife meditated and regretted aloud, letting her fingers run lightly over the keys:

"Ah! if I had your talent, how quickly I too would write the romance of my life! How it would relieve me to describe the drama of my existence with that villain! to take Valfon, that clown's son, a hundred times more of a clown than his father, and

cessantly like his old cig
in his family, sneering ar
thing, casting his slaver
only of befouling and dep
by that fixed idea of his
his senile hands tremble,
and gives to his vicious e
of insanity! Poor Floren
endured this martyrdom f
slept in my daughter's roc
her stepfather away! And
stop him; duty and morals
bune; and the laws? why, i
For a moment I hoped that

She paused abruptly, the p
whisper.

"By the way, how came th
off?"

Madame Valfon stared at
Was it really true that he k
Claudius incident? that Claud
madly in love with his sister D
of the minuet?

"The little one has never lisp
nor to our mother, nor to anybo
upon my

"She paused abruptly."

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"How you must curse me for all the trouble I have involuntarily brought upon you!"

She embraced him passionately.

"Curse you! Ah! my dear child, I have only you, you are my breath, my life; how can you curse him who created you? Ah! *mi alma!*"

French being no longer adequate, she sought in the Portuguese of her youth words of the temperature of her passion.

"All the same, there is too much of the supernatural in this life," rejoined the young man, as soon as the pressure was relaxed. "That little Dina comes to your house one evening, by accident, and the result is that everything that should be is not! And think of that Dejarine being murdered in the room next to ours! And even that is not all — Lupniak, the man accused of the murder — just fancy that I know him and that I could testify that he is guilty, indeed it is my duty to do so. I saw him a moment after the blow, walking along the edge of a roof like a somnambulist. Our eyes met and recognized each other, in such an infernal smile! But if I testify to what I saw, I shall have to tell what I was doing there and with whom I was."

"Blessed Madonna!" sighed Madame Valfon, with bloodless lips.

But Raymond reassured her:

"To prevent my speaking, there is, first of all, you; then Lupniak, who is no common assassin, is a friend of that exceptional creature Sophia Castagnozoff, of whose admirable charity I have often told you. She is on the eve of starting for India, where she proposes to found children's hospitals like those she has in

London, and I am sure that she is delaying her journey only to help this Lupniak to escape, who is probably hiding in some den behind the Panthéon. She is another one who closes my mouth and makes any disclosure from me impossible."

In the interval of silence that followed, all the clocks in the n truck twelve, in the brilliant light v he windows gleam. The minister's wi thrust her arms into the sleeves of her efore tearing herself away from her jo oment, with eyes half closed and droo hile her little hands seized the round er young lover in an involuntary passi

"Do you kno hinking?" she whispered, with a p "that when you no longer love me, when I have married my daughter, all joy and all hope will be at an end with me, and perhaps this Sophia Castagnozoff will consent to take me as an attendant or nurse in one of her hospitals. I have obtained the *Annals* of her work. They are as painfully absorbing as the *Imitation of Christ.*"

VII.

MEMOIRS OF A POLICE SPY.

In his vast study on Quai d'Orsay, where, although the spring had come, a wood fire still blazed behind the fan-shaped spark arresters, the Minister for Foreign Affairs sat in the fading light of a pink and golden sky, chewing an unlighted cigar and twisting his white moustache with a nervous, meditative finger.

"Had you a good session, master? The ministry not bowled over yet?"

Young Wilkie Marquès, entering the room like a gust of wind, received no reply to his question; to keep himself in countenance, the private secretary took from the minister's desk the letters awaiting signature, read them with the greatest care, then observed, as if interrupted in his task by a sudden thought:

"*Sapristi!* that dinner at the English Embassy is to-night. I shall not be able to go."

Valfon, without turning, asked in a hard voice:

"Why is that?"

"Because I have to fight to-morrow. I have to look up my seconds, and exercise my wrist at Ayat's or Gastine's."

The minister, who was pacing the room, suddenly halted.

"Don't forget that you are in my office. I am on good terms with the press; don't make trouble for me."

Wilkie rapidly explained. He had promised Florence to patch up her marriage; having failed with gentle means, he proceeded to violent means.

"With whom do you fight?"

"Why, Claudius. With whom do you suppose? It was he who upset my whole combination. Luckily, he is coming back from Lyon; his father is better."

"And you think that you can make that tall Lyonnais fight you?" mumbled Valfon in his cigar.

"Don't make any mistake, the race is combative. The Rhone at Lyon is not far from its glaciers. Cold and hazy, but violent all the same; Lyon is a sort of Geneva, canting, but brave. However, we shall see."

The usher on duty opened the door.

"The person is here."

"Let him come in, but do not bring lights."

The minister motioned to his stepson, who disappeared through one door as the person announced entered by the other.

In the dim light appeared the figure of a stout man in a velvet jacket and soft hat, with bloated features and a soft black beard.

"Well, Mauglas?" queried Valfon, standing motionless in his dark corner.

The agent came forward a step.

"Conformably to your orders, Monsieur le Ministre, I followed Madame to the cab-stand on Rue de Bourgogne, where she took a cab in which she drove by the quays to the end of Boulevard Saint-Germain. There Madame alighted, and entered the house in

which young Raymond Eudeline has been living for several days. In his apartments, on the fourth floor, Madame passed the two hours of her absence. Monsieur le Ministre gave no further orders. There is, however, a very amusing concierge there, a former functionary of the Commune, who can easily be made to talk."

"Thanks, I know what I wanted to know," murmured Valfon.

After a few moments of silence, Mauglas continued, in less honeyed tones, with some symptoms of ill-humor:

"You promised to speak to the Russian ambassador for me; after throwing me over from the tribune, with such brutality, it would be no more than justice, it seems to me."

"I have spoken for you, Mauglas, but the ambassador seemed cold. In his eyes you have no further value as an informer. He regrets you, considering you very skilful, and certain of your reports genuine bits of anthology."

Mauglas crushed his hat in his hairy hands:

"It pays to risk one's skin for those camels!"

"*Dame*, it's a well-paid job!" sneered Valfon. "And, besides, there's nothing now to prevent your taking a clerk, a young beater, whom you can send out to pick up news. By the way, we have a grand diplomatic dinner to-night; would you like me to speak to Monsieur de Karamanoff again?"

"You will oblige me greatly, Monsieur le Ministre," said Mauglas, taking his leave with a brusque, quick bow that nearly dislocated his neck.

Left alone in the ashen gray light that invaded the

room, Valfon took up his hat and the huge ministerial portfolio that lay on the table, and went out, as Marquès had done, through the curtained doorway leading to the private apartments.

"Is mademoiselle here?" he said, as, with head erect and imperious air he entered his stepdaughter's room, whe of lighted candles, reflected on all blaze of light as in a *chapelle ardente* er's assistant, kneeling in front of a t raped in a light satin gown, was arr ure of flowers. The lady's maid wh for her, with a needle and thread bet being unable to answer the minister's q l of mouth, pointed to the dressing-ro e turned his back and walked in that wo women exchanged a smile which meant a great deal.

After knocking for form's sake, Valfon wriggled his supple, weasel-like body through the partly open door, and approached Florence on tiptoe. The plump young girl, seated at her toilet table, in a long floating peignoir, her hair spread out in heavy waves to dry the pigment which gave it a faint golden hue, her arms bare, pink and pearly white, was polishing her nails and reading a novel by the light of a candle affixed to the wall, reflected, as in a mirror, in the panels of light lacquer with which the walls were covered.

"*Bonjour*, my Flo, — *bonjou*, Floflo," stammered Valfon, with moist and trembling lips, his face buried in the lovely flowing hair.

At the same time, the trembling, burning hand attached to the arm that was free ventured to touch the

firm, cool, youthful flesh. Instantly his stepdaughter turned and violently pushed him away. The hat and the satchel rolled on the carpet. The minister cut an absurd figure. In the moment of confusion that followed, Florence ran and closed the door, then returned to him, blazing with indignation:

"Understand, Valfon," she said, with a sudden alteration of voice and feature, "that the next time I will send for the gendarmes; you have sickened me finally."

The minister, still perfectly calm, was on his knees picking up the papers that had fallen from the satchel. He rose, supple as a clown, and retorted with his policeman's air:

"Very good, call the gendarmes. When they are here I'll seize the opportunity to send your mother to Saint-Lazare. Here are a few letters from her which furnish me with the means to do it; look."

It was indeed Madame Valfon's violet paper, her childish handwriting, and the sentimental motto: *At every moment of my life*, borrowed from a celebrated courtesan; but in her most ardent outpourings, at all events in those of them that we know, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse never attained the impassioned lyrism that throbbed in those private epistles, which had fallen into her husband's hands, and which he spread out one by one on the marble top of the toilet table, pointing out certain passages to the stupefied, terror-stricken girl.

That her mother had been a *flirt* in society, Florence had suspected; her young friends, who were freer in their language and also quicker-witted than she, laughed about it in her presence, mentioned the

names of friends of her brother, Raymond Eudeline and others, but it was all very vague. Moreover, to that placid imagination the word *flirt* represented nothing more than an agreeable, intellectual sort of gallantry, a hundred leagues removed from what her villainous stepfather tried to suggest to her by fragments like these:

"Why am I so sad, my angel, when I have just left your arms? Why so sad after so much happiness as you have given me?"

"Thanks for your twenty years, which renew my life, O my beautiful, fair, sweet child! but when you no longer love me, let me owe my death also to them; I wish to drink it from your mouth."

And it was her mother, her mother who had written that!

Even Valfon, before the living proofs of this recent dishonor, seemed no more deeply moved; but how had he procured those proofs? Most of the letters had no envelopes, had not even been folded; some were not even finished. One would have said that at the last moment a scruple had prevented their despatch. But in that case how happened the husband to be in possession of those dangerous weapons? Of a sudden a wave of horrible anguish overflowed Florence's whole being; she trembled for her mother, realizing that she was in that wicked man's power. The brightness faded from her lovely eyes, the long, black lashes fluttered like shattered wings. Valfon took pity on her, a skin-deep pity for a too delicate, too inoffensive creature. He rearranged the letters in order and said, under his breath, bristling his gray moustache:

"I am an old wolf, my dear; you must beware of my fangs." Lowering his voice still more, whispering in her hair, he added: "Above all, make yourself beautiful, very beautiful. This new ambassador, an ex-Viceroy of India, brings us a parcel of young misses with the grace of antelopes; they must be made to tear their hair with jealousy."

He seized her lovely hair with both hands, threw himself upon it like a wild beast, and fled with long golden threads between his teeth.

Florence had but one thought; to arrange her hair instantly, dress herself as best she could, despite the remonstrances of the dressmaker, and hurry to her mother, whom she found ready for the carriage, youthful and radiant in a satin dress with silver stripes, five rows of huge pearls around her neck, and mitts instead of gloves, to display the jewels with which all her fingers were covered. The fair Marquès' diamonds were a legend in the Jewish society of Bordeaux. Formerly they had frequently been pledged for Valfon's debts, but since he had become a statesman and wallower in the secret funds, he had withdrawn them all from *là-bas*, as Madame said euphemistically, and the mont-de-piété of Paris was unacquainted with those marvels.

As soon as the daughter entered, her mother's anxious glance went to meet her: "What's the matter?"

Madame Valfon had always before her mind that horrible thing which they never, or almost never mentioned to each other; her heart sank at the slightest contraction of her child's brow. Florence went to her, tried to tell her what had happened,

and stopped at the first word, horribly embarrassed. They were alone in the room, however. At intervals, Zizi, Madame Valfon's enormous old mulattress, passed silently through the room, picked up a box or extinguished a candle; but Zizi's presence did not embarrass the girl: whereas she was overcome with shame at [illegible] aying to her mother: "I know that y[illegible]

However, sl[illegible] er, put her on her guard. And s[illegible] tly, forced herself to speak.

"Tell me q[illegible] where do you keep the letters yo[illegible] that you have partly written?"

"There, in r[illegible]

Madame Va[illegible] ready, without knowing why, pointed to a lovely little corner secretary with its assortment of drawers and pigeon-holes, one of those which are made only in London and seem intended solely for steamboat cabins.

"You have the key?" Florence asked.

"Upon me, always."

The mother took from the chain of her fan — they were worn that year hanging down by the skirt — a microscopic gold key which never left her, being attached sometimes to her bracelet, sometimes to her watch. Then she took from the desk a white morocco letter-case, which she looked over very quickly at first, then sheet by sheet, turning paler and paler as she went on.

"Do not look," said Florence in an undertone, "he has your letters, I just saw them."

"The villain! with a duplicate key, then."

"But, my poor mamma, do you make rough drafts of them?"

The mother stammered, sorely confused:

"I am not French, you know, words don't come to me as they do to you. For every letter that I send I always write three or four."

The truth of the matter was that the poor woman cudgelled her brains and could find no words noble enough, poetic enough to answer the fine sentimental periods of her Raymond. Accustomed ever since the far-off years at Louis-le-Grand to class her son's friend among the great intellects of the school, to her mind he had now entered the genial ranks of what the fair Portuguese called *littérataires;* and when she wrote to him, she rewrote her letter several times, always neglecting to destroy the sheets she did not send. Thus it was that Valfon had put his hand on them one day when he was overhauling his wife's desk, as he frequently did now that the Chamber was engaged upon the Naquet law and the question of divorce.

"Poor mamma!" sighed Florence.

Her mother shook her head.

"Oh! as for me, he has done me all the harm he can do me, and I am no longer afraid of him; but it is of you that I am thinking, for you that I am afraid. Imagine that I were no longer here to protect you!"

"If you were not here, I should have no reason for being here," said the girl, throwing herself into her mother's arms.

There was a sharp knock at the door. Valfon, without coming in, asked in his honeyed yet commanding tones:

"Come, mesdames, we are dining in England this evening; it's different from Paris, we must arrive on time."

As he spoke he scrutinized his wife's face. Did she know? Had she been warned? In the alternations of light and shadow in that great room, in her evening dress, and topped by nodding plumes, it was de. But outside, when the ministerial bled along the quays, over Pont de l here the daylight still lingered around ts of the street lamps, he was struck b auty of the two women, by the brilliar yes, which seemed as limpid as their rely Florence had not had time to sp erfect control a woman of the world m her nerves when she is dining out in state, a disclosure of such gravity would certainly have left more traces. However, as the landau crossed Place de la Concorde in the direction of Faubourg Saint-Honoré and the embassy, the Minister said aloud: "Hallo, there's Raymond Eudeline!" and as he leaned out to see with whom the young man was, it seemed to him that his wife's face suddenly quivered and turned pale.

Raymond was walking up and down in front of the iron fence of the Chamber, waiting for his patron Marc Javel, when he saw coming toward him, in straw-colored gloves and soft hat, still the same despite his disaster, impudent, bearded, with his heavy jowl and his bearing of a strolling singer in the suburbs, Mauglas, who came from the Foreign Office and coolly accosted him:

"My young friend, I have the honor — how is everybody at Morangis? and Mademoiselle Geneviève?"

He would have liked not to reply, feeling ashamed of such wretched company and conscious of a sort of physical embarrassment at the meeting; but what was he to do? when a man addresses you so tranquilly, with a cynical and contemptuous glance, which pulls you down to his level. Raymond tried to keep the wretch at a distance by a ceremonious bow and an explanation of what he was doing there.

"I know your Marc Javel," puffed Mauglas, as he lighted his little wooden pipe. "Would you like me to say a word for you?"

The young man thanked him; but he had been mounting guard so long that his legs had given out and he preferred to wait until the following day.

"In that case, you are my prey, my fine fellow," said the other, reading readily upon that candid brow an immoderate desire to be rid of him.

He slipped an arm through his, adding:

"Yes, I say, yes. I am going to take you to dinner. Don't refuse me, it is an act of charity."

He uttered these words with emotion that was not feigned, at once restrained and communicative. Raymond yielded; and, furious at his own weakness, he strove to persuade himself, with the stupidity and vanity of his years, that he yielded to an impulse of compassion, of generosity. "What right have I to humiliate a poor devil who is so trodden upon already? I am not his judge; and then he has so much talent, a thousand francs a page from the *Revue!*" Moreover the daylight was fading, glid-

ing into that twilight vagueness which is favorable to compromises of conscience, to concessions on the part of cowardly minds.

The restaurant on the Champs-Élysées to which Mauglas carried his prey — how did that word "prey" fail to strike harshly on Raymond's ear? — has an annex in the summer, in the shape of a very popular café-concert, which enlivens with the murmuring of the crowd under its branches, with its echoing music and its twinkling lights, all that side of Avenue Gabriel. The weather being no longer favorable for open-air performances, they could see from the restaurant, enveloped as it was in darkness and silence, only two or three private dining-rooms blinking through the foliage.

The zeal with which the waiters surrounded the new arrival, the smile of the woman at the desk, the small whist table lighted with shaded candles, and placed at the end of a deserted gallery with glass walls; even the soup kettle which one finds only in the provinces, even the excellent smoked codfish as in the bar-rooms of London or Amsterdam — everything indicated the habitué, the fastidious epicure, the pride and conscience of those old Parisian restaurants where eating is still an art.

"Raymond, my stomach has been my ruin," said Mauglas, filling the glasses with champagne, the fresh juice of the grape, not charged with gas. "I learned too early what was good, and I have never been able to do without it. Listen to this story, my boy; it is worth your while, it is the confession of a secret agent."

Raymond gazed at him in dismay. So the wretch

actually confessed his infamy! And it was for that purpose that he had invited him to dine, to make this confession to him! With what object? Was it remorse, the natural human craving to relieve himself by telling everything? Doubtless, the confessor's youthful vanity took pleasure in this supposition. But what a strange penitent he was, with his napkin tucked in his chin, confessing his sins with so gleaming a lip and such a magnificent appetite! How could one believe that remorse had anything to do with his expansiveness?

Before going to live at Morangis, where Raymond had known them, Mauglas' parents had kept a public house for carters, on the high road near Saint-Lô in Normandie. Certain fried dishes prepared by his mother, crab soup and tench *à la casserole*, gave the house the reputation of a great hostelry; and old Mauglas, a master pastry-cook, had not his equal for the Norman *galette*, larded with strips of fried pork. In the summer season the bourgeois of the neighborhood organized parties for dinner at the Mauglas'; and every Sunday, at the breakfast hour, old Denizan, the oldest bailiff in the town, appeared with his violin and his daughters. Blessed days for little Mauglas were those Sundays which he passed playing in the hay with Mesdemoiselles Rose and Pulchérie, and listening to the beautiful music of Monsieur Denizan, waltzes by Brahms, mazurkas by Chopin, which the little fellow remembered and hummed all the week, from morning till night, until he fairly wept, as he roamed about all alone in the fields.

And yet he was a heavy, dull urchin, of precocious

intelligence, but of an indolence which nothing could cure. Gluttonous and very sensitive to cold, he would remain for hours at a time in the kitchen, skimming the pot, tasting the soup, gazing open-mouthed at the turnspit reeling off its chain, amid the delicious odor of broiled meats and gravies. Monsieur De induced the mother, who thus far k simplest plan to keep her stout scu apron-strings, to send him to school , in view of the urchin's success there, o finish his studies in Paris as a boa *cée.* In the vacations, he renewed hi th Mademoiselle Rose, who had impr d in health; but, having been depr her when very young, and left with nd without oversight, she barely knew how to read at seventeen years of age, and was ready to romp in the hay as when she was only twelve. Mademoiselle Pulchérie, the older sister, betrayed by a very keen taste for hussars, gave every year a fresh proof of her affection for them to some officer of the 12th, then in garrison at Saint-Lô. When the war of 1870 scattered the jaunty hussars with their wasp-like waists, one of Monsieur Denizan's clerks took the place left vacant by the officers of the 12th, and, being less scrupulous than they, ran away with the daughter and the money-box. Young Mauglas, who was then in Paris, enlisted in the sharpshooters of Chabaud-Molard, and throughout the siege led a Bohemian, Robinson Crusoe sort of life in the deserted villas and great parks in the suburbs of Paris, pillaging the poultry yards, drinking stolen wine, and enjoying that delicious intoxica-

tion of danger which broadens the landscape and gives excitement and interest to the most trivial episodes.

Ah! how flat and insipid life seemed to him when, Paris having surrendered and the gates being thrown open, he found himself once more in the great kitchen of the paternal inn, listening to the story that the old people had to tell of all the misery they had undergone in his absence. There was no more carting, but the roads were abandoned to parties of disbanded troops, Algerian swallows who devoured even the window curtains. Twice, soldiers on their way to their regiments had set the house on fire. At Saint-Lô, at the Denizans', the state of affairs was even more lamentable. The father, stricken to death by the flight of his oldest daughter, his office sold, purchased at a low figure by the Company of Bailiffs, little Rose had nothing left but the furniture of her chamber and a few rolls of gold pieces in a drawer, upon which she drew, with eyes closed, and never put anything back.

"The greatest nuisance is that she 's *enceinte*," said Mère Mauglas.

"And that she declares it 's by you," added his father.

The son replied, unmoved:

"That is not impossible."

And as Rose was a pretty girl, as she had six or seven thousand francs in cash, he thought that by marrying her he would do an excellent stroke of business; so he went to housekeeping with her at Montmartre, in furnished lodgings on Rue Lepic.

At this point in his narrative Mauglas was inter-

rupted by the crash of an orchestra in the shadow of the neighboring trees. He thought at first that it was a rehearsal of the café-concert, but a waiter undeceived him:

"Oh! no, monsieur, we do not rehearse yet; what you hear is the band of the Guards playing opposite us in the gard h embassy."

"True, the n there this evening. Indeed, there k of me at this diplomatic dinner-p glas to himself. Then, abruptly, to R turn to my narrative. I am particula xplain to you the how and why of m *Shop*."

Raymond d d.

"Why, yes e *Shop*, in short, the police. We h s, in the Latin quarter, about two years; Rose had presented me on our arrival with two charming little twins, whose grandparents had taken charge of them at first, but whom they soon brought back to us with the nurse, because there was nothing doing in the country and everybody was starving to death. That gave me plenty of mouths to feed! To cap the climax, Pulchérie, my wife's sister, abandoned by her bailiff's clerk, burst in upon us without a sou, without clothes, but with vice and folly enough to supply the whole quarter. She was, like her sister, a fine-looking, well-built girl, with beautiful hair, who passed all her nights in brothels, where she was known by the name of the Norman. As she had the nerve to take me for her sponsor, I was constantly called upon to rescue her from the police station; then one night she disappeared, carrying away my wife's wardrobe,

so that she was nearly a month without any clothes at all, and dared not go out-of-doors in her petticoat.

"The seven thousand francs paid for the office had been spent long since. To support the family I had sold my watch, my sleeve-buttons, all my trinkets; then the silverware, my music scores and old Denizan's violin. Some newspapers gave me work to do, biographies of great musicians, but that paid me so little, and I worked so slowly. That has always been my weakness, that moderation about whatever I do, that feeling that I must polish all the words of a sentence because I never find them sharp and gleaming enough. Add to that, a mania for brevity, for concentration of ideas, which is exceedingly rare among young writers — the mania of Père Wolff, that old friend of Goethe's, who declared that every thought, every theory, no matter how subtle and complicated it might be, should be brief enough to be written on the thumb nail, or else was not properly expressed. That was a strange whim, to seek the shortest forms of expression, to lop off lines, for a man who has nothing to live on but his pen at so much per line, and a crowd of others to support.

"Once, having published in a radical newspaper, in which that was my first appearance, a decidedly savage portrait of the President of the Republic, I went to see Valfon, who was then at the head of the secret service of the Interior Department, to beg him not to hold the paper responsible for my bungling. He laughed in my face, told me that I was a simpleton, that those people were making a fool of me. I had great talent which I did not know how to use, he assured me, and if I chose to be serious, to get

out of the mire once for all, he himself would procure for me an easy and lucrative position which would put me in a way to render immense service to the government by keeping it informed concerning the real state of public opinion.

"'Just reflect,' he said to me, 'and if my words convince you [illegible] and see Monsieur Leboucart at t[illegible] Police. He will tell you what yo[illegible]

"I consul[illegible] for form's sake; she answered:

"'Do as [illegible] dear; but you don't understand [illegible]s trade of newspaper writer which [illegible] up. You earn almost nothing, and [illegible] or ten of us to feed; under such c[illegible]y hard for you to make both ends meet.'

"To be sure, the table was always laid in our house for a crowd of gourmandizers and high-livers, whose indolence encouraged mine. They brought others with them, and Mère Mauglas' soups had become famous to the farthest limits of Montmartre. My wife adored that lazy, gluttonous existence, not removing the cloth between one meal and another, and sitting gossiping with her elbows on the table; and my salary as informer — they offered me seven hundred francs a month, — would enable me to continue it indefinitely. At first sight the trade presented no great difficulty and could be summed up in two words: to listen and report. Wherever I happened to be, at the café, at the club, in salons, to keep my ears open, to seize conversation and information on the wing, and to make a brief report of it, which the

chief verified by comparing it with the work of several of my colleagues in journalism, who lived, so Leboucart assured me, by the same trade as myself, and did not consider that they degraded or compromised themselves by rendering honorable services to an honorable government. I hesitated some time; then, at the end of an overburdened month, Leboucart loaned me a thousand francs, to be paid when I chose and as I chose. I was caught.

"At the *Box*, my reports were approved because they were short — old Wolff's nail again — and because I did not embroider. The work amused me. Being instructed at first to keep an eye on the Socialist congresses at Ghent and Lugano, and the International Association at Geneva, I seized the opportunity to visit museums, fairy lands which I had never seen except in dreams. When my notes were taken and my report despatched, I worked for my own account. It was in my hotel chamber with the virgin vine draped about the doorway, my window open on the bright blue lake of Lugano bordered with white villas, that I wrote the first chapter of my *Pyschology of the Orchestra*, which was published by the *Revue*, and which instantly introduced me to the public. I read in your eyes what you are thinking, young man. What of the remorse?

"Faith, at the beginning, remorse troubled me very little. When it was my lot to be present at the conferences in Holland of Karl Marx, Bakounine, and a crowd of other chattering jays, Spaniards, Italians and even Frenchmen, whose politico-social ideas I noted down while observing the secret undercurrents of the congress, the rivalries and the petty

bickerings; when, at Genoa or Milan, the friends of Mazzini and of Garibaldi talked to me of their plans and betrayed the secrets of revolutionary Italy to me, and I transmitted their confidences to those in authority, my conscience did not take fright. It was not until afterwards, when I had to face certain individual qu[illegible] trade became painful, especially thr[illegible] of the chief, that ill-omened Lebo[illegible]amed of nothing but wounds and [illegible]acies and repressive measures, and [illegible]e my rôle of informer to that of stoo[illegible]

"Ah! the l[illegible] followed him, what a fusillade, what [illegible]here would have been from one end [illegible]he other! Every one of my reports [illegible]n of scenes in which he called me idiot and imbecile, and threatened to stop my wages; and I would gladly have taken him at his word, if I had not had behind me my whole tribe, more in confusion than ever; my sister-in-law Pulchérie had returned with a new lover, this time a Spanish dancer afflicted with the *tournis*, like young lambs, and able to dance nothing but waltzes, dervish dances; and then our little twins fell sick, were both taken away at an interval of a few hours; and my wife took to her bed after this blow and remained there eighteen months, dazed and helpless; which did not interfere with the table being always set and food ready for our friends, even in my absence. They came to nurse the invalid, to divert her. If my place were taken from me, how could I keep the house running at that rate of expenditure? So I was compelled to accept Leboucart's rebuffs.

However, I ended by rebelling. Can you believe that that beast wanted me to be a candidate for Deputy from Var, on the pretext that in my travels I had succeeded in gaining the esteem of the republican cafés at Draguignan? The police would pay the expenses of my candidacy, and during my whole term my wages as informer would be doubled. Seeing that I persisted in my refusal, Leboucart lost his temper. 'What prevents you?' he said to me; 'you would n't be the only one in the Chamber who works for us.' — Was it true, or was he resorting to one of those artifices which such people often use to recruit their staff? At all events, I refused absolutely, declaring that I cared for nothing but literature, and that, as I hardly found time to publish a volume every four or five years under present conditions, I must abandon writing altogether if I entered the Chamber.

"Thereupon the chief flew into an outrageous passion, and I should have found myself in the street without employment, if Valfon, who is as pitiless as Leboucart, but has a righteous fear of everybody who holds a pen, had not offered me an advantageous position to replace the one I had lost. The new Minister of Police at St. Petersburg, General Dejarine, when he passed through Paris, had asked him for a skilful and honest agent to keep watch on the Russian revolutionists who had taken refuge in France. He gave me a letter for the general, whom I joined at Geneva, where he had hired the whole of the Hôtel Beauséjour. I passed forty-eight hours there, occupying six large rooms on the second floor all by myself, with orders not to go out or to speak

to anybody; but with cigars and champagne and kummel enough to make me burst. That old Dejarine, a shrewd, sensual creature, with a smooth manner and a treacherous glance, handed me a package of photographs representing the principal persons of th party, which I was expected to as carry constantly in my mind's eye. with much intelligence the notes he oncerning the life, customs and cha men and women, told me of their us reats, mentioned two of the most fero ihilists as having been worked upon ile and being on the point of ente of the St. Petersburg *Shop*. He l rness the methods of going about th ng means to go among them and become intimate with some of them without arousing any suspicion. I succeeded in doing it; and although handsomely paid — fifteen hundred francs a month, carriage hire and postage — I can fairly say that I did not steal my wages, at least during the first years. I knew all the chief men of the emigration, Lavroff and Papoff; I had invitations for evening parties at the Hôtel Czartoryski on Île Saint-Louis, which was suspected of being a Nihilist centre. I could discover nothing there. I breakfasted for three months in succession in a dairy behind the Panthéon, with Sonia Perowska and Jessa Heffmann, both of whom were hanged shortly after, at St. Petersburg or Moscow, I do not know which. Do not turn pale, young man, it was not I who caused their arrest. I contented myself with giving notice of their presence and of the places they fre-

quented. But to denounce their interviews, their projects, I needed familiarity with the Russian language, or rather with a certain argot, with a key, which the refugees used among themselves.

"When my wife died, and I installed my old parents in the summer house next to the Izoards', my chance meeting with Sophia Castagnozoff might have been very dangerous for the countrymen of that good, honest girl, who knew all their plans without sharing their ideas fully. I do not know why Sophia took me and my literature into favor. I felt that she was confidentially inclined, ready to tell me everything. She began by teaching me, ostensibly to assist me in a comparison of languages, the argot without which it was impossible to understand the game. Suddenly, without apparent reason or explanation, she drew back, shut herself up, and I got nothing more from her. Was it from jealousy of my sentiments toward Mademoiselle Geneviève, with whom I was in love for some time? or did that fair and haughty young woman succeed in communicating to her the antipathy which she felt for me? However that may be, after a domiciliary visit at Casta's rooms in search of a Nihilist whom she was concealing, they persuaded her that I had denounced him. Without being absolutely shunned in the Saint Marcel quarter, which they called Little Russia, I was watched, followed myself much more than I followed others; and as even my old parents were threatened in their repose, I had to seek another refuge for them, at a distance from Morangis. At this juncture, they changed the Minister of Police at St. Petersburg. The new man,

Bernoff, a perfect savage, having come to Paris, summoned me to Hôtel Bristol, and ordered me to discover within a week a secret Russian printing office that was at work at Saint-Ouen. I sought, found nothing, and was dismissed in the most brutal fashion by the Minister, who, insensible to the refinements of the [illegible]e with which I embellished my rep[illegible] like a genuine moujik, and would c[illegible]ampled on me except for the interv[illegible]ine. And so, when the general retur[illegible] live with his daughter, knowing the [illegible] refugees had for him, I placed my[illegible]t his orders. But he was one of [illegible] at once fatalists and sceptics, whc[illegible]e in danger; my precautions mad[illegible]He continued to haunt all sorts of low resorts, when there were formal orders from the International concerning him, both in Paris and in London. I thought it my duty to notify our Minister for Foreign Affairs. A good joke! You know how jauntily Valfon, the liar and traitor, threw me overboard, pretending that he had intrusted the general's safety to me, and holding me responsible for his death. I have but one way to get out of the business. That way I think you are in a position to procure for me. But stay! Somebody is coming; let us go out. I will finish outside."

A couple had seated themselves at a neighboring table under the veranda, considered preferable that evening to the private dining-rooms which were as hot as an oven. When Mauglas, insolently shrugging his broad shoulders, passed the diners, the man,

a tall stooping creature in full dress and flowing white cravat, with the copper-colored feline face of a Levantine, whispered a few words to the painted flaxen-haired doll who was fanning herself opposite him.

"That is Barnès, Deputy from Vaucluse," said Mauglas aloud, so as to be overheard. "He pretends not to know me, and it is very ill done on his part; for when he had that wretched affair at the Palais Royal, the chief ordered me to make investigations at all the shops in the gallery, and if I had desired to please Leboucart, who insisted that he was guilty — but the investigations turned out favorably for him, and I could not lie. Ah! I have seen that man sobbing and hugging my knees; and the promises he made me, his vows of everlasting gratitude! And, you see, he does n't even touch his hat."

He smiled at the lady behind the desk, and lighted his English pipe at the silver taper which the attendant handed him; while Raymond, who, like those of his "boat," was not much of a smoker, attacked a terrible Havana, which put the finishing touch to the haziness of his ideas, already confused by the raw champagne and the confidences to which he had listened.

"A fine trade, all the same, for an observer of mankind, this trade of which I have been telling you, my dear Raymond."

Mauglas, leading his young companion through the darkness of the Champs-Élysées, struck the ground violently with the ferrule of his cane:

"Ah! the tales that I know, that I could produce

from this asphalt, if I chose! And I do not conceal the fact that, apart from the salary which permits me to live so handsomely, to set a good table and to have leisure for my work as a mosaic writer, I should regret my job if I had to renounce it altogether; and that is why I ask you: Do you happen to know amor tances, in the Association or else fellow, or one who simply thirsts nfort, who would consent, for a ma six hundred francs a month, to pa among the Russian refugees and out embroidery or attempt to inte hears? The responsibility would e the report and sign it with my ci ecture. What I avoid is showing my ere I am known."

Despite his extreme youth and the vapor of the champagne, Raymond Eudeline could not escape the thought: "So this is what he was coming at, this is what he has been aiming at for two hours!" And he began aloud, in a changed voice:

"I regret it, Monsieur Mauglas, but, try as I may, no one whom I know seems to me fitted, or even inclined—"

He paused, felt that he was blushing in the darkness, and imagined that it could be seen. Why blush? What was the reflection that suddenly embarrassed him? Whence came that sudden terror of Mauglas, the longing to escape him, to fly from him? The other, sly creature, surely suspected what was passing in his mind, and answered with the greatest tranquillity:

"Yes, I know, at first blush the thing seems

rather unpleasant; but when you think of it, a business without fatigue, without responsibility, which brings you in six hundred francs a month — you must consider, young man, you must reflect. You have my address?"

They were walking along Avenue Gabriel, by the verdure-clad walls of its gardens, all the houses having, like the Élysée, their main entrance on Faubourg Saint-Honoré. As they were passing an ivy-covered iron fence, female voices, accompanied by the thrumming of guitars, reached their ears through the quivering black branches amid which gleamed the lights of a large party.

"The English Embassy, I suppose?" said Raymond.

The police agent stopped and looked:

"Oh! no, the Embassy is beyond. Besides, that guitar which we hear hardly resembles the band of the Guards."

It was in fact the English Embassy, but through the thick curtain of ivy they could not see the stoop of the Hôtel Borghese, the long door-windows wide open, and the few women who were admitted to that private diplomatic function displaying their graceful figures in the long line of vast salons, blazing with light but almost empty on this evening, of which the fair Pauline so many times did the honors to her brother and to all the jaunty colonels of the first Empire.

After an automatic and solemn dinner, which the band of the Guards interspersed with sentimental waltzes and quicksteps that formed an agreeable diversion from the dull official conversation, the

band having departed, and Lady Ravenswood, her daughter and their female guests having passed into the salons, the men were left alone to smoke and drink around the disordered table, where cigars in boxes lined with Indian silk striped with silver, and liqueur decanters of fantastic shapes were mingled with massive [illegible] aming under the seven branches of a [illegible] of sandal-wood, with all that exoti[illegible] ich relieved the triviality of the o[illegible] ven to the Minister of Foreign Affa[illegible] hole diplomatic corps by the forme[illegible] dia, who, a few weeks earlier, had b[illegible] process of promotion English Amb[illegible] s. Valfon had drawn his chair nea[illegible] ssian Ambassador, and while they tal[illegible] s, with the sententious gestures, the consequential nods of the head of exalted functionaries, the vulgar chewing of a cigar in the corner of his bourgeois mouth was the living antithesis of his neighbor's patrician grace and slender cigarette. Farther away the Nuncio, a face with the yellow tint of carved ivory, a long ascetic body encased in a violet *soutane* with tiny buttons, amid black coats bedizened with ribbon and silver medals, was listening to the unctuous sentences of Marc Javel, who was invited out of the ordinary course because of his niece Jeannine, a friend of Miss Frida Ravenswood ever since her arrival in Paris. There was talk at that time of the probable recall of our ambassador at the Vatican; and Marc Javel had said to himself that, if the Ministry of the Marine escaped him, he would willingly represent the government of the republic at the Holy See, especially as

the radical Deputy had visibly neglected his Freemasons for some months past, and found himself in agreement with the Nuncio upon many points that day. Beside them, divers young attachés were repeating in undertones, as they puffed at their cigarettes, the remark made by Madame Valfon, the Minister's wife, to whom Lord Ravenswood, as he was showing her before dinner the salons of the Hôtel Borghese, had said, pointing to a green satin sofa which had remained there since the first Empire: "If that sofa chose, it could tell us much about the morals of the fair Pauline." To which Madame Valfon, entirely ignorant of history and fancying that the fair Pauline was the *nom de guerre* of some courtesan and contemporary of Cora Pearl and Marguerite Bellanger, replied stiffly: "Women like myself, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, take no interest in the adventures of that sort of creature." The noble ambassador had had the good taste to hold his tongue, but you can imagine whether the poor woman's remark had gone to swell the supply of merriment and frantic laughter with which the legitimate wives of certain of our governing officials had already supplied the comical répertoire of those young men.

She of whom they thus made sport did not perceive it and had not the heart to laugh. Seated in a corner of the salon, among all those women of the *Career*, haughty, cosmopolitan faces, most of which were unknown to her, a card of specimens of all the feminine aristocracy of Europe, she was blind and deaf to what was taking place about her, her eyes remaining fixed upon the door through which the

men would soon enter, her husband especially, from whom she awaited information on a certain point, with an agony of apprehension. It was a dull, heavy evening. The garden sent up a moist, warm breath which caused the flames of the candles to flicker; and above the discreet whispering behind fans, above th ling of carriages, rose a clear voice a f the salon, the voice of a very you an old Scotch ballad, accompanied

At any othe gladly Madame Valfon, with the ready of singers of her age, would have at to the charm of the old ballad, m in by that springlike charm! But eard a certain sentence amid the confi at the table, nothing had any existence for her except those few words, painful in their obscurity, which Valfon alone could explain to her.

At last the door of the dining-room was thrown wide open, and a tumult of men's laughter and voices poured into the vast white and gold salon. Before the Minister, who walked at the head with Lord Ravenswood, had finished the magnificent seigniorial gesture — the gesture of a *grand seigneur* of the Ambigu — intended to make an impression on the ladies at his entrance, a passionate arm clung to his with an irresistible grasp, and Madame Valfon, with her lips close to his ear, shaking the little man and spoiling his effect, asked him:

"That duel that Marc Javel mentioned at dinner? That duel for to-morrow?"

The other, the acrobat, smiled for the gallery, with

an insane desire to bite, and tried to pacify his wife, saying in an undertone:

"Come, come, Lolo, be calm; you look like a lion-tamer. Well, yes, your son fights a duel to-morrow."

"With whom? Why?"

"Claudius Jacquand. You know why well enough."

She stifled a cry of indignation.

"On account of his sister's marriage? But Florence no longer thinks of that marriage, and if I should go and tell her that Wilkie — Nonsense, Valfon, you don't mean it?" Her eyes burned like coals in her pale face. "You must telephone to the Prefect of Police; this duel shall not take place."

The minister laughed his evil laugh:

"Excuse me, my dear, I have not the same reason that you have for wishing that the great fortune of those Lyonnais should go to the Eudeline family. Do what you choose, I will have no hand in it."

He took advantage of the confusion into which that name of Eudeline cast her to release himself and walk to the window at the end of the room into which the other guests had passed, — a bow-window filled with brilliant orchids, from which the illuminations in the garden could be seen. There a fair-haired girl, all in white, with bare arms and hair *à la grecque*, leaning back on the fair Pauline's green sofa, in an attitude which showed the open-work stockings under the watered silk ribbons of two little buskins crossed over each other, was accompanying herself on a guitar; and with her blue eyes, her flower-like mouth, recalled one of the prettiest models of Madame Vigée-Lebrun. A few low chairs in a semicircle in front of her formed

an adorable audience of young girls in light dresses, with innocent eyes.

"I don't see my niece," said Marc Javel to the Minister, whose glances were prowling everywhere, also looking for somebody, and full of anxiety.

Madame Valfon, standing behind them, murmured:

"Jeannine garden with Florence."

They walk gether, Jeannine short and slender, le n of her plump friend, in the vague l s arranged in clusters around the la ed lanterns among the motionless sh vind no longer blew; in the heavy a was the distant rumbling of a stor e year. Remaining at first near the wing bolder little by little, the two friends ventured into the dark paths, and sat down upon a bench at the farther end of the garden, against the fence.

"Look! It rains."

Jeannine Briant had felt a drop of water on her bare arm. Florence sighed.

"No, it's I weeping. That poor child upset me completely with her innocent voice and her limpid eyes. To think that I have never had that innocent age, have never known that freshness of soul! Oh! do not laugh; if you knew how weary I am of the horror amid which I live, how ashamed I am of it!"

"So it is still going on, is it, my poor girl!"

"All the time; that man is mad, and his madness no longer has lucid intervals. This evening again, at this dinner-party — No, it is too disgusting, it is better for me to keep quiet."

A pause followed, during which the storm came nearer and the carriages rumbled incessantly along Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

"If I were in your place, I would tell my brother," said Jeannine.

"My brother! as if you did n't know the young men of the present time! He needs Valfon; he would be more likely to hold my hands. No, marriage was the only possible hope. Fate would not permit that, and now what will happen to me? He will succeed in his designs, that is sure. He is too determined. But I have a surprise in store for the villain. Do you remember our course of lectures at Mademoiselle Audouy's on Rue du Bac, behind the Jardin des Missions?"

"I should say that I do remember it. And how your mother used to come and fetch us, and go into ecstasies over the voices of the young priests destined for martyrdom, when she heard them singing in their chapel. She was very romantic in those days, was Madame Valfon."

"And is still? Do people ever change, my Jeannine? Have I not always remained the great simpleton who asked Mademoiselle Audouy in all seriousness, in the middle of a lecture on religious history, if that saint was very, very pretty who, to bring shame on her conqueror, and to avoid appearing in the triumphal procession, cut off her hair and nose and ears?"

"*Mon Dieu!* Florence, hush, you frighten me!"

Steps cautiously approached, crunching the gravel in the path. The conversation of the young friends was suddenly interrupted.

VIII.

' HONOR.

"EUDELIN[illegible] ownstairs for you, my girl."

At this su[illegible] he overlooker, shouted into the upro[illegible] oom, all the heads with twisted *chign*[illegible] of all varieties, leaning over the mac[illegible] l with the same inquisitive impulse; [illegible] a, her hands trembling with pleasure, [illegible] ier drawer before going down, she heard all the tables around her whispering: "The yellow gloves, the yellow gloves!" in allusion to a certain visit which had become famous at the central office.

Ah! yes, she was expecting her handsome visitor with the yellow gloves. The day before, a despatch from Lyon announced Claudius's arrival and his intended call at Rue de Grenelle the same day about four o'clock. His father was much better, he wished to know her and would come to see her as soon as he was well.

She had waited in vain at the door until six o'clock, then had decided to send a line to Rue Cambon, but had received no reply. So we can imagine little Cinderella's joy at this summons from the attendant: "Some one for you, my girl," and her discomfiture on finding at the foot of the stairs, instead of the long

wavering figure of her Lyonnais friend, Antonin's little soft hat and his suit of seersucker from the Belle Jardinière.

"What! is it you?" she said, pale as death in her black frock. He, embarrassed, not knowing what to do with his hands, stammered:

"You see I am going to London and I wanted to embrace you, and — and — the — you know — and to tell you that if you want any money, our brother, who gave me notes to pay for his furniture, has concluded to take them up at once in cash — I did n't want him to and he got mad — and now I have my savings, which don't know what to do with themselves. Mamma won't accept anything more from me, for Raymond would be angry now that he has that publisher who advances him all that he wants. So I thought that perhaps you — er — the — the — you know — "

Dina, whose thoughts and eyes were absent, thanked her dear Antonin. She had no need of money either.

"Do you know what I am going to do in that case?" said the junior, after a moment's reflection; "I am going to pay back at last to Monsieur Izoard the five thousand francs which our father still owed for that famous building. I don't think that our brother will take that ill of me."

"Oh, no," said the sister, still distraught. Then she added eagerly, in a trembling voice: "Tonin, do me a favor." She wrung his hand, hard as one of his tools, in her little feverish hands: "You must go to Number 6 Rue Cambon, and ask if Monsieur Claudius Jacquand is surely in Paris."

"Jacquand, the rich senator from Lyon?"

"Not he, his son."

Antonin hesitated, putting out his thick lips.

"I will go wherever you wish, Dina. But I would like to know if this house to which you are sending me has n't s[illegible] with the — the — you know — whic[illegible] so much anxiety?"

The child's [illegible] darker and fixed themselves upon l[illegible] expression.

"Certainly, [illegible] here is a secret which I have had to k[illegible] might cost me, because it was not mi[illegible] you see this medal" — Dina drew fro[illegible] rock and the white band about her ne[illegible] end of a slender gold chain — "it i[illegible] cause of everything; its name mig[illegible] my romance; for there is a romance. But how do you suppose that anything evil can enter into a work of which Notre Dame de Fourvières is the author?"

"I will go as fast as I can, little sister, to the street you tell me," said the honest fellow, with his vulgar accent and his divine smile.

In that part of Rue Cambon which the gardens of the Ministry of Justice supply with a generous portion of light and air, under the porte-cochère of Number 6, of which the Jacquands, father and son, occupied the first and ground floors, a majestic butler was talking and gesticulating amid a group of servants in white aprons and linen waistcoats. As he passed them, Tonin heard a sentence which saved him the trouble of asking questions.

"We have no news yet from Monsieur Claudius," the imposing retainer said, in answer to an insinuating

and starveling reporter. The journalist, taking notes, continued his inquiries:

"At what hour was the duel to be?"

"At nine o'clock," the butler replied. "It is eleven now and I am surprised that I have n't heard anything yet. But Monsieur Claudius's physician, Doctor Hurpar, promised me —"

"Doctor Hurpar, you say?"

The reporter, to write more conveniently, placed his foot upon a stone at the corner of the porte-cochère. Antonin approached him:

"Do you know with whom Claudius Jacquand was to fight?"

"Where have you come from?" said the other, without raising his head. "Wilkie Marquès, of course."

The poor fellow gazed wildly about from under his albino eyebrows.

"Can it be possible? Wilkie — the — the — what-do-you-call-'em — of the — the — what-do-you-call-'em?"

He meant to say: "Wilkie, the friend of my brother — Wilkie, Dina's lover?" But the words would not come at the command of his ideas, and the journalist listening to him may well have thought that he had to do with one of those excitable half-mad creatures whom the feverish flood of great cities brings to the surface.

Two or three times carriages turning noisily into Rue Cambon had caused a fruitless commotion in the whole household.

"My despatch!" said the butler at last, as a telegraph messenger appeared, his fatal blue paper in

his hand. It was in truth a despatch from the physician, announcing the fatal issue of the duel, in that abbreviated French, Lingua Franca or Hottentot, which most people feel called upon to use when they use the telegraph, to conform to the rites rather than for economy's [illegible]

"Deep wou[illegible] groin, touching femoral artery. Sym[illegible]us. Notify his father. Cannot be m[illegible]

A senator's [illegible] young man!

There was a [illegible] consternation, of which the reporter t[illegible] to copy the despatch. On the trees [illegible]posite, crows were cawing uproario[illegible] turned to Dina, with a heavy weight [illegible]

He found [illegible] and fro, trampling the asphalt of the sidewalk in front of the central office, all anxiety and impatience, and so pretty in her jacket and simple little cap.

"I know, I know," she said, not waiting for him to stutter; "the telegram passed through our office, coming from Choisy. I was waiting for you to go and find out where they fought, and, since he cannot be moved, the place where they have left him."

"I will go with you, Dina, you cannot go alone."

"And your journey?"

"Oh! my journey." — He shrugged his shoulders with the careless gesture which postponed everything until later, when only he and his own interests were concerned.

"Come, then," she said, clinging nervously to his arm.

At Choisy-le-Roi, the first station on the Orléans

road, they gave them only vague directions. The duel had taken place on the other side of the Seine, in the garden of a private estate. The druggist knew little more; having been unable to furnish the quantity of perchloride of iron for which they had come to him, he had to send to his confrère at Maisons-Alfort. At last, in a wine shop on the bank of the river, where Antonin, dying with hunger, had induced his sister to go in and eat a mouthful, chance, under the white cap in three pieces of a girl from the Morbihan, who performed the duties of nurse and waiter, provided them with all the information that they lacked. Just imagine that an hour earlier, at that same table, four gentlemen who alighted from an open landau had ordered a hearty breakfast. They came from Pompadour opposite, Lassus's place, where one of them, a little man, closely shaven like a priest, had run a sword into one of his friends; and indeed he seemed very happy over the cruel stroke, did the little fellow, and he did nothing but laugh all the time as he raised and emptied his glass.

But Dina did not laugh. Dumb and shivering, her teeth clenched upon her great sorrow, she had already walked away, leaning on the arm of Antonin, who guided her, almost carried her. They crossed the bridge of Choisy to the high road from Villeneuve-Saint-Georges, shaded with old French elms, the hillsides covered with dense verdure. Here and there on the level ground, the overflow from the Seine near at hand made small lakes, ponds with rounded banks, communicating with one another by long canals, on the shores of which enormous willows seemed to crouch and cower. Flocks of birds flying

northward circled shrieking about the stagnant water, which reflected a melancholy, cloudy sky. Trains passed behind the trees; now and then a pedestrian passed them on the road, going toward Paris, tired and careworn.

"What breaks my heart, you see, my Tonin," sighed the cl n, with an accent of despair, "is th to me — that I am the cause of this gr

He looked at

"You, little

"Yes, I. F ours I have been thinking, cudgelling Vhat that servant told us, about that pirits, showed me the truth at last. tand, I see; and I am going to make l too."

In a few precise and rapid phrases, with that divinatory intuition which passion gives to woman, she explained to him Wilkie's whole plan to prevent her marriage. He had asked her mother for her hand a year or eighteen months hence, thus rendering any step on Claudius's part impossible; and later he would have found a thousand ways to get rid of her promise. But it was a miracle which brought about her engagement to Claudius, and Wilkie could not know it. He could not know that for that sudden sympathy between two beings who had never seen each other, for those eternal oaths exchanged on the night of the ball, the intervention of a superior divine power had been necessary, that of Notre Dame de Fourvières, whose image had never left the girl, "the little idolater," as Père Izoard called her. Who, pray, could prevail against such a power? Thereupon,

seeing that his scheme had failed, and that vengeance alone was possible, the villain had remembered that in two or three affairs his hand had been ominously fortunate. This time, his adversary was the most inoffensive, the gentlest creature in the world, brave enough but serious-minded, who smiled at a sword and pistol as a child's toys, stupid and dangerous. Her poor Claudius! She fancied that she could hear him saying to his seconds, with a smile of indulgence and pity: "Really, do you think so? Must I fight?" —She imagined him that very morning at Pompadour, casting a last glance along the road that she was now following, before entering that house of which she could see the irregular red roofs below the tree-tops and the tall uprights of a swing.

After the white and dainty façade of an hotel, embroidered curtains and pink tie-backs, bearing the sign: *Pavillon Pompadour.* — *A la Solitude de Valenton*, came vast salons on the ground floor for wedding and society banquets; then a regular country tavern, stables, granaries, sheds, wagons harnessed, others unharnessed, the poles sticking up in the air amid the frightened chickens. A stout innkeeper in a cap and suit of white linen, the typical innkeeper of the old romances of the cape and sword, hurried to meet Antonin and his sister along a cool flagged corridor, at the end of which, through colored windows, could be seen quivering masses of foliage. The man spoke under his breath, in an affected, familiar tone, repeating the same phrases that he had been repeating all the morning with the same accent:

"Ah! monsieur, madame, what a frightful calamity! But how was one to expect it? You see,

Monsieur Wilkie has been in the habit of coming here so long, with small parties, hiring one room, two rooms, that when he told me that they were going to fight in the garden, and to have the path leading to the swing raked for him, I could not refuse. So I sent a gardener to rake the path. Then everybody came into the house, [illegible] waiters, so as not to be in the way of th[illegible] Unluckily it had rained all night. The [illegible] e earth slipped under their heels, as [illegible] and after a moment it was n't possible [illegible] ide any longer. Then they opened on [illegible] s on the ground floor, the largest one, [illegible] y five hundred covers, and which I ha [illegible] There they fenced for several minute[illegible] d the tall man fell with a wound in his [illegible] bled freely and made a large black spot on the floor, which we shall have very hard work to get out."

In the course of his narrative, the man in the white cap pointed out to his visitors, from the doorway, the path between the shrubbery and the swing where the duel had begun, and which was all trampled.

"And the wounded man, where is he? Where have you put him?"

To ask this question, Dina made an effort to control herself, to strengthen her voice and her heart, which was sinking.

"The wounded man, madame? Oh! in the large hall. The doctor insisted that he should not be moved. They prepared a bed against the piano. If monsieur and madame should care to glance at him, there is no one with him except a Sister of Charity as nurse,

and a doctor from Lyon who accompanied Monsieur Jacquand on the ground."

Antonin mentioned the name of Hurpar.

"Just so," said the innkeeper, "and that Doctor Hurpar must be a friend of the family, for he has just engaged two rooms at Pompadour, one for the father, who is coming, and the other for him."

Little Cinderella changed color.

"The father? His father is coming?"

"He will be here in two hours."

As he gave this assurance, the man majestically opened the door of his salon, where he could lay five hundred covers.

The impression was striking of that enormous room with the closed blinds, where benches and tables were piled confusedly among white, gilded and varnished furniture, the stage-setting of vulgar fêtes, with a cot-bed at one end, between a screen forming a sort of recess and the music-shelf of the piano laden with lint and phials. As they approached, they distinguished in the half-light a high pale forehead, drooping eyelids, sweating in a feverish sleep, and, amid the curling masses of a silky, youthful beard, two pallid lips half open, which moved and muttered incoherently, without rest. The doctor was dozing against the back of a chair; the white cap of a sister of Saint Vincent de Paul bustled softly about with a faint beating of her wings and the clatter of a large rosary.

At the sound which the door made in opening, at the whispering voices approaching, the doctor had raised his head; but as soon as the girl's slender figure appeared, he jumped up as if he recognized her, and came eagerly to meet her.

"Mademoiselle Eudeline, is it not?"

The glance was kindly and the voice warm with sympathy. Dina, to avoid sobbing, answered by a nod. The doctor continued:

"He is alive, mademoiselle, he is alive; but since nine o'clock this morning, when he fell there"—he pointed to the d into the floor—"he has not once r iousness, not a glance, not a moveme hat you try to make yourself under: what you were to him. Last night, ve left his room, he was writing to you btless, in case of accident; he did n er. Some superstition must have det: yonnais are permeated with it."

Leaving the o himself, the girl approached the bed, trembling from head to foot. She raised a long, inert, pale hand, streaming with perspiration and burning hot, and, leaning over him, said in a low tone, her face close to his:

"Claude, it is I, I am here, against your heart. Open your eyes and answer your friend."

The wounded man made a sort of movement, an effort of his whole being, just to raise his eyelid a little, to show that feeble sign of consciousness. But he hardly succeeded, and the dull glance was hidden anew, after a little wavering flame had shown itself for a moment in one corner of the eye. This time, the flood of tears which the poor child had been holding back since morning burst forth unrestrained upon the dear feverish hand. And mingling her kisses and her tears with that sweat of agony, she fell at the foot of the bed, fell from the

lofty heights of her dream before the little which remained of it.

While little Cinderella kneels, with despair in her heart, in that dismal suburban caravansary, at the *Wonderful Lamp*, where the freshly waxed show-cases gleam and the lampyres in front sparkle in the ruddy rays of a storm-boding sunset, there is much solicitude about Dina, and anxious eyes are watching the hands of the clock on the Institute. Madame Eudeline has before her a pile of books in book-stall covers, which she opens and closes with distraught fingers, and in which her spectacles, placed as a book-mark between the pages, constantly go astray. Every moment she leans out to look up the street: "How late Dina is, *Mon Dieu!*" And now the young women of the Municipal School file by with a pattering of little heels, the long curls of the Sanzio in golden waves upon their shoulders, and under their arms small painted boxes which recall the little one's satchel; only Dina is much more serious in the street, and her expression never fails to keep people at a distance, when occasion requires.

But Mamma Eudeline, allowing her eyes and her mind to wander thus at random, finds nought but black butterflies and much *ennui;* surely books will console her, soothe her mind with their old romances; and so she returns to *Madame Lafarge's Hours in Prison*, to the *Souvenirs of Reine Garde*, one of the plebeian muses whom Monsieur de Lamartine initiated in poetry. The bell in the shop rings.

Dina?

No. She who enters is taller, calmer, and slower of

movement as well, and her pale face bends as if the weight of her hair were too great.

"What, is it you, is it, Tantine? Come quickly, my dear child, come and sit beside me so that I may look at you; we never see each other now."

And in her delight at seeing once more and pressing to her he d loyal creature whom she loves alm as her own children, Madame Eud notice how Geneviève avoids looking r lovely gray eyes conceal themselve ng lashes, lowered like a curtain. Wh rself called "my child," Tantine's air i barrassed. That word reminds her o melancholy conditions of her life, of t be, alas! and of what she is. And t o lie, here as well as to her old father, always to invent pretexts for her absences!

It is true that she might find an hour in the afternoon, to come and chat with Mamma Eudeline. But the country makes one lazy. When breakfast is finished, when her father has taken his siesta and his walk in the garden, and Tantine has accompanied him on the road as far as the Tree of Liberty, she has no more than time to write a letter, to take up her work, and the evening Angelus rings the next moment in the old bell tower of Morangis.

"But in the evening I am always here," observed the mother artlessly. "You would always be sure of finding me."

"Oh! I know it, but Casta has been at Paris for some weeks —"

Geneviève, who is not yet accustomed to falsehood,

turns as red as fire as she appeals to the presence of her friend, for it is not with Sophia Castagnozoff that her evenings and her nights are passed. But it seems so reasonable, this explanation which she gives of the long hours she spends arguing with the Russian on the dark, deserted sidewalk of Boulevard Montmartre, or else at Morangis, drenching their boots in the new grass, covered with dew and with moonbeams; the dreams of these two young disciples of Tolstoï are so noble, so eloquent, that Madame Eudeline has but one fear.

"I entreat you, my darling; it is magnificent, I know, this founding of clinics, of hospitals for motherless children; at your age the head easily takes fire, such things excite one; but pray think of your father, who has no one but you. It is of no use for him to say to you, as he strokes his beard: 'Go, little one, you are free,' he no more tells you his real thought than Dina tells me hers when I ask her: 'What is the matter, — come tell me, my Dina?' and she replies: 'Why nothing.' For, you know, I am still at that point with my mysterious little girl. No farther advanced than on the day I spoke to you."

Tantine, in spite of herself, assumes an annoyed expression:

"Oh! indeed!"

This conversation about Dina had become insupportable to her, was one of the reasons which made her avoid the house. Above all else, she felt that she was unworthy of the confidence which they showed her; and the lesson in deportment, in dignity, which they urged her to administer to the

"No, Geneviève, you canr
rending thing it is. To have
you, against you, your little
you, to watch her breathing
veins, and to say to your
about something which I c
pecially terrible at night, in
little one has never consent
attic. Sometimes I see her
night-light, lying perfectly
wide open: 'Are you asleep, I
'What are you thinking abou
those replies that put an en
leaving doubt and a great void
which means so many things!"

Tantine shook her head smili
touch of painful regret and of er
reply:

"Nonsense, Mamma Eudeline
dangerous reveries in which a lit
has never slept anywhere except
under a branch of blessed box
medals."

At this point the bell rang seve
sion. It was not Dina yet, but c
be waited

over all other incandescent lamps; and finally, a tall, fair-haired youth, who came in hurriedly, with a distressed expression.

"Raymond!" cried the mother.

She left the showcases in disorder, the customer with his lampyre taken apart in his hands, and rushed eagerly to meet her boy.

Of what subtle and solid links is that chain of social conventions woven, of which men seek to rid themselves only to forge others more wearing? Why did Raymond feel so painfully embarrassed whenever he found himself with his mother and his mistress?

"It seems like a miracle now to meet Geneviève here, does n't it?" Madame Eudeline asked her son, seeking to explain to herself the embarrassment which she felt between the two young people. "And if you please, she would not have come now except for Antonin's going away. So it serves her right. She did not see her Antonin; she was not able to say adieu to him. He had gone, and gone in anger. Oh! not against Tantine, but against me, poor boy, because I refused to accept his money."

She turned proudly to Geneviève.

"Confess that it is a very pretty thing to see these two boys fighting for the honor of supporting their mamma."

Oh! blessed maternal credulity! How the unhappy woman would have suffered if she had suspected the humiliation which she caused her beloved son by alluding before Geneviève to that money which came from her! In truth, the thirty thousand francs which he had sworn not to touch were already en-

croached upon, — the spur of his vanity, the feeling that he must assert that famous right of seniority, and lastly his personal expenses had made him false to his oath; but as Geneviève never opened the money drawer, he expected that there would be nothing for him to confess to her until the moment when a remittance from so the successful production of a play m to restore the money he had taken. s brutal and hard, as if to make her e cretion, when he asked his poor moth

"Where is yet?"

"No, my de ve been delayed at her office; some Senate or the Chamber to send off."

Raymond, usly pacing the floor, halted in front of the counter, where Madame Eudeline had resumed her seat beside Geneviève.

"I have just come from the office; she left there before noon."

"Before noon!"

The poor mother fell sobbing upon Tantine's shoulder.

"Did I not tell you that that child was concealing something terrible from us!"

"Terrible, indeed, this death of Claudius Jacquand," observed the Support of the Family solemnly.

Madame Eudeline repeated without understanding:

"Claudius Jacquand?"

"Yes, the man whom she proposed to give you for a son-in-law. Well! he is dead, or the next thing to it."

And a few rapid sentences placed before the poor

mother the whole fairy tale of the new Cinderella, since the evening at the Foreign Office; the oaths exchanged in the name of Notre Dame de Fourvières, and the tragic duel of which the evening papers told all the details.

"Oh! that Wilkie," concluded Raymond, with the involuntary deference of his age for all victors. "Five inches of steel in the groin, peritonitis, and death: exactly what he promised!"

At these words, there was another jingling of the bell, and Dina suddenly appeared, followed by Antonin, who pityingly and discreetly put his finger to his lips, while the little one crossed the shop, looking neither to right nor left, with ill-repressed sobs under her veil.

The mother rose at once to join her in the back room.

"Mamma, I beg you," said Antonin.

"I know, I know."

And as she passed behind the glass door, a melancholy smile wrinkled the good woman's face.

"I have seen so much, seen so much!"

The two brothers and Geneviève talked together around the counter, in the half-light of the shop, which no one had thought of lighting, and where the unlighted and dismal lampyres seemed like a hecatomb of glow-worms.

"Is he dead?" the older brother asked in an undertone, after Tonin had finished the narrative of their heart-rending visit to Pompadour.

With the end of his thick lips, the junior whispered:

"Not altogether, but almost; it is doubtful if he lives through the night."

Pointing to the back room, where heart-rending lamentations could be heard, the senior asked again:

"Did he write to her? Does he leave a will?"

"I don't think so."

An evil smile ruffled the big brother's fair moustache. Certainly he would not have been sorry to see his sister enriched by a wealthy marriage, from which the family might have received a few splashes. But he was conscious of so much contempt, so much rebellion in that little creature's mind. While his mother and younger brother respected the wishes of his father in indicating his older son as the heir of his authority, she alone of the family displayed a spirit of independence which great wealth would not have failed to increase and exasperate. And so Raymond's pride triumphed secretly under the disguise of vague, compassionate words.

"How dark it is here, children!" said Madame Eudeline, coming from the back shop. Antonin rose to turn on the electricity; it was true that night had fallen unnoticed by any of them. Immediately the front of the *Wonderful Lamp* cast its light to the opposite sidewalk, and within, emerging suddenly from the darkness, all those persons — albeit they loved one another dearly — had a sensation of surprise and embarrassment, as of a betrayal of their thoughts. Dazzled eyes avoided one another, with flutterings of the eyelid.

"What about Dina?" inquired Raymond, feigning an affectionate interest.

The mother, although somewhat tranquillized now that she knew her daughter's secret, felt called upon to reply in the same heartbroken tone:

"Poor Dina is completely shattered; she is going to bed and asks to be excused. I shall sit up with her, and Tonin, if he is not going away at once, will surely watch the shop until closing time. You will, won't you, my boy?"

Would he! Why most willingly, the excellent fellow! His baggage had been at the station since morning, and now he could not go away until — until — in short, they did him a real service by asking him to remain.

And hearing him express himself confusedly, with the joyous capering of a faithful dog, his poor red eyes going from one to another as if to rally all those contrary sentiments around the one duty of family harmony, Tantine of the motherly heart felt deeply touched.

Doubtless the elder Eudeline detected upon his friend's lovely pale face that smile of sympathy and admiration from which his jealousy had already suffered, for, grasping his brother by the shoulder and embracing him as if to crush him with his tall figure and his pretty face, he said:

"Kiss me, little one, and have a pleasant journey to-morrow. I must go home to work; I shall have to work double time now. Besides supporting the family, I have our sister's dowry to earn. Although I can't expect to make up the five or six thousand francs a year which she has just lost, I hope nevertheless to make her happy with a modest competence."

His voice shook, his extended arm offered itself as a pledge for the future.

"What do you think of that, eh? What do you

think of that?" exclaimed Madame Eudeline to the two others, shaking her old English curls.

Antonin ventured timidly to ask:

"How about me, brother? will you allow me to help you to provide a marriage portion for Dina?"

"If you wish," said the big brother, brushing with his lips the litt[illegible]d, as he stood beside him and appeal[illegible]nocently. "But how will you do it, [illegible]ith your term of service in the army [illegible]Where will you find a moment to thi[illegible]natter of the dowry? For my part, I [illegible]r being drafted every day of my life, [illegible]ask Marc Javel for an audience to spe[illegible] your matter."

"Really! Y[illegible]inking of that? Oh! how good you a[illegible]

And while Antonin almost wept as he thanked his brother, Madame Eudeline said under her breath to Geneviève:

"If my poor man sees us from where he is, how happy he must be! He has given us a real head of the family."

IX.

THE RÉGIME.

AT sight of Père Izoard, the chief stenographer, accompanied by Raymond Eudeline, parading through the halls of the Palais-Bourbon his long allegorical beard, his bare head, smooth and silky as the coat of a white mouse, his floating alpaca and the embroidered slippers of a restaurant keeper on the Canebière, all those who met him, deputies, auditors, attendants, ushers of the Chamber, and of whom, as he passed, he inquired in his deepest Southern accents the whereabouts of Citizen Marc Javel, — one and all, even though they had no information to give him, had an instinctive impulse of cheerfulness and good humor. Even the majestic former abiding-place of the Five Hundred, even the marble and bronze statues that embellished its courtyards and its porches, seemed to unbend, to relax their stiffness before the attractive honest face of the Marseillais, doing the honors of the Chamber to his young friend.

As they passed through the salon Delacroix, an attendant, with gilt buttons and red trimmings, called to him from a distance:

"I understand that you are looking for the Minister of the Marine, my dear Monsieur Izoard?"

"True, he is a minister," said the old stenographer, thinking aloud.

The clerk continued, reading the order of the day from the *Officiel*:

"Rooms 6 and 7. Committee on Postal Routes. Minister of the Marine and Colonies summoned to appear at half- ish information."

"He has h two whole days; his information m ."

And the k he Marseillais echoed against the re the hall, whereon are painted in m men with marvellous rivers of bear eemed to be modelled upon Père Izo

On that day tings from one o'clock until two in t ooms of the chamber. Around the main hall where the sessions are held, which was not to open until two o'clock, in the innumerable passages and vestibules with which its majestic silence is encompassed, there was the same buzzing and bustle which bees make around the hive before working hours. Busy footsteps rang upon the flagstones, belated deputies hastening to their committee rooms, clerks laden with documents, pens behind their ears, with the preoccupied, consequential air, the swelling of the veins in the forehead, which is a part of the properties of the Government offices, no less than the pounce box and the ink erasers. Here and there, in a corner of some hall or gallery, there were whispered colloquies between two heads very close together, or a furtive exchange of hand-clasps equivalent to a pledge, a signature at the foot of a contract. As they brushed against one of these con-

traband couples, the old stenographer whispered in Raymond's ear:

"Did n't you recognize the rascal whose bargaining we just disturbed? Look out of the corner of your eye, without turning. Love-locks and a Louis XIII beard — don't you remember? Siméon, the auditor's nephew, Geneviève's former suitor, who would not have my girl because of the ten thousand francs missing from her dowry?"

"To be sure, I remember."

Without noticing Raymond's embarrassment when Geneviève was mentioned, Pierre Izoard continued:

"Siméon is married now, and richly married; however, he keeps his position as clerk in the Chamber. Do you know why? Because in the cashier's office he is better placed than elsewhere to know who the needy deputies are, those who have claims upon their salary, and whose consciences hang only by a thread. He gets a high price for this information. Just by looking at them as we passed, I guessed what scheme they were concocting, he and Jacques Walter, that long death-like skeleton creature with the flower in his button-hole, hook-nosed, and painted lips and eyelids. This Walter is the agent, the man of straw of the new Trans-Oceanic Company, whose proposals are being scrutinized at this moment in Rooms 6 and 7, where we are going to wait for Marc Javel. There must be in that very numerous committee at least half-a-dozen poor devils of whom Siméon can say to Walter, with perfect confidence: 'Go to him, my little Jacques.' It may be that the member appointed to make the report is on the list of mendicants presented to the agent by the clerk, for

the two friends were radiant when we spied their infamous faces."

And as Raymond expressed his indignation that such an abominable traffic could be freely carried on in the very halls of the Corps Législatif, the old man continued:

"Ah! my p are many worse things done in these e are passing through; the dry rot o ping over us! In the five or six yea th of Gambetta, who, if he did not pre turned the screw on the traffickers, the *caught the disease* as we say among us. nest men are not lacking, but they l es. For my part, I cannot contain n find at the door of the committee roc nger like this Walter, I long to call the guard; but I know well enough that by talking all the time as I do, and rolling my eyes like a wild-cat, I bore everybody; and as I am well past my sixtieth year, they will surely take my head off one of these mornings!"

They entered a long gallery on the ground floor, lighted by narrow windows opening on a courtyard thickly planted with trees, that cast a greenish reflection. A long line of numbered doors, behind which was sheltered the mysterious labor of the committees, faced the melancholy courtyard and the benches for the attendants, the pigeon-holes in which the deputies placed their pamphlets and their satchels. When one of the doors opened, it invariably disclosed, around a large table covered with a green cloth, an armchair and other chairs, sleepy faces struggling against the digestion of breakfast, while a monotonous voice

with a nasal twang blended with the chirping of sparrows.

"Louis-le-Grand on the Thursdays when we were kept in," murmured Raymond Eudeline, whose memories of the *lycée* were still fresh. As they passed Committee Room Number 2, Committee on Divorce, a hideous dwarf came out, misshapen, thickset, with the hump and the sly features of Mister Punch, and a jaundiced, feverish complexion.

"How goes it, Monsieur Cadufe?" said old Pierre Izoard, stepping respectfully aside to allow him to pass. The dwarf sneered diabolically with his thick lips.

"How goes it, my dear Père Izoard? Why, with the supplementary law which I am about to make them swallow, within ten years the French marriage before Monsieur le Curé and Monsieur le Maire — *couic, couic!*"

He imitated the famous gesture of Mister Punch the murderer chopping wood, and disappeared around the corner of the gallery, humming a Provençal ballad with an obscene refrain.

"A fine fellow, this Cadufe, with his *couic couic!* How shall I manage if marriage is suppressed."

The man who spoke, Robert de Fabry, a dark, comely young fellow with tawny hair and beard, was a friend of Wilkie, his second in his recent duel, and the youngest deputy in the Chamber, whither he had been sent by the electors of Guadeloupe. — *Princeps Juventutis* — to him also the ex-professor applied that Virgilian appellation, being full of sympathy for the courage of the Creole and his fierce, exalted jacobinism, like that of all those who come from the

colonies. But this sympathy cost Père Izoard dear, for there did not exist, there had never been seen in the Palais-Bourbon so accomplished a gambler and *sponge* as this young Robert Macaire.

"Ah, my old master—"

He rushed at Pierre Izoard and tore him from the arms of Raym[illegible] pretended not to recognize, although [illegible] him twenty times with Wilkie.

"Ah! my o[illegible]ld hadji of '48, what a joy to see you [illegible] warmth at the heart you give me, in wh[illegible] beliefs are retempered and renewed!"

And, puttin[illegible] to the other's ear, he whispered:

"Do you ha[illegible]n louis to lend me?"

A very energetic *no* shook the little bald white head.

"Not for long, you know. Before the end of the session, the ten louis and their little sons will be punctually repaid to you."

To be farther away from Raymond and the attendants, he had led the stenographer to the recess of an open window, and explained to him that he had just read his report to the committee with tremendous success.

"What committee?"

With the monocle dangling from the ends of his fingers, the Creole pointed to the end of the corridor:

"Rooms 6 and 7. New steamship company to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. A magnificent affair, to which the Minister of the Marine is at this moment putting the finishing touch for us."

Pierre Izoard contracted his heavy eyebrows:

"What! is he going into Jacques Walter's pay too?"

"Why not?" said the Creole, disclosing his white teeth, set too far apart; "it is money that he will not have stolen. If I have fifty thousand francs for making the report, a hundred thousand will be none too much for the Minister."

There was a silence broken only by the twittering of innumerable sparrows. The old man turned roughly away from the window.

"Monsieur de Fabry, you are a cynic; you have slandered a man whom I persist in looking upon as thoroughly honest, a republican of the good old time, incapable of any sort of villainy. Here are your ten louis, young man, and let me never see you again."

With flushed face, his eyes starting from his head, he pulled from the pocket of his trousers *à la hussarde* — they, too, were of the good old time — a handful of gold, which jingled with his keys, his watch, his knife and his knick-knacks, and with a gesture of disgust tossed them into the mendicant's neatly gloved hand, which was held out toward him. Then, taking Raymond's arm:

"Come, my boy, the Minister is engaged for some time yet; let us go and wait for him in the Salle des Pas Perdus."

And he dragged him away in the excitement of his wrath.

"What the deuce is the matter with old Izoard? He is getting cracked; he must look out for himself."

Having uttered these words aloud for the benefit of the ushers who had witnessed the scene, the young deputy slipped the pieces of gold one by one into his waistcoat pocket, and, his cash-box filled, turned on his heel and lighted one of the exquisite Russian cigarettes which his friend the Princess Nadaloff had sent to him at the restaurant, with a box of caviare.

There was much smoking at the Chamber that session. They smoked in the corridors, in the committee rooms; especially the deputies of the generation of Gambetta, the men between thirty-five and fifty, rather than the very old or the very young. Robert de Fabry was an exception in the latter class because of his colonial origin. Another detail which impressed young Eudeline, who had never inspected the Palais Bourbon so minutely as on this day, excepting at a time before his eyes were open — in their colloquies in the corridors and vestibules, the deputies all had the same way of throwing an arm over the shoulder of their interlocutor as they walked, with the head bent forward and a patronizing, superior manner. This familiarity was not displeasing from one in a high position, from a leader of the Chamber, one of the four or five chiefs of claques who manage the whole parliamentary comedy. And Raymond suddenly remembered that at the Association of Students, in the committee of thirty-three, they had the same way of taking one another by the shoulder when they had a confidential communication to make.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the old man.

Being informed, he soliloquized, running his hands through his long white beard:

"Yes, a deputy! The marshal's bâton of the young bourgeoisie. The power of which all the young lawyers dream in these days. In truth, I am angry with myself for having been so brutal to that little de Fabry, an urchin who never came to Paris before his election, and was helpless against the temptations of Paris. His electors seem to me much more guilty than he. Idiots who intrust the management of a great country, its law-making, to a young man of twenty-five, whose life is a blank white page, upon whom experience has not set its marks, visible at the corner of the eyes, at the parting of the lips, and a hundred times more significant than the seal of a faculty at the foot of a diploma. Yes, I was certainly wrong; it was not upon Fabry that I should have vented my wrath. There is the gang of Cadufe and Barnès and Valfon, that pack of traffickers and rakes who are in the Corps Législatif simply to promote schemes, who traffic with their votes, and whose greatest crime is that they lower the level of consciences a little more each day, that they corrupt the air about them; yes, one might well exercise one's muscles on them, and tan their hide up and across. Ah! the villains, when I think of what they are in a fair way to do with that Chamber, and what that Chamber will do with our country!"

He became excited as he talked, his clarion-like Southern voice rang through the high vestibules, despite sundry little warnings from Raymond, who pressed his arm and lowered his own voice, to recall him to the proper pitch of a conversation between two.

"Between ourselves, Monsieur Izoard, entirely be-

tween ourselves, is it true that there are police spies in the Corps Législatif?"

"What 's that, police spies? Do you mean deputies in the pay of the Prefect of Police, or the head of the Secret Service? *Sarnipabiouné!* We lack nothing but that infamy!"

The Marseillais stood as if rooted to the spot with stupor and indignation. But in a moment, with the mobility, the susceptibility of his race, he shook off the painful impression.

"After all, the police are thin enough to slip into almost any place. Did I ever tell you of my experience at the Barbès Club in '48?"

He asked the question with the timid, anxious tone of a poor old man asking pardon for his doting; and Raymond resigned himself to listen once more, after so many other times, to the story of the Barbès Club. But they arrived in the Salle des Pas Perdus, where a number of young men, busily writing at a table near the door, saluted the old stenographer as he passed with an affectionate outcry which cut his story short.

"Ah! here is the old vituperator!"

"Long live the social democracy, Citizen Izoard!"

"*Faï tira, Marius!* If Paris only had a Canebière!"

The Marseillais, distributing sharp retorts and warm handshakes, passed on without stopping.

"They are newspaper men," he said to young Eudeline as he led him rapidly along; "good fellows, although a little weak in heart and mind. You find some of them who are honest; but in general the air of the corridors is baneful to them as to everybody else."

Raymond was amazed to find his old friend with his bristles so constantly erect.

"But, Monsieur Izoard, you are a republican surely?"

"A republican of the good stock, a republican of '48, like your father."

"And are you not satisfied? Why?"

"Because the French don't know how to use anything, because they break everything. Doubtless the machinery of the Republic was excellent, it had been used so little! But we got it out of order at once."

All around them, in the vast gallery with its marble floor and walls, could be heard a vague rustling as of a multitude in a church or museum, a going and coming of honorable members who paced back and forth, holding each other in canonical fashion by the shoulder, or, on a bench, a confidential interview between a deputy and some elector of great consequence whom he had not chosen to receive in the adjoining room, to which the unimportant constituents, the small fry, were admitted.

"Come this way, boy," said the old man, entering this second room. "I told you just now that the republicans in France did not know how to use their tools. Now you shall see the horrible wound which this country is in process of inflicting upon itself with universal suffrage; all the blood is escaping from its veins through this opening; look!"

He pointed to a wooden barrier, such as we see at the wickets of theatres, separating the gallery in which they stood from a large noisy glass-roofed hall, crowded by the public. At every moment, an

usher of the Chamber, standing in front of the gate, passed to another who sat at a small table near the gate the card of an elector with the name of the deputy whom he wished to see. An attendant went in search of that deputy, calling his name from room to room.

Pierre Izoa[illegible]n to all the staff, had but to make [illegible]et the usher, an old man with cu[illegible] obtain seats at his table.

"You gent[illegible] the front row to see the comedy," [illegible]t, wiping the perspiration from his [illegible]ks, which were as red as the bands [illegible]

The first to[illegible]ed, were people from his neighborh[illegible] [illegible]bles from Régallon (Var). The elder Restouble, proprietor of the *Café des Blancs* and contractor for lodgings for the gendarmerie, had been dead more than a year; and since his death the proprietor of the *Café des Rouges* had procured the contract for lodging the gendarmes; a change which meant ruin for poor Madame Restouble; for the *Blancs* had not half the custom of the *Rouges*, and her café brought in almost nothing. In view of this state of affairs, her husband's two brothers, one the Curé of Régallon, the other Secretary of the Commune, had taken the train with the good lady and her little one, fully determined not to return to the provinces until Monsieur Trescol, the Conservative Deputy, should have recovered for the poor woman the contract which would enable her to live, or some compensation therefor.

With what emotion therefore did they await the

coming of the Honorable Monsieur Trescol, and what a sensation there was when the tall heron-like figure of the ex-attorney of the republic at Draguignan appeared behind the opening, turning up a long, disdainful nose under his smoked-glass spectacles, and looking alternately, with the same horrified expression, at the card on which the name of Restouble shone resplendent, and at the little one dressed in green and yellow, whom a lady with a horse's face presented to him with a neigh.

"What do these people want of me? I have not the slightest knowledge of them," Monsieur Trescol's expression and gesture said with energy. At that moment the Curé of Régallon approached the barrier, supported by his brother, the Secretary of the Commune. These two gentlemen each took one of the child's hands, and I promise you that the Honorable Trescol very soon recognized the little Restouble, when presented by electors of such *eïmporteïnce.* What an entertaining change of manner! Now he smiled, bent his long figure, patted the child's cheek and dimpled chin, and affected an infantile laughter which did not go well with his black glasses and the closely cropped whiskers of an old lawyer. Finally he led them all into the adjoining gallery, where they could talk much more comfortably, and while they passed through the gate in single file, with heads erect, the ever-growing crowd of electors gazed at them enviously, passing new names to the usher and sending for other deputies and others without end.

"What do you say to this blood-suckers' business?" the old man asked Raymond as they re-

turned to the Salle des Pas Perdus. "You can imagine that they will not restore the gendarme contract to the *Café des Blancs*, since it went to the *Café des Rouges* months ago. So they will have to find a post-office or a tobacco agency for Madame Restouble, and in addition the brothers will not have taken the journey for nothing. The secretary, who is on the point of retiring, will demand a place as tax-collector; the priest will cost still more, for he is the chief trainer of the Trescol stables. And this pillaging, this hue and cry which we have been watching for five minutes, will last until evening, and will begin again to-morrow and every day until the session ends, until another opens after this one, and until exhausted France no longer has a drop of blood in her veins."

They took a few steps in silence in the vast gallery, where the deputies appeared in greater numbers as the hour for the sitting approached. The new Minister of the Marine had evidently remained in the committee room, for no one had yet seen him. As he looked about, Raymond Eudeline propounded this question to his old friend: What it was necessary to do, in his opinion, to improve the régime, to make things better?

"Oh! many things, my boy; but, first of all, close the Chamber for two or three years. During that time, the French would learn to seek their living elsewhere than in the pantry of the State. I would close the doors of the Chamber; but understand, I would keep the windows open to admit the fresh air, to purify everything; for there is a sort of pest in this Palais-Bourbon. The stones are infected

with it as much as the men, and that is why disease is propagated so fast. Ah! now you see him, our new Minister of the Marine and Colonies. Just tell me if he is not in a fair way to catch some vile contagion at this moment?"

Leaning against the pedestal of the Laocöon, whose greenish bronze figures writhed painfully at one of the extremities of the Salle des Pas Perdus, Marc Javel, portly and substantial, in black frock-coat and gray trousers, with his air of well-being and the ready gestures of a sportsman, stood in the centre of a group of courtiers, relishing to the full the pleasure of his first portfolio, for he had hitherto been nothing more than Under-Secretary of State. Robert de Fabry and Jacques Walter, who were talking earnestly with him, discreetly moved away when they saw "*Père Razor*," as the young Deputy from Guadeloupe called him.

"I rid you of two sharpers, Monsieur le Ministre. Thank me," sneered the dean of the stenographic service.

"Come, come, be a little indulgent to youth, Monsieur Izoard."

It was only a shade; but one could feel that Marc Javel's tone and manner were rising to the level of his grandeur. An inch or two of pedestal had slipped beneath the statesman's feet. It was especially visible in the solemn greeting accorded to Raymond, whom the Marseillais presented as the "son of their comrade Eudeline, a Republican such as we don't see nowadays."

"I did meet monsieur your father occasionally," said the Minister, emphasizing the *monsieur*, and

tossing to the young man, as to an inferior and a stranger, the flippant nod with the top of the head which forbids all reply. "I remember him as a faithful soldier of the Republic."

The old man, whose beard was beginning to bristle at this high and mighty reception, interrupted him nervously:

"You and Victor Eudeline, Monsieur le Ministre, if I remember right, belonged to the same lodge, and at our famous dinners on Good Friday, when you did not occupy the president's chair, Eudeline always took your place. I ought to say that in those days we rarely missed those festivals, intended as a protest in the name of free thought, whereas to-day—"

The Minister smiled and twirled his moustache. You see there was no secrecy about his actions. This Good Friday protest seemed to him now a childish affair, especially offensive to the new generation who did not think like their elders.

"Why, my dear master, in this very spot a moment ago I was talking with one of our youngest deputies—"

"Let us add one of the most honest," muttered the old man in his long beard.

Marc Javel continued, without seeming to hear:

"Well! Monsieur de Fabry, a friend of Wilkie Marquès and his second in that unfortunate Jacquand affair, informed me that, in view of the gravity of the wound, the seconds, who were almost all young men, by common consent installed a priest and a Sister of Saint Vincent de Paul at the bedside of the wounded man, whose religious beliefs they were glad to respect. That is a very significant fact."

"It is true that in my time"—the old man's eyes gleamed—"when we had an affair of that sort, the priest's cap did not appear on the ground. In any event, believe me, Monsieur le Ministre, this parliament may hatch new and youthful forces, but if the coming generation is religiously inclined, the country will gain nothing by its accession to power. We have had knaves; we shall have hypocrites."

He became excited and talked very loud. The deputies who were hovering about the Minister drew near with hesitating smiles, in anticipation of sport. Marc Javel glanced about with an indulgent yet severe expression.

"You are always talking about knaves, Monsieur Izoard, but where do you see so many of them?"

"One would have to tear his eyes out in order not to see them, Monsieur le Ministre."

And the Marseillais declaimed with an emphatic gesture, and with the lyric intonation of Frédérick Lemaître, one of the glories of his time:

"They did not all die, but all were stricken down."

Then, pointing to a stout personage, with a sallow clean-shaven face, who came forward with his head thrown back and his frock-coat open and flapping, between two rows of fluttering salutations, he continued in his natural voice:

"There is your colleague Vourey, beside whom you sat this morning in the Council of Ministers,—shall we say that he is an honest man? When that ex-schoolmaster took the department of Mails and Telegraphs, he was as poor and thin as a nail. Now just look at the fat hog—and he is rich in propor-

tion. He will become richer, if the Chamber adopts his proposed law for the substitution of aluminum for all the old kinds of telegraph wires. Jacques Walter makes no secret of the fact that he has millions in reserve for the perquisites of the committee."

There was a murmur of disapproval among the groups, which [illegible] Minister to lash his adversary with

"You go too [illegible]

"Too far! [illegible] deline here, whose sister is emplo[illegible] and Telegraphs to tell you how V[illegible] to make the state pay the rent [illegible] tty dancer at the Folies-Bergères [illegible] office on Rue de Grenelle, every [illegible] he bargain concerning the rent, t[illegible] ment leased at an absurd price, provided that the Minister agrees to hire for the Government—"

Marc Javel shrugged his shoulders.

"What a child this Izoard is! He has remained a mere child! And so near the time of his retirement, too!"

Without observing the pallor which suddenly dispelled the energy of the Marseillais at that word *retirement*, he turned to Raymond:

"Come, young man, time presses, the session is about to begin; what have you to ask of me?"

Was it the majesty of the place, that Palace of the Parliament, with its great arches bathed in light, the paintings on the ceiling, the ice-cold marble walls, or was it Marc Javel's new title and the arrogance of his greeting, the pedestal in short, the growth of the pedestal? Whatever it may have been, Raymond

had never felt such emotion, such awe before his patron. He tried to speak of Antonin, of the approaching conscription, when the poor boy would have to take his chances, of the cruel responsibilities which the father had bequeathed to the older son; but none of his thoughts found becoming expression, and words failed him, he stammered like his brother. At last, Pierre Izoard, recovering from his own confusion, took pity on the poor fellow.

"Let me speak, my boy; otherwise you will never say what you want to. In the first place, there are some things in your father's life which you do not know about, which he confided to us when he died, and which only your mother, Monsieur Marc Javel, and myself know."

The Minister distorted his features in a sigh of condolence.

"Indeed, I do remember the melancholy episode to which you allude. Poor Victor Eudeline! there was a man who was not cut out for business!"

"Still, he knew how to die to save his children from misery and dishonor; that comes pretty near being cut out for business!"

No sooner had he uttered this retort than Pierre Izoard regretted it, and, assuming a very humble air, asked the Minister if he could not procure for the younger Eudeline some of the favors which the elder had obtained so easily, that is to say, one year of service instead of five, and all the facilities for continuing to supply the family with bread. For it must be agreed that, with an equal supply of energy and earnest desire, as between Raymond, the former winner of the prize for philosophy in the general

competition, doctor in law and licentiate in letters, and Tonin, his younger brother, a poor electrical mechanic, the mechanic alone had kept all his family alive up to the present time, and performed the duties of the real support of the family. He should enjoy the privileges of the part, having borne all its burdens.

Ah! the visionary old dotard, how could he be made to hold his peace? Every word he spoke was a blow at the pride of the older brother, furious now at having tried this expedient, and much more so when the Minister had said his last word, cunningly devised for the benefit of the deputies who stood about.

"For an hour past, my dear master"—Marc Javel drew himself up, self-satisfied and pompous, his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat—"for an hour past you have been walking this young man through the corridors of the Chamber, to convince him that they are crowded with knaves. Very good! For my part I propose that he shall carry away from here the conviction and proof that they who make the laws know how to respect them and to demand that they be respected by others. As the older son of a widow and the support of a family, Raymond Eudeline had privileges and prerogatives to which his brother can lay no claim. Therefore expect nothing from me, not the shadow of a favor or a recommendation. It would be an injustice of which I feel that I am absolutely incapable. And now, messieurs, I see that Monsieur le Président is coming; permit me to go and pay my respects to him before he takes his seat."

He dismissed them hastily, with the end of his fingers, and followed the crowd which surged toward the end of the corridor, where military orders rang out with the rhythmical crash of the butts of muskets on the flagstones.

"Now it is all over; I know this Marc Javel," said Pierre Izoard taking the arm of the stupefied Raymond. "I understand why he joined the Valfon Ministry; he is as rascally as the rest. But he has a flexibility which they lack and a self-assurance which will carry him farther than any of them. As for relying upon him henceforth, your mother must give it up."

The two friends, mingling with the deputies and reporters, had drawn near the main hall, which had been thrown open a moment before. Two lines of bayonets and red trousers extended from the door of that hall to the gallery leading to the private rooms of the President of the Chamber. It was by that gallery that he arrived, accompanied by two soldiers marching at his sides with drawn swords. A typical president of the Assembly, he had the solemn gait, the body longer than the legs, and curly grizzled hair surmounted by the broad flat rim of a silk hat. When he appeared, all heads were uncovered. A voice shouted, "Carry arms!" and under the echoing arches, the drums beat loudly.

X.

BETW[illegible]ND LONDON.

To Antonin Eud[illegible]

By the letter[illegible]eceive from your relatives, my dear[illegible] the newspapers which come to you fi[illegible]u have learned ere this why your frien[illegible]llowed months to pass without replyin[illegible] for my adventure, here it is, in as few [illegible]ble, so that it may not bore you.

When you le[illegible], I established myself on the left bank, opposite Bercy, in what was left of an old Louis XV mansion, with a carved pediment, lost in the midst of smoke-begrimed factories and shabby workmen's houses skirting an immense quay all black with heaps of old iron and coal. I expected to remain there until the affair of Boulevard Beaumarchais should be forgotten and filed away, and my great savage of a Lupniak could safely leave Paris. For the moment it was necessary for the poor boy to keep quiet. On the day after his exploit he had buried himself in a garret on Rue Pascal, near the Observatory, in the midst of Little Russia. I did not consider that he was safe there, feeling sure that the police would begin their investigations in that neighborhood. Luckily, on the quay where I boarded, within a few steps of my ancient and seigniorial little mansion, there was a wood-yard belonging to an old

Auvergnate with the manners of a great lady, whose granddaughter, afflicted with an almost incurable case of *amaurosis*, I was attending; for I must tell you, my friend, that, pending my departure for Calcutta, I had opened in my rooms a dispensary where the most varied assortment of children's diseases passed through my hands every day. Without telling my neighbor who Lupniak was, I persuaded her to hire him as night watchman in her wood-yard, his principal duty being to prevent cinders and sparks from the engines setting fire to the piles of wood, when trains passed over the bridge of the Circuit Railway.

You cannot imagine an existence more absolutely happy than that led by that fanatic, at once a dreamer and a man of action, wandering about at night through that vast wood-yard with its avenues of timber arranged as symmetrically as a French garden, with thickets and open spaces, and with great patches of sky studded with stars appearing beyond the dark rigid corners of the piles. In the day-time he did not leave his movable cabin, a sort of dog-kennel or shepherd's hut, lighted by two port-holes, and furnished with a rack for his clothes, a shelf for his books — astronomy and metaphysics — and a narrow cot-bed upon which he read and mused much more than he slept. I went often to see him, and we passed many hours sitting on the edge of his cot, talking and arguing about this right of murder, this right of executing the law, which the revolutionists arrogate to themselves, and which seems to me monstrous beyond words. He would not tolerate objections. With features swollen with anger, he would shout at me, protruding his scrofulous lips:

"Dejarine was a villain, a brute! I killed him but once. He had snatched life from more than a hundred human beings." And if I ventured to argue, he would tear about in a way to overturn the cabin.

The unfortunate part of it was that he was not satisfied with my visits, but insisted on coming to my rooms, and wa[illegible]ession, before my consulting chair, c[illegible]ses of Paris, who have such a vivid an[illegible]ay of expressing their misery. Disgu[illegible]d a pair of spectacles, which gave hi[illegible]ce of one of the profession, he wo[illegible]ner of my office, most frequently on [illegible] Monsieur Alcide, your delightful Com[illegible]t his little boy to me. By the way, do [illegible] I am going to put that poor little fello[illegible]ain; his disease is no longer mysterious to me. He is the child of a broken spirit, born of that moral anæmia, of that nervous fear brought back by the father from his ten years of New Caledonia, which makes him turn pale before the helmet of a policeman. The little one had something like the same fear, the same shame of existence. But he will live; I have put steel and fire into that unfortunate, deformed little body. I have given him some of my blood and my strength. — "You shall walk, you little rascal, or you shall tell me why." — Meanwhile, Lupniak would ask Père Alcide to tell him about his hunting the Canaques in the jungle, with Commandant Rivière, and about the no less savage hunt of those villainous soldiers after him and several others, among the tombs in Père-Lachaise, lighted by lanterns here and there, on that May night, the last of the Commune, when the trills of the

nightingale in the cypresses of the cemetery alternated with the volleys of musketry and the crackling of the machine-guns. The little cripple also adored these heroic adventures, to which his father, an amusing and excellent actor, gave extraordinary vividness by imitating the whistling of the bullets with his lips, the fire of the platoons by snapping his fingers, and the fluttering of the wings of the shell when it drops, like a wounded bird, short of breath. Sometimes the story was not finished in the office; they would go out together to the bank of the river, the little one in his carriage, with gleaming eyes, and his head resting on his elbow, and finish it there. It was in that way that my poor Lupniak fell into the hands of the police one evening; and I knew nothing of it until two days later, when the dealer in wood came to me in great distress to find out about her night watchman, who no longer came to the yard. I was about to set out in search of him, when suddenly there came, in the guise of a harmless circular, a summons to appear that very day at the Palais de Justice, in the office of the examining magistrate. I found there a man, still young, although he tried to make himself appear old with an old-fashioned velvet cap and a cunning leer which distorted and wrinkled the most insipid and expressionless face you can imagine. As I refused to admit my complicity with Lupniak, or that he had ever spoken to me of his projects of revenge and murder, the magistrate tried to make me say and sign abominable things about that man, of whom I am fond, whom I know to be brave-hearted and kind, having never in his life fired upon any but wild beasts, or destroyed any but noxious creatures. You can

judge with what an outburst of disgust I received the suggestions, and whether I was at all backward in asserting what a savage executioner, unworthy of pity, that man Dejarine, the Russian Minister of Police, really was. The magistrate pursed up his lips in face of my [illegible] e made a sign to his clerk, and said [illegible] to the gigantic police officer who had e[illegible] m: "I am very sorry, Mademoiselle, but [illegible] d to detain you at the disposition of the law [illegible] ained several weeks in absolutely secret [illegible] in a cell at the Conciergerie, where n[illegible] to see me, and where my meals were [illegible] hrough a wicket, as in a leper's hosp[illegible] anxiety during those long days was [illegible] ents, whose sorrowful faces and feeble gestures haunted me and crowded about my bed as soon as the curfew rang.

You see, my little Tonin, you cannot imagine what these children are in my life. I was born to be a mamma, a Mère Gigogne. Why, in order to have children, I would have stolen them. You will tell me that it would have been a simpler way to marry; but I am so ugly — who would have married me? This has been the disappointment of my life; not a woman's disappointment, mere wounded vanity, but simply this thought: I shall never have children! And so, unable to be a mother like other women, I said to myself that I would be more of a mother than all women, that I would have hundreds of little ones whom I would nurse and pet and rock in my arms for hours at a time, with their little toothless mouths like cupping-glasses against my cheeks, poor suffering little creatures whom I would love passionately; for

there is nothing so touching, so appealing as a tiny mortal who suffers and cannot tell what the matter is. I had just finished my course in medicine. As I had become reconciled with my father, I had money, enough money to found my hospital for sick children; and after that my sorrows and anxieties were at an end. I have not felt unhappy since, except at the Conciergerie, deprived of my whole little family of patients. How many times at night have I fancied that I heard that little imploring voice: "Say, Papa Alcide, tell me about the battle of Père-Lachaise." And the old Communard imitating the volleys of the musketry by slapping the palm of his hand on his curly head! At last the door of my cell was opened one afternoon; some one said "Come," and led me through interminable passages and stairways to the office where I had been questioned. The man in the velvet cap asked me, but this time neither sternly nor arrogantly, if solitude had not refreshed my memory. I made an evasive gesture. The judge did not insist, but simply said to me: "The examining magistrate is powerless with you, mademoiselle; you have too powerful acquaintances." He looked at me with a languishing air, with such eyes as poor ugly creatures like myself do not often meet. I thought that the ambitious fellow was about to ask my hand because of my powerful acquaintances. But what was the source of this mysterious good fortune? I dared not ask any questions, and as in a dream I saw him sign the order for my release.

What joy to breathe the free air once more, and, having returned to my rooms, to resume my consultations with my whole little ambulatory hospital! My

[illegible] WILL [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

of the assistants I should be inclined to take, and on what terms. She inquired, she said, in behalf of a friend of hers, a victim of society, exhausted and shattered by dint of doing nothing, ashamed of the selfishness and barrenness of her existence — a dead woman who wished to live again. Was she really acting for that friend or for herself? One could feel in her words a disgust, a sort of nausea at the thought of all the pleasure, of all the worldly luxuries she had known, which gave me a strange idea of Parisian society and left me feeling very sad. As she withdrew she told me that her friend would come very soon to see me, and handed me her own card.

MADAME VALFON.

Wednesday. Quai d'Orsay.

Doubtless one of the powerful acquaintances whom my examining magistrate envied me. However, this gave me no information as to the fact I was most desirous to learn, the name of the Judas who had betrayed Lupniak. Monsieur Alcide, to whom I confided my suspicions, also undertook to investigate; but, more tragic and complicated than one of Gaboriau's novels, he rolled his eyes, talked in an undertone, took imprints of the marks of feet and hands on the ground and on stair-rails, made appointments with me at night under bridges, and never had anything to tell me. As for my friends in Little Russia, who were all agreed in accusing Mauglas, they declared that, having lost his place as the result of the

denunciation in the Chamber by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he had found but one way to recover the good graces of St. Petersburg, and that was to discover and cause the arrest of the general's murderer. — "Indeed," they said, "if we must do it to convince you, we will bring the traitor before you, trussed like a sausage, and compel him to confess in your presence." I insisted upon doubting in spite of everything, for I was so deeply impressed by that man's fine intellect that I could not believe him to be degraded and misguided to that point. Days and weeks passed, the session of the assize court arrived, and the Dejarine trial, when Lupniak, after he had denied everything at the preliminary examination, in order to give his accomplice time to get out of the way, tranquilly declared his guilt before the court, and his readiness to renew his hunt for beasts of prey if he ever escapes from his perpetual banishment.

A week or two after the trial I received an invitation from the *Society of the Bee*, 4 *Rue de Rivoli. Enter through the courtyard.* The name of this Parisian society was entirely unknown to me; but the name of Deamoff, written across the card, reminded me that our friends the Little Russians, in order to throw the police off the scent, hired from time to time, for a single evening, from the young clerks of the Phare de la Bastille and of the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville, the casemated basement of a brewery, where these young people practised playing on the bugle and firing at a target. So, on Saturday evening at the appointed hour, I entered the courtyard of Number 4, a spacious courtyard, with squares of glass lighted from below here

"There was a great commotion around the door . . . and Menes appeared."

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and there among the flagstones. Under the porch, lighted by a gas jet, there was a slab of black marble with the word *Bee* in gilt letters, and an arrow beneath pointing to the low door and the narrow winding stairway which led down into the basement. Along the stuccoed and arched walls of a long cavern, lighted here and there by gas jets, hung pistol targets, the rules of the society, powder horns and hunting horns; below were two rows of benches and a large company of men and women, whose feverish, intelligent faces were for the most part known to me and greeted me with winks and smiling nods. At the farther end, where the targets were set up, the hall was wider and more brilliantly lighted; and upon three chairs, separated from us by a long table laden with pistols and carbines, sat Deamoff and two other Little Russians, stern as judges, silent as executioners. I was hardly seated when there was a great commotion around the door — cries and a scuffle, and the whole assemblage on its feet — and Mauglas appeared, hatless, hair and linen in disorder, bound from head to foot, jostled and pushed and carried by three or four stout fellows, as active as young deer; and behind them a tall slender girl, with pale eyes and an evil smile, all in white like a bride. She was the bait; and when he was brought in, and realized that calls for help would be useless under those blind arches, as useless as any resistance in face of that multitude, the police spy's first words were addressed to the pretty creature who had lured him into the trap by her wiles. "So this is what a scribbler's vanity may bring him to,"

he said bowing; "two letters complimenting me on my last piece of music were enough to trap me. I confess, however, mademoiselle, that I was not wholly free from fear when I came to meet you, and as soon as the street door closed behind me and your long hand seized mine — But a Frenchman is a bit inclined to swagger, eh, my girl? You ought to know that, being a Pole, from that Poland which was once cut in three pieces, as we may be to-morrow." Then, turning abruptly toward the crowd, he said in a jesting tone: "What can I do to serve you, messieurs?"

Without replying, Deamoff and the other two, at the end of the room, gave their whole attention to a bundle of letters found upon the wretch, which they had laid out upon the table and were examining at leisure. That busy silence was awful. The man, standing in the middle of the room, strove to keep his head erect and to prevent his legs from trembling under the hatred of all those glances. For my part, my dear Antonin, I remembered the Tree of Liberty at Morangis, the arrival of the Parisians on Saturday evening, and the old Mauglas, the father and mother, coming out to meet their son, that excellent, brave boy who was their whole life. And it was that same boy who plied this ghastly trade, upon which he was living so comfortably even at that time, the same Mauglas who had betrayed our friend. Ah! when Deamoff rose to tell him of what he was accused, I closed my eyes, because I dreaded to see that melancholy face change under the agony, or utter some falsehood. But the courageous and sincere tone of his reply compelled me

to look at him. As he stood tranquilly, with his hands in the pockets of his everlasting velvet jacket, there was no trace of fear or rascality upon his flushed and agitated face, which the gas lighted up uncompromisingly.

"Why," said he, "should I take the trouble to deceive you? I am in your hands, I have no hope of getting out of them without something being broken; but that is no reason why I should falsely accuse myself. I had nothing to do with the arrest of Lupniak."

Deamoff: "Were you not in the employ of the Russian Police in Paris as an informer?"

Mauglas, with the utmost composure: "I was an informer, but I am no longer; Dejarine's death caused me to lose my place."

Deamoff: "You wrote and begged to be taken back; here are two replies from the Minister of Police at St. Petersburg."

Mauglas: "To be sure, it was a good place; I wanted to keep it."

As his cynical words caused a wrathful muttering about the room, he retorted with an indignant exclamation and gesture, and brandishing his stout wrists, bound together like dumb-bells:

"You amuse me, you people; as if life were easy, and there was no crowding and jostling at the wicket where bread is given out! Do I ask you how many mouths you have to feed, how many children, how many vices? Whether you love what is good, what costs money? I would like to tell you of my life, how I glided gradually into this slime, and how many people I have made happy with my infamy!

But you would think that I wished to appeal to your sympathy, and that is not my purpose."

He looked at us all in succession, as if he were counting us.

"What am I looking at? I am looking to see how many there are among you, men and women, who would like to get the place I have lost, who may even have applied for it already, for aught I know. Ah! that 's how it is."

He could not finish, for the whole assemblage rose with a roar, ready to rush upon him; but, why I know not, the idea came to my mind, as I looked at that double row of claws and fangs, that those who shouted and gnashed their teeth most fiercely were the ones who most envied him his employment as a spy.

"This much is sure," said one of the judges, addressing Mauglas, "that you did everything to retain your place as an informer. To prove it, here is this letter found upon you from a young man to whom you offer half your salary if he will go and spy in your stead, in the places where you know that you are known. The young man, being more honest than you, refuses; he lacks heart to go among these excellent people and betray their confidence. He could not do it."

From every corner of the hall came the demand:

"The name! The name!"

I knew that name; as soon as Mauglas arrived, it had instantly come into my mind; and as soon as the letter was opened, my heart felt, as it were, squeezed in a vice, and did not begin to beat again until that sentence of the judge's: "The young man refuses."—You understand, my dear Antonin, your brother refused, for it was Raymond's name

that was at the foot of that letter. I had guessed it, I can tell you now, as I confess my intense suffering. But why was I so certain that it was that name and not another? In the first place, because two or three times I had met Raymond walking with Mauglas, in close conversation. Then, too, I know him so well, that poor brother of yours, who has never changed since his childhood, feeble and vain, with no will and no energy. I have seen him jealous of you, in a rage because you earned the bread for the family, substituting your activity and your courage for his absurd right of seniority. And so, the last time I saw him on the arm of the scoundrel who had just been denounced in the Chamber, the most painful suppositions took possession of my mind. For, you see, the fellow is dangerous, and intelligent, and an excellent judge of men. Knowing the boy and his weakness, he was not likely to be content with this first refusal. If only, *mon Dieu!* — But we will talk of that some other day; let me finish my adventure with the spy. Mauglas's cynicism and insolence made me dread a tragic conclusion. He himself, when he was seized and bound anew, and stretched out on the table, after a long consultation between Deamoff and his assistants, had a moment of terror, and looking all about, asked, in a changed, dry voice: "You are not going to bleed me like a pig, I trust?" — No, they proposed simply to mark him, to make an enormous green *mouche* in the middle of his forehead, a *mouche*, to indicate his infamous trade,[1] to put people on their

[1] The common name for a police spy or informer is *mouchard*, derived by some authorities from *mouche* (fly), and by some from *Mouchy*, a famous police official.

guard wherever he should appear. I had not the courage to witness this torture; and while the poor wretch suffered and struggled under the red-hot iron, while the bugles were blown all around him, and pistols fired to drown his shrieks, I hurried away with my fingers in my ears.

I had promised you some news, my little Tonin, and I think I have given you some. What else can I tell you? That I met your little sister Dina returning from the Central Office, still with her satchel under her arm, and with her dainty, girlish grace. Dear little Cinderella, whose bright eyes and rose and lily coloring have not been dimmed by the sudden interruption of her fairy tale. She has not seen her Prince Charming again; as soon as he was able to be moved, he was taken to the Engadine by his father, who is almost as ill as he. No matter! Cinderella has faith, she believes in her medals. "It is rank idolatry," says Pierre Izoard, and I verily believe that at this moment a little of that same idolatry would not be useless to himself, poor man. It would assist him to bear the bitter sorrows which he feels to be impending. His place at the Palais-Bourbon is in danger; they find the old forty-eighter too embarrassing, he thinks aloud too forcibly. And however precious his little thebaid at Morangis, as he calls it, is to him, and although he is forever saying: "I am a recluse, a savage, I am sufficient unto myself, I need no one else," there is no man who likes so much to talk, to see people, to move about, as this old Marseillais who sighs for his Canebière. He would die of *ennui* in his thebaid, especially now that

his daughter has failed him; for, although he will not admit it, that is what darkens our old friend's humor and gives something harsh and feverish to his speech. His child is slipping from him; she no longer belongs to him, nor to her old friends. All the fine plans that we made together, our journey to India, a new hospital to be founded there, of which Geneviève was to have the management, all that has passed by. Her father attempted to propose marriage. In vain. You see, she considers herself married, poor girl; but the man whom she loves cannot marry her, and they are both reduced to a life of subterfuges and falsehoods, which will end, I am very much afraid, in some catastrophe. I imagine, my dear boy, that, living far from us all, you do not know a word of the romance to which I allude; but you know Monsieur Izoard as well as I do. If he should discover that every morning, after their breakfast at Morangis, Geneviève comes to Paris and does not return until breakfast time the next day, it would be terrible. I dare not think of it. And yet it seems to me, when I am with him, it seems to me from his flashing eyes, and the contraction of his eyebrows, that the old Marseillais suspects something. Geneviève ought to be warned, but I never see her. She avoids me; I never hear of her unless I look in at the *Wonderful Lamp* for a moment.

It was in that way that I learned from dear Mamma Eudeline, who still sits at her counter engrossed in the books of the old days, that Raymond had begun to write, and that he is earning now a great deal of money, so much that he provides for all the family expenses, without ever calling upon you for any-

thing. So far as closing the shop goes, to be sure, he has not been able to take your place; little Dina puts up the shutters every night and takes them down in the morning, which breaks her nails and causes kittenish outbreaks of temper.

I confess, my friend, that it seems extraordinary to me that Raymond, who is a novice in literature, should be able to earn so much money as that. I have known few men of letters in Russia, not a single one in France, but what I know of the profits of the profession hardly corresponds with Madame Eudeline's assurance. I believed that your mother was under a delusion. I made inquiries, which I was able to do easily, the Alcides being managers of the house where your brother lives. The woman especially, the manageress of the Opéra-Comique under the Commune, she who wore gloves with I don't know how many buttons more than the Empress, inspired me with perfect confidence. I learned from her that her tenant, although he did not live as high as many authors, kept quite an establishment, gave dinner-parties twice a week, invited friends for the evening, writers like himself, all very young but stiff and solemn. It seems, however, that they all have a prodigous amount of talent and learning, and that on the day when they come forth into the light, before the great public, no celebrity of the past will be able to compete with them. Meanwhile there was one whom Raymond, as he took him by the shoulders, called his "little Flaubert," another was his "little Renan." And these gentlemen all called him "dear master." But when speaking of him on the stairs, they more frequently called him "*Sym-*

bolard." Madame Eudeline did not know why; in her mind the word was written Saint-Bolard. Moreover, as the good woman sat up on reception evenings to put out the gas, she heard the guests, as they went away, abusing their host, his party, and his literature. Ah! the poor *symbolard!* Why, one of those little beggars, who still had his last mouthful between his teeth, actually said: "After all, these dinners cost a lot, and no one knows where the money comes from!" Madame Alcide was boiling over with indignation as she told me these things, and she hardly suspected that I too wondered where Raymond found so much money. The book he is writing, which lies scattered about his table from morning till night, has not appeared yet, and no one will advance anything upon a first book. He is not employed anywhere, he does not give lessons. What then? Doubtless you know what to think, my dear Antonin, and you will consider me very impertinent. Forgive me because of my friendship. Adventures like that of Mauglas are calculated to disturb one's mind.

One question more. Do you ever meet in London, as you used to do, any Russian refugees? What do they think of Lupniak's arrest? At a distance, one can judge better. Here I have nothing but suppositions. Nothing is more fatiguing.

Yours,

SOPHIA C.

TO SOPHIA CASTAGNOZOFF, PARIS.

Ah! Mademoiselle Sophia, what pain your letter has caused me, and pain of the sort that lasts, that dates a long way back; for you have long been un-

just to my brother, to the point of believing him dishonorable, to the point of supposing — So, you really were happy to learn that Raymond Eudeline, prize-winner in the General Competition, doctor of laws, licentiate in letters, that Raymond Eudeline, who could hav[illegible]nt of the A if he had chosen, rejecte[illegible] that villain Mauglas?

Why, I cried ou[illegible] at that passage in your letter; I wept with [illegible] shame over those lines which gave you [illegible], mademoiselle, you do not know my [illegible] ave never known him. If I should tell [illegible] acrifices which he has made for us and [illegible] witnessed, sacrifices of love and perso[illegible] ou would consider him a hero. But [illegible] s, and people as kind and as intelligent as you, as Pierre Izoard, have dared to reproach him for having remained for years unequal to his task, incapable of earning bread for the family. Whose fault is it if Latin, Greek and philosophy, the only instruments that were placed in his hands, were of no use in performing tasks that would be speedily productive? How could he become a lawyer, a professor, a doctor, a Deputy, when time presses and he must live and support a whole family? Luckily, it happened that he had literary gifts, had them from his youth; remember his prize for a French dissertation at the General Competition! It is because of this that one of the first publishers of Paris, simply on being shown the scheme of a novel, of a very profound social study, has made Raymond advances of sufficient amount to enable him to take my place with mamma. If any one asks you again where the money comes from, that is what

you can answer, my dear Sophia. But in a short time, the book will have appeared, the publisher will be repaid, and in face of the tremendous success which seems almost certain, no further slanders will be possible.

As for the reproach of selfishness, of indifference, which you bring against my brother, his contempt of women, of his country and of all social duties, such reproaches should be directed not so much to him as to men of his age and profession. I know them by experience, as my brother took me two or three times to a café on Boulevard Saint-Michel, where certain young writers, friends of his, who are called *Les Voraces*, regularly assemble. It was the Lyonnais Claudius Jacquand, our little Dina's Claudius, who christened them thus, by the name that the rich silk merchants of Place des Terraux formerly gave to the silk-weavers of that awe-inspiring suburb of the Croix-Rousse, of which they watched from below with terror the rocky slopes, all alive with the rattling of the shuttles and the whirring of the looms. "Look out! if *Les Voraces* come down!" And really, after an hour passed among Raymond's friends, hearing them tear their literary seniors to pieces, with that envious hatred, that frenzy to massacre, to annihilate by all possible means the men and works which block their road, I understand that name *Voraces*. It was enough to make one sick to hear all the idiotic and cruel things which were said there, on the pretext that those young men had a different conception of life. A famous conception it is!

"My father, the counsellor, that delicious old villain," whispered a daintily dressed and perfumed

young fellow at the table next to mine. Another, who sat opposite him, with the long congested face of a man who has been hanged, and protruding, watery eyes, made this remark in confidence to a few friends: "I have just discovered that my mother was my tutor's mistress for a long while. I am going to put it in my [illegible] I expect it will make a great hit." A[illegible] authors, perched on a couch close to [illegible]ones of declaring that in the next wa[illegible]row their muskets into the ditches, a[illegible] not even the summary judgment of [illegible] should force them to march. Ther[illegible]any need of the country taking up arn[illegible]fence. And the thing that made me [illegible]lignant was that those gentlemen cla[illegible]nented by an exaggerated longing for action, and claimed to speak in the name of the French youth, which was a horrible lie; for the French youth does not consist of a few hundred petty scribblers drunk with ink and with vanity, but of all the rest! Ah! how many things I would have said to those young *Voraces*, if I were not the poor feeble stutterer whom you know. But my brother that evening took it upon himself to make them understand, and in forcible terms, the things that trembled on my lips; and you would have realized, if you had heard him, how superior he is to his environment.

At these literary meetings on Boulevard Saint-Michel, there was one constantly recurring remark which Raymond's friends repeated on every occasion, apropos of every subject, of a detail of costume or of morals, or of some custom of our nation: "That is

very French! How French that is!" This was accompanied by shrugs of the shoulders and pitying smiles. At a distance, and especially from this corner of England where I have been living several months, this fashion of despising one's country, of placing it below every other, in order to give oneself an air of superiority, seems to me childish and absurd. Here, when they say of a thing that it is very English, they mean that it has reached the highest point of perfection. Their most trivial customs, their most trivial glories, are venerable and sacred to them; and as one of their poets has said, every great man who falls upon Anglo-Saxon soil is sure to rise again almost immediately in bronze or in marble. Think of Westminster! What an absurd thing our Panthéon is, where we succeed with difficulty in packing away two or three celebrities who are speedily forgotten, compared to that vast cathedral in which the most illustrious artists of old England are buried with their Kings and Queens! Yes, the English most certainly are superior to us, but especially in this respect for themselves and for their nation; *blague* is a word that they do not know.

My dear Sophia, I must leave you, for I am wanted at the factory. I beg you, think no more evil of Raymond, and never let the name of Mauglas come into your mind in connection with him. Why, if you knew! since your last letter I feel as though you had driven a thousand sharp pins into my head, which wound me as soon as I think of the senior.

ANTONIN E.

"Do you know him?" The woman's smile asked.

Tonin nodded "yes," with his honest face surrounded by its scraggly moustache and hair, and approached the group in the midst of which the famous man was talking in a voice like a seal's, dull and slow, brandishing a book with uncut leaves which he had just taken up from the counter. Despite the rain blowing in gusts against the glass roof of the great hall, and the baggage trucks rolling and rattling over the asphalt, not a word of this monologue was lost on Antonin.

"Still another," said Herscher, "a new book, a new author. However, it is very simple, for everybody in France writes nowadays; everybody is author of a play or a book. But no one reads any more. We old fellows, we read, trying to catch a glimpse of our youth at the ends of chapters, or in the turning of a phrase. The young open only their own books and coddle themselves by quoting from them, like hypnotized, ecstatic Buddhas. But these young men are good fellows, I must say that. They have just founded a review, the *Vorace*, the first number of which inquiries very seriously whether all the stakes in Turkey and Asia are occupied, and if there is not one empty, upon which I can be impaled."

Amid the loud, self-satisfied laugh which accompanied the jocose sally of the *Vorace*, a shrill, hesitating voice asked:

"But after all, there are some among these young men who are neither fools nor knaves; there are even some who have talent, are there not?"

"Talent, monsieur?" said Herscher, turning to the

little soft hat and the artisan's costume of his interlocutor, with the deference of the well-known man who belongs to the public; "why, they all have talent. Take this book which I hold in my hand, which I have not even opened; I am sure that it is running over with talent, that it sweats genius; but who will find it out, since no one will take the trouble to read it?"

Antonin's voice protested indignantly. But why should people not choose to read this new author? — "For, after all, people do read in France — the — the — you know — Monsieur Herscher's books are sold by the hundred thousand."

The illustrious novelist replied, laughing in his stiff, grizzly beard:

"My books are sold, it is true, to the amount of more than one hundred thousand copies; but compared with the success that certain books have in England, that number is a mere bagatelle. What do you say to a country where there are three hundred and fifty thousand readers? Yes, monsieur, three hundred, four hundred thousand people who read novels and who do not write them!"

The shrill signal for the train to start shook the glass roof; the doors of the carriages slammed. The porters shouted: "Passengers for Paris." Antonin, before leaving the book-stall, glanced mechanically at the book which Herscher as he went away had hurriedly tossed upon the pile of new books with illustrated covers. Glancing at the name and the title, and stifling a cry of surprise, of triumph, Tonin leaped into the carriage, carrying with him the only two copies which there were in the Calais station, or

mosphere, all intellect and fire, that he must watch its effect. He was in haste to be alone in his room on Place des Vosges, alone with his brother's work, which the excitement of the journey, the presence of dense and stupid companions, prevented him from grasping fully.

On that eve[illegible] happened on his return from En[illegible]sers-by in the Parisian streets seemed [illegible] smaller than in London, the houses m[illegible]d the uproar and confusion of the [illegible]ing in comparison with the silence of [illegible] however, was twice as large and twic[illegible] He would have liked to surprise hi[illegible] he had not notified of his arrival, ea[illegible]lose the shop himself, to dine with the family and drink the new novelist's health. But the slow progress of the cab, drawn by unnamable beasts, and the crowded condition of the streets delayed him too long, and twice or thrice he surprised himself exclaiming at the slouching back of his dozing driver: "This is French, this is very French!"

The shutters of the shop were closed except at the door, where the lamp within made a triangle of light; and when Antonin appeared, his mother and her old friend, seated opposite her on the other side of the counter, were exchanging the melancholy refrain of their conversations of the old days:

"Ah! Monsieur Izoard!"

To which the other replied still more mournfully:

"Ah! Madame Eudeline!"

As the little one entered there was a joyful outcry and the lights were turned up; but Tonin travelled a

great deal, and they were used to his goings and comings. He alone felt the warmth and comfort of the reunion with his family. When mamma had pressed him to her old heart, and Dina, who was clearing away the dinner-table in the back room, had leaped upon her favorite brother's neck, they all felt as if he had never been away, while he continued to talk and move about in the restlessness of the journey and the curiosity born of his absence.

"And Raymond, is he satisfied? The — the — you know — Here is his book."

"Appeared two days ago," said the mother hastily, as if to avoid saying anything more.

Dina had rushed into the rear room, where she was invisible but noisy.

"If you want to see some one who is n't satisfied," grumbled Pierre Izoard suddenly, standing erect on his short legs, "look at me. Do you know that they have cut off my ears? Mine, I say! Yes, my boy, when the session is at an end I shall take my retiring pension. There are too many Republicans at the Palais-Bourbon, it seems."

"Your dinner is ready, Tonin," his sister called from the back room; and, when he was at the table: "If you knew all that has happened to that poor man!"

Leaning over her brother, she talked in low tones as she waited upon him. It was that very day, at the auditor's office of the Corps Législatif, that the old stenographer had learned of his impending retirement. He who was so well known and so loved by all, to whom Marc Javel, Gambetta, and so many others had promised that they would never dismiss

Antonin took the girl's soft, slender hand in his great calloused workman's paws:

"Why, my little Cinderella, to think that I have n't asked you about him! Where is he? How is he coming on?"

"Not very w[illegible] the girl. "He is still in the Engadine, [illegible] d to speak or even to write. He nev[illegible] room, where the windows are kept open [illegible] ay to admit the frigid air. But all the sam[illegible], I am sure of it; I have faith in our saf[illegible]

She pointed [illegible] tte of Notre Dame de Fourvières ha[illegible] l beside the bed where she slept with [illegible] parcel of rosaries and medals.

"What's the matter with her? The good lady looks as if she were cracked," said Antonin, turning the light of the lamp on the statue.

Dina blushed to her neck; but she knew that her brother meant no malice, and she replied in the simplest tone:

"It was last night when I came home. I threw my satchel on the bed in a temper, so violently that the jar brought down the Madonna and the medals. It was a miracle that everything was n't smashed."

"And why the temper?" queried Tonin with a smile; "I thought that that was all over, that you never lost your head now."

"I do the best I can. But there are times — I had just read a book which made me angry."

"A book?" asked Tonin uneasily.

The old Marseillais, passing the glass door, said close beside them in his deepest bass voice:

"It is very funny, all the same, that the Blessed Virgin, who is powerful enough to keep a man alive without his lungs, cannot prevent an outbreak of temper in a young lady whose violence is her only fault. Just think if you had broken your idols to bits!"

The sturdy old man embraced the girl warmly and whispered with an emotion which choked him:

"For all that, you are the best of girls, and you and your scapularies know more perhaps than all the philosophy of my Master Proudhon."

He motioned to the young brother to take his hat, and, raising his trembling voice, which he tried to make steady, he said:

"Madame Eudeline, the boy is going with me. We have something to say to each other. He will return during the evening."

Having taken the young man's arm in his, he went out with him through the yard, bathed in the cold light of a December night.

As they walked along the quay in the direction of the Corps Législatif, the old father first of all asked his companion if it were true that he had continued to be a friend of Sophia and still corresponded with her, as Madame Eudeline said.

Antonin replied without the slightest hesitation. He had a warm friendship and even more admiration for that excellent girl, who placed all her knowledge, all her fortune at the service of the sickly children of the whole world. He was grateful to her for having ceased to meddle in the politics of her country, in which there was nothing but hatred and bloodshed, to seek no other proselytism than that of compassion.

all that some pretty spark may have done with her by dint of poetic phrases and well waxed moustaches! That is the agony of agonies; and if I had not had your mother and sister to comfort me and open my eyes at the first moment, I know some one who would have made a famous plunge into the Seine."

They reached the Corps Législatif just as midnight was striking at Sainte-Clotilde and at the War Department, the two clocks of that part of Paris. Several deputies' carriages were standing as usual in line on the other side of the quay.

"Marc Javel is here; I see his coupé," said the old stenographer. "He is probably correcting the proofs of his speech. He is always in good humor at such times, as affable and restless as an actor at a first performance. If you choose to repeat the attempt that your brother made, perhaps you will have better luck."

Antonin began to laugh. More luck than the senior, — he, an ugly stammering creature, in such a costume as he had on, his soft hat and his travelling clothes! He would not see Marc Javel. In the first place, what was the use of it? The conscription had no terrors for him now. As long as his brother earned money with his books, he cared nothing at all about going away. Indeed, he would be very sorry not to take his turn in the service with everybody else, very sorry to ask any sort of a favor from that bad man who had caused his father's death; he could not forget that.

They passed through the long, silent corridors, through over-heated, brightly lighted rooms, where

an honorable deputy was reading to some colleague, in an undertone, a fragment of his speech from the fresh proofs, and where attendants were dozing on stuffed benches, in the oppressive heat from the stoves.

"Have you read your brother's novel?"

As he put this question to Antonin, Pierre Izoard entered his office and approached a table upon which a tall copper lamp was burning. A wood fire was smouldering on the hearth. He revived it with a stick, and, taking Raymond's book from a drawer, repeated his question.

"I have read it, but I read it hurriedly," answered Antonin, somewhat embarrassed.

"Did not Dina talk to you about it?"

"No, Monsieur Izoard."

"So much the worse! She would have saved me the pain of telling you what I think about it. The book is infamous!"

"Oh! Monsieur Izoard!"

"So much so that I can but wonder if your brother was sane when he wrote it. Just come here, and tell me whether he is a madman and a villain, or all the rest of us are monsters."

Poor Tonin! Of all the infirmities with which nature had afflicted him, that from which he suffered most keenly was kindness, that kindness which was manifest in his soft eyes, in his large mouth. Being a very poor psychologist, too much occupied by active existence to listen to the tiny wheels of his interior clock, he had no suspicion of all that this tendency to be moved by the sorrow of others, to live their lives in addition to his own, cost him. At that very moment, simply from seeing him turn pale

and shudder, while the perspiration stood on his brow, at the old man's words, one could feel within him a whole world of grief and desolation. For what he was about to hear he had divined, had seen as through a veil as he ran through his brother's book; but what would he not have given to prevent its being said, to avoid listening to such heartrending sentences as these:

"You know, of course, that it is his own story that the young man tells." Izoard held the volume high under the broad shade of the lamp. "His story and ours too. But, while he has bestowed upon himself the beautiful face of a fashionable, perfumed Christ, curled and shampooed, a Christ martyrized by his family, you should see the hideous faces that he gives to all of us, his executioners. Imagine the swarm of black bugs, shapeless and nameless, that you find under a flat stone in the damp parts of a garden; they represent us, the family. As for the mother, she is not so bad; he accuses her only of idiocy, of blind and ignorant affection. She appears in the book simply to bring out the character of the English mother, who has ten children scattered in every part of the world, whom she hopes never to see again, because if they return to their mother's house, it means that they have made a failure of their lives. But if Raymond has spared his mother, he has taken his revenge upon me."

Antonin attempted a half-hearted defence:

"Oh! Monsieur Izoard, do you think that he has dared?"

"Dared! What other than the old father can he have meant to represent by that absurd Bordelais, a

materialist physician and outlaw of '52, who, through his hatred for the Cæsars, teaches his daughter Latin in Suetonius, and belabors his wife with a club for having surprised him one evening in May coming out of a gin-shop? If you doubt the resemblance, just read this page, where Pierre Izoard is painted at full length."

He placed the book open on the desk before Tonin, and while the little one's troubled eyes read or pretended to read, he continued in a hoarse, trembling voice:

"Upon my word, it 's very extraordinary that these young fellows should consider the apostasy of the Second of December a perfectly natural thing, and declare that we, the victims of that massacre, are simply absurd puppets."

"You know, Monsieur Izoard, that what you see and what people tell you are not at all the same thing." And the electrician's thick kindly lips protested imploringly.

"Oh! yes, 'boats,' generations, I know. Young and old live a thousand leagues from each other, I understand that. But nevertheless, the idea of accusing me, who adore my daughter, who have lived on my knees before that child as before a Madonna, in adoration and respect, all the more deferential and delicate because there was no mamma in our house, — the idea of his accusing me of educating Geneviève as a materialist — you can understand what there is underneath that loud-sounding word — of asserting that I made her read vile things in Latin because they flattered my mania as an old political brute! — I tell you that is pretty hard."

Tears rolled down over his long beard. Antonin exerted all his self-restraint to avoid weeping with him, and murmured after an oppressive silence:

"It is the novel that requires that, my old friend, and I have often heard those fellows of the *Vorace* say that the [illegible] — the — you know — a disfigurement [illegible] ust n't look to it for the — the —"

The Mars[illegible] turn the leaves of the realistic novel [illegible]

"I agree wi[illegible] But the novelist, who is the historia[illegible] t people, of those who have no histor[illegible] ght than other historians to deal in im[illegible] speaking. Just look at page 104 of [illegible] *ily*, and tell me why Raymond, to [illegible] e never done anything but good, represents you in the skin of a certain cousin Furbice, a vile, hypocritical creature, who pretends to stammer in order to think up his villainies and to gain time to lie more effectively. Read it aloud, and you can judge of the effect."

Antonin tried to read aloud several sentences in which his stammering was imitated.

"I cannot do it," he said, smiling, but with a great tear at the corner of his flat nose, like rain water in the hollow of a rock.

For a moment they looked at each other, wiping their eyes, without uttering a word. In the adjoining office a proof-reader was reading with monotonous emphasis Marc Javel's speech, so hollow, so insipid beside that savage page from real life. At last, the Marseillais locked the novel in his desk, grumbling under his white beard:

"Damnation! If that is what they call a realistic novel, it 's the sort of thing to poison honest men and cut one's heart in two."

Tonin made an heroic gesture.

"After all, it matters little how much he laughs at me, if his book sells well and he earns lots of money!"

"Money, that book? Not a centime!"

"Why, you don't mean that, Monsieur Izoard!" And the little fellow insists, proofs in hand. Four editions in four days, there are the figures. The old man laughed in his long beard; the editions were of a paltry hundred copies, and all still at the publisher's. He had made inquiries.

"But in that case, how does he — how does he manage, where does he get the — the — the — money that he spends at his own house and at mamma's?"

The words, which refused to come out in his emotion, shook the honest fellow from head to foot, as he moved stammering from one chair to another. And at that juncture, overwhelmed by Sophia's suspicions, he could not forbear speaking of them to their old friend, who showed no surprise. At the time of the trial of Lupniak, the Russian had made no secret to him of the fact that she suspected Raymond Eudeline of being the informer.

"But really, Monsieur Izoard, do you think that is possible? Could my brother, with his education, his intelligence, consent to live by that shameful trade?"

"How about Mauglas?" said the old man calmly: "I believe that he is a writer, is n't he, and an artist? Do you think that intelligence is a safeguard against everything?"

Carried away by indignation, poor Antonin brought his fist down upon the table with a violence which nearly extinguished the tall copper lamp, and cried fiercely:

"Mauglas is not a son of Victor Eudeline, Monsieur Izoard!"

Without r[illegible]eillais put on his overcoat.

"The hea[illegible] come and walk a little outside."

In the S[illegible]ere the moon outlined sharply the [illegible]alleries, their conversation became [illegible] earnest.

"Before [illegible] brother is proud; and when your [illegible] of his death, solemnly bestowed up[illegible] of seniority and title of support of the family, with the privileges of which he appealed to the law and to all of us to invest him, he had no suspicion that he would carry that pride to the point of frenzy. Your brother took his position so seriously that he has never forgiven you for having supported them all so long, so seriously that he would have done anything in the world, anything, you understand, to put an end to that humiliating state of things. And yet you are not the only younger son who has filled the most prominent place in a family. If I remember rightly, Napoleon was a famous support of his family, and his numerous brothers, whom he had made into kings, bore him no grudge for having filled all his life the post of oldest son of a widow, which he was not. Raymond, if he had been in Joseph Bonaparte's place, would probably have been angry. Now, if you wish to

know my whole thought, the man who wrote this hateful book, dictated by his wounded pride, is capable under the same evil influence, of the other abomination of which he is suspected."

In the darkness of the courtyard a sorrowful, choking voice replied:

"No! it is n't possible, I cannot believe you."

"Alas! I can believe anything now." The old Marseillais pressed the boy's arm to his side and spoke gravely in the icy atmosphere:

"I must have told you the story of my friend Lavarande and of my initiation into the Barbès Club. I have told it so many times. But never mind! It is very much in point, and will strike you as it never has before. I was twenty-two years old, I was just married and was wild over three things in the world: my wife, the Republic, and my friend Lavarande. That friend, ten years older than I, a genuine dog's-tooth of the suburbs, sprung up between two paving-stones on Rue de l'Orillon, was a Republican of 1830, romantic as was the fashion of the time, with oaths sworn upon the dagger, secret meetings, mysterious tokens, and signs of recognition. In my house we adored him. For his gayety was so contagious, so ingenuous! He was not rich, because he worked only in the hours of inspiration, and also because he loved to idle his time away. I remember that on Nina's birthday he brought her a lovely nosegay of wild grasses and wild flowers, all wet with dew, which he had picked on the shore of the Marne at five o'clock in the morning. You can imagine how my wife welcomed those flowers of needy friendship!

"One day in March '48, Lavarande proposed to

present me at the *Club de la Révolution*, presided over by Barbès. It was in the Palais Royal, under the eaves, a vast garret, insufficiently lighted, with a swarm of black heads and shadows gesticulating on the whitewashed walls. Lavarande entered as if he were at ho[illegible] knew him, they shook hands with [illegible]med us both, I being extremely p[illegible] too young and inclined to take sh[illegible] friend's wing. Barbès arrived and [illegible] in the president's chair, white as a g[illegible]ce of an old lion. The session was [illegible]nly Esprit Cornat, one of the vice-[illegible] and demanded a secret session, to [illegible]portant communication. Mere visito[illegible]d to retire. The room was left three-fourths empty; I started to go, but Lavarande detained me — 'No, stay; it will probably be interesting, and then you are soon to be a member.' The doors being closed, the vice-president continued in a grave voice: 'Citizens, we have a traitor among us. Here are the charges against him and the proofs; he is known as Number 301 at the Prefecture, and his name is Lavarande, Richard Lavarande!' You can imagine my stupefaction. Barbès, who had risen, said in his turn: 'Lavarande, we know that you are guilty. But every accused man has the right to defend himself. The committee is ready to listen to you. Defend yourself.' The wretch resorted to impudence. 'I do not admit your jurisdiction,' he cried, throwing toward the desk the torn bits of his card of membership in the Club.

"Ah! *Macareù!* that jurisdiction which he did not admit, we made him accept in the shape of

kicks. But what a shock it was to me! For a long time I believed that the villain's poverty was feigned, his nosegay of wild flowers a comedy: I considered him a cunning rascal. But no; he was simply a poor devil, frantic with passion, in love with a woman in his quarter, the wife of a watchmaker, who wanted jewels and fine clothes; and he could find no other way to procure them for her. Who knows if your brother has not fallen, like him, into the clutches of some jade."

Antonin started at these last words, as if they were the only ones of Izoard's whole story which had reached his ears.

"A woman, to be sure," he murmured; "there may be a woman in it."

"Poor boy! Here you are just where I was to-day at Morangis. Only I said to myself, thinking of my Geneviève: 'Perhaps there is a man in this business — a man!' What a frightful thing it is to reach the point of doubting one's dearest and most sacred beliefs! I have loved the Republic like a mother, like my country. I see to-day that it is simply a shop, a society for mutual bargaining, which, by the way, has given me my dismissal. Oh! I saw the blow coming, surrounded for a long while by sneering smiles, struggling against evil influences, underground enmities, like those submarine derelicts, floating reefs, which, when the weather is loveliest and the sea most placid, tear a hole in a ship below the water-line. I have reached that point, I have struck! And here I am, still in full vigor, of no use, out of employment, with — and this is the saddest of all — with all my beliefs ruined, all my ideas concern-

ing life and concerning men changed beyond all recognition. My daughter gone from me, my place lost, what does life hold for me now? The ideas of the younger generation are a thousand leagues from mine. Three-fourths of the time I do not understand a word of what I read. Wherever I look, all about me, it is as [illegible] s in this courtyard. Ah, my little To

XII.

THE FIFTH ARROW.

"CLEAR off my table and leave us."

The voice of the Minister for Foreign Affairs was nervous and violent like his gestures. Young Wilkie, summoned in haste by the master, and scenting something new in the office, assisted the usher to remove hastily the outlandish jewels, the shell-boxes which cluttered Valfon's desk.

"Look out, Monsieur Wilkie; the Colonel said particularly that we must wait until he was here before touching his things, especially that great bundle of macaw leaves."

"Take it away, I tell you. We don't need you any more," the Minister interposed, snatching from the solemn Duperron, thirty-five years chief usher at the Foreign Office, the long and mysterious-looking basket which the good man hardly dared to touch, and tossing it recklessly on the divan upholstered in Persian silk.

As soon as the door was closed, Wilkie asked his stepfather:

"So it was Colonel Moulton who was here, eh? Had he the little queen of the dwarfs with him?"

"No, but she is coming to breakfast. We are to have a number of guests, — the Marc Javels and their niece, the English Ambassador's daughters, Madame Harris, the American. You can see what

a lucky thing my quarrel with your mother this morning was."

The Minister, after walking spasmodically about his office in all directions, had paused at the window and stood with his face against the glass, watching the little w[illegible] of winter whirl about in the vast, deser[illegible] gnified as it were by the silence of [illegible] ng. Without turning, he tossed [illegible] r sentences which he mumbled w[illegible] huge cigar, and which his ingenio[illegible] gathered up as best he could.

"That w[illegible] ad! I listened to reproaches, t[illegible] d not choose to understand. In [illegible] if scandal is what she wants, I hav[illegible] iving her as good as she sends. Her letters to that young man, that Raymond Eudeline, would be enough to cover her with shame and ridicule."

Between two of the ministerial sentences, Wilkie interpolated, gnawing his thin lip:

"Oh! she talks, she talks, but she will do nothing."

"But this flight; it alone will make scandal. For she has gone, has n't she? In the sight and hearing of the whole world, she has left her husband's, her children's house."

In his excitement the orator turned about and faced the assemblage, and finding himself beside his table, seized the opportunity to pound it with his clenched fists as if it were the hollow rail of the tribune, his mouth full of lying, declamatory words: "Family — duty — maternity."

"Look at this, master."—The secretary had placed on the desk a prospectus in blue covers, with a cross for decoration, and this title: *Annals of the Hospital for Sick Children. Manager, Dr. Castagnozoff*, and this verse from the Bible for a motto: *Whom shall I send? Here am I, send me.*

The young man made haste to reply to the Minister's silent, stern inquiry:

"If my mother has gone away, that is where she is, you may be sure, with Dr. Sophia Castagnozoff, an honest fanatic who goes all over the world picking up and nursing little brats. He's a sly dog, is Raymond Eudeline, as sly as his pretty little sister. When he found that his society *liaison* was turning into an incubus, he headed that exalted and religious nature, that passionate Portuguese heart, in a humanitarian direction. Will my mother go on to the end with her experiment? She is capable of it, but not unless she takes Florence with her. All by herself, I don't think she will."

Valfon, as he turned the leaves of the blue record, cast a sidelong glance at him, not pleasant to see.

"Take Florence with her! What for? *She* is not disgusted with life." Then he proceeded to read aloud the conditions of enlistment for candidates, emphasizing certain passages with a wicked laugh: "*From the moral standpoint, an energetic character.*—Oho!—*Exceptional ability to get out of a scrape.*—The deuce!—*No sensuality, no nervousness. No fees are required except from those able to pay them.* Your mother probably didn't pay a very heavy one, eh?" he added slyly.

"She told me nothing about it, master. Mauglas might tell us, for it is from him that I get all my information. Since you destroyed his usefulness at the two prefectures, Paris and St. Petersburg, he works on civil matters, picks up what he can, and I am wonderi[illegible]ppened to lower his insolent crest a[illegible] his spurs. He has a genuine churc[illegible] smooth cheeks and chin, never takes [illegible]k cap pulled down to his eyebrows, [illegible]te the transformation, no longer writ[illegible] dances, but advertises a volume of [illegible]ame's imprint: *Cloches et Carillons*, a[illegible]u should hear him say: 'My book [illegible]y spying to feed the old people.' I [illegible] has a father and mother whom he su[illegible] necessaries most punctually. The 'Support of the Family,' as we used to call young Eudeline at Louis-le-Grand. He was very proud of his title, and used to try to play the man in the parlor. Oh! that fellow shall pay me for the vile trick he is playing on us. My mother bored him, that is certain. Too much Schumann and sentiment; and while he tosses her into this excellent doctoress's dispensary, he himself sets up housekeeping with a very pretty girl, the daughter of that old madman who is chief stenographer of the Chamber. Not a mild and gentle creature, Père Izoard. Look out for squalls if he learns that his daughter is misbehaving; and I know some one who will undertake to enlighten him."

"But meanwhile, this morning —" Valfon anxiously pulled one by one the gray hairs of his drooping moustache — "neither your mother nor

your sister; no woman to put opposite me at this breakfast."

"I might try once more to get into Florence's room," suggested Wilkie timidly.

"Do nothing of the sort," said Valfon hurriedly, as if he dreaded an explanation between the brother and sister. "You know her; she pretends that she is sick and does n't choose to receive you; she won't receive you."

The young old man's sharp features seemed to become sharper.

"I have an idea, master. Suppose I go to the Ministry of the Marine and tell Jeannine Briant? They are such great friends. She may perhaps be able to unhook her for you."

"Try, but be quick. There is only just time," muttered the Minister, throwing himself at full length on the silk-covered divan, where his little body, shrivelled and scorched with passion and fatigue, filled no more space than the bundle of exotic macaw leaves.

Less than an hour later, Mademoiselle Jeannine, niece of the Minister of the Marine, in breakfast costume, tailor-made suit and a huge Gainsborough with feathers, scratched on Flo-flo's door with the stone of one of her rings. The maid, partly raising the curtain, strove to deny her. "If Mademoiselle Jeannine knew, if she could have an idea of the state —" Jeannine opened the door, dismissed the maid, and approached the great bed hung with pink and white lace, where she supposed that Florence was lying in one of those attacks of indolence and sullenness to which she was subject, and which some-

times kept her in bed for a whole day, sleeping and oblivious of existence behind her drawn curtains.

"Where in heaven's name are you?" she asked, greatly surprised to find the bed empty and the clothes thrown back. From the depths of her dressing-room. Florence's voice replied, slow and sad, as if h ken:

"Is that you alone? Come here; I want to s

Jeannine

"Why, here? They say your mother has me out here, Florence, so that I ca

"If you you would understand everything. you did n't."

The othe mbered their conversation in the garden at the embassy.

"You wretched girl, what have you done? Open the door, open the door, I say!"

She pushed against the door, which yielded in a moment, and saw before her something like a choir boy, with pale, swollen cheeks, eyes gleaming with fever, hair shaved close to a tiny round head, and body wrapped in a loose crimson *peignoir* with a cord for a girdle.

"Oh! my poor Flo-flo! your lovely hair!"

In the shock caused by that spectacle, she felt equally inclined to laugh and to weep, so singular was the aspect of that unevenly cropped little ball, which made one think of Wilkie as much as of his sister.

Standing with her eyes fixed on the floor, Florence muttered:

"I have cut it all off, you see; there was a lot of it, and I went about it in such a frenzy! But still my heart failed me when it came to doing all that I had promised myself I would do, — disfigure myself, slash my face; my hand trembled."

She added in a lower tone, as if to herself:

"However, the villain will not be able to exhibit me, to enjoy his triumph; he won't hear people say of his victim: 'The finest fleece in Paris!'"

Jeannine uttered a cry of terror:

"Ah! *mon Dieu!* my poor darling, is it really true? is it really for that?"

She had thrown her arms about her friend, and, sitting down beside her, on the edge of the little folding-bed which was placed every night for Madame Valfon in her daughter's room, she continued:

"Come, my Flo, tell me about it; I insist upon knowing. It is n't possible that he dared to do such a dastardly thing!"

"He did dare, be sure of that," said Florence Marquès, with a sneering laugh and a twist of the mouth which she seemed to have acquired from her conqueror.

Jeannine continued her examination, interspersed with exclamations:

"Is it possible? What an abominable creature! But I thought that your mother slept in your room every night?"

"Not always, as you see. Her bedclothes are not disturbed."

Florence pointed to the bed on which they were seated, and continued:

"My poor mother, ever since she met that Sophia

Casta, the Russian doctor, thinks of nothing but her hospital for sick children. She is always out; her family, her daughter, are no longer of any consequence to her. Her whole time is passed at meetings and conferences. You can imagine whether Valfon spied upon her, whether I knew what he was after, with his shifting eyes that never look in the direction he is going. I warned my mother again and again: 'Mamma, I am afraid.' But she had heard me say it so many times!" — There was a brief silence; then she continued, with bloodless cheeks and clenched teeth: "Finally, last night, it happened that there was a great *fête* at Versailles for the benefit of the hospital; you must know about it, for your Aunt Javel was to be there."

Jeannine hastily nodded "yes" with her huge hat. At that point in the story she would not have interrupted with a word or a breath.

"Mamma told her negress to watch, close to the door. As she was obliged to return in a cab, she knew that it would be very late when she got home. Did the negress stay at her post, or did he send her away? Perhaps she simply fell asleep" — and with her sneering laugh of a moment before curling up the corners of her beautiful mouth, the girl added in a dull voice: "I suppose I didn't shriek very loud. You know me, — proud, but cowardly, and so indolent! And then it is so long that he has been pursuing me, that his passion has burned me with the same words, his lips and his hands sought the same places! One grows weary at last, and becomes accustomed even to one's disgust."

"Hush! you poor child! And your mother?"

"It is her fault; she should n't have left me."

But having allowed that wrathful cry to escape her, she added gently:

"Ah! poor mamma! Think of her return this morning, when she found me half dead on my bed, with my head shaved and all my hair lying by my side!"

"A fine black sheaf that must have made!"

"She understood instantly, rushed to Valfon's room, and after a horrible scene, of which I could hear only the echoes, they both came to my room, she perfectly frantic, exclaiming wildly over and over again: 'I am going away! I am going away!' — he, earth-colored, dead with fear, utterly crestfallen, beseeching her: 'I implore you, let us avoid scandal. For your children's sake!' — I remembered that phrase; it seemed sublime in his mouth. And now what is going on, what is going to become of us? Has my mother really gone? Is she going to India with her Russian doctor? I might have gone with her, have taken my share in that admirable work. But I am too weak, I no longer care for anything, or have faith in anything. And then, just look at me! where can I go with this monkey's head I have given myself? There is nothing for me to do but remain in my corner and hide my ugliness as a punishment for my shame."

"Your ugliness? Do you really think you have made yourself ugly?" Jeannine took the little shaved head in her hands and smiled caressingly. "Well, I tell you that you are very pretty like this. You remind me of that young Indian prince who was here a year or two ago, the Queen of Oude's son."

Florence's great sullen eyes filled with tears.

"What you tell me is frightful."

"Why so, dearie?"

"Because I meant to punish myself, to destroy the beauty which I could not defend. And I have not succeeded, [illegible] *mon Dieu!*"

Jeannine [illegible] forgot the extraordinary vehemence [illegible] girl, usually an insignificant cre[illegible]nguid, tired air, uttered those wor[illegible] moment, the frivolous little Par[illegible]l's niece, as flighty and inconsequ[illegible] feathers in her hat, was thinking p[illegible]e promise she had made Wilkie to [illegible]o the breakfast.

"Listen, [illegible] be mistaken, but there is one very simple way of finding out whether you have succeeded in disfiguring yourself or not. You have company here this morning. Dress and come to the table; you can read the truth in all their eyes."

Florence reflected an instant, then sprang abruptly to her feet.

"Beware! I consent to go to this breakfast, to try to live like a natural creature after the horror of last night. I do it to satisfy myself, as you say. But if I have missed my aim, if I have not succeeded in making him ashamed of me, if he can still plume himself on my outraged, humiliated beauty, I swear to you that I will try again and that I will not fail a second time."

Jeannine was about to reply. She stopped her with a gesture of her little short, plump hand, the hand of an Oriental.

"One detail, but a very important one. To do honor to Colonel Moulton and the ladies from the Embassy, we are to breakfast in the English fashion, wearing hats. You will please tell Valfon that I shall breakfast in my hair, in what hair I have left. I propose that people shall see."

When she entered, on Valfon's arm, the lofty dining-room with antique white wainscoting, on the ground floor of the ministerial residence, there was a unanimous cry of admiration at sight of the pretty little boy's head, pale as death, surmounting lovely shoulders and a gauze bodice trimmed with dark fur. Her eyes shone with a feverish, steely gleam most extraordinary to see. Her mouth expressed the most intense languor and disgust. As she took her seat, she invented some story of an accident due to the awkwardness of a maid, resulting in her hair being burned while it was being dressed, by the explosion of a perfumed lamp. Not a word concerning her mother's departure. But there was not one of the guests who did not know the news, and whose curiosity was not betrayed by the inquisitive gleam of the eye.

Ah! most illustrious Colonel Moulton, rival of Stanley, Speke and Barber, and unrivalled slayer of elephants, what an inattentive audience you had that December morning for your marvellous stories of hippopotamus hunting on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, and for the presentation of that little queen of the dwarfs, to whom they could not give a seat at the table, and who hovered shivering about your chair in a *gandoura* of greenish gold, with round,

staring eyes, and the microscopic, earth-colored cheek-bones of a great doll that has fallen into the fire and been cleaned with butter. It was entertaining, however, especially when told by you at that table glistening with glass and silver plate, beneath that snowy Parisian sky; very entertaining and pretty was the story of that young princess's passion for the pale-faced stranger, the slayer of wild beasts, and of her flight with him from the kingdom of the pygmies. But during your story, to which they pretended to listen, my dear Moulton, all those people were trying to work out another, much more interesting and mysterious, a story of the great Parisian forest which sometimes conceals its victims so well.

After the breakfast, which was very loquacious and very long, the gentlemen went up to the Minister's study to smoke and inspect the gifts, the souvenirs of the *terra incognita* brought by the Colonel to his old friend Valfon, whom he had known for twenty years, ever since Bordeaux, the circus, and the *Galoubet* newspaper.

"And this, Colonel Moulton, what is this?"

After looking over an infinity of curious trifles, — necklaces of painted stones, a cartridge pouch of serpent's skin, a Winchester repeating rifle, with wooden sights of Colonel Moulton's own invention, — naught remained but the roll of palm-leaves, thick and quivering, which lay in the fringe of the couch and had been overlooked. Wilkie Marquès was about to open it when the Englishman hastily interposed:

"Take care, my dear Wilkie; that is very dangerous."

He took the package from his hand, and unrolling it with the greatest precaution, disclosed a sheaf of five long javelins with an ivory ball at one end, and at the other a poisoned iron point protected by a shield of hard bark. What was that poison, more deadly than curare? Whence did it come? No one could tell; not Stanley, nor Moulton, nor even the little queen of the dwarfs, who kept religiously in her trunk a box full of these darts, the slightest prick from which would cause death. And such a death! In five minutes the face of a leper, bloated, livid, unrecognizable.

"I say, Valfon," murmured the new Minister of the Marine in the ear of his colleague of the Foreign Office, who sat puffing silently and furiously at a cigar in front of the fire, "it can't be very pleasant to be in politics in that country. If any one wants your portfolio, why, a poisoned arrow is quickly despatched."

Smooth-faced Wilkie began to laugh.

"Why, Monsieur le Ministre, we have equivalent weapons in society. With a well-sharpened calumny, an anonymous letter of the sort made by the leading houses, I will undertake to poison the healthiest, the most rugged persons; to make them fit subjects for the Saint-Louis hospital."

He winked at the master with his wicked old maid's face, as if to remind him of their conversation of the morning.

"I beg you, my dear Valfon," said Colonel Moulton, placing the arrows one by one on the marble mantel, after making sure that the points were carefully protected, "observe that here are five

anonymous letters from Central Africa, of a very different type, which I urge you not to leave lying about; hang them up as soon as possible on the wall of your billiard room, and don't let any one touch them."

"Duperron [illegible] e of them. You hear, Duperron?" [illegible] aned toward the usher, who was poki [illegible] s soon as we have gone, — or no, I [illegible] done in my presence. You will wa [illegible] from the Élysée."

He was to [illegible] a four o'clock, with the Colonel and t [illegible] en of the dwarfs, whose acquaintance [illegible] sired to make. A few more puffs, [illegible] otamus slaughtered by the bullets of [illegible] n, and they went down to the salon [illegible] had seated the terrified little queen at the piano. Amid the wild laughter that shook the feathers on the great Gainsboroughs, and the fresh ringing gayety of all those charming young women, Valfon walked up to his stepdaughter —he had not dared to speak to her before—and asked her, tremblingly and with an attempt at a smile:

"You are not coming to the Élysée with us?"

"No! no!" said the little shaved head violently; and he could not obtain another word or a glance from her.

Thereupon he turned to her friend.

"I beseech you, Jeannine, do not leave her to-day," he said, with a distressed expression very extraordinary in that usually self-controlled politician.

Jeannine Briant, who knew her man, reflected at once:

"This is to move me. He hopes that I will tell my poor Flo of his despair, his remorse."

However, she promised to remain with Florence.

"It snows, this is the weather she loves; if she is willing, I will ask Uncle Marc for his carriage, and we will go to the Bois together. With the fresh air and plenty of furs, nothing is healthier."

"Thanks, my child," murmured Valfon, deeply moved. Jeannine was much surprised.

The truth is that, although incapable of remorse, the sensitive part of his make-up being long since atrophied, Valfon was frantic with anxiety and dread. What would be the result of his madness of the preceding night? What had become of Madame Valfon? What did the girl propose to do? With two such crazy creatures anything could be expected. He feared a tremendous scandal, one of those explosions from which the most exalted and most powerful do not succeed in sheltering themselves; and at the same time the possibility that his victim would escape him, that his deplorable happiness would have no to-morrow.

How interminably long that reception at the Élysée seemed to him! By virtue of what strange analogy did that little doll with her round, curly head, whom they passed laughingly from hand to hand, remind him constantly of the apparition he had seen that morning on entering the room at the mother's outcries, the apparition of that plump creature lying across her bed, her black fleece by her side? Was it an omen, that obstinately recurring picture? Had his stepdaughter some other ghastly surprise in store, to punish him as she

had threatened? At last, unable to endure the suspense, he made his excuses to the President's wife. The next day there was to be a very important session of the Chamber, a probable interpellation, the famous challenge to Bismarck. Ah! it is no sinecure to be a minister on Quai d'Orsay!

"Compliments to your ladies, I beg," said the President of the Republic, escorting him to the door.

"Your ladies!" He had but one left, and he was not sure of finding her.

As always, on returning to the department, Valfon went up first of all to his office, and the lamps were then lighted. The dreariness of that snowy Sunday infected the vast, deserted palace. He was no sooner in the room than he rang violently.

"Lights, quickly." And in the same spasmodic, gasping tone: "Who has been here while I was away?" he asked the attendant.

"I, Monsieur le Ministre, and no one else; unless some one may have come that way," added the placid Duperron. *That way* meant the small curtained door leading to the apartments. "Now I think of it, I am sure that some one did come. As I came in, I saw Mademoiselle Florence going out."

Valfon felt the breath of death on his temples.

"Very good, thanks."

The usher retired. He recalled him, and said, pointing to the bundle of arrows with the ivory balls lying on the mantel:

"Do you remember, Duperron" — he could hardly speak, his lips were so dry and feverish — "do you remember how many arrows the Colonel left us? Was it four or five?"

"Five, five," asserted the old pontiff of the antechamber.

That was true. The fifth one was missing. Who had taken it? For what purpose?

"Does Monsieur le Ministre wish us to hang them in the billiard-room?" queried the usher.

"No, later, not now; take away your lamp, I shall not stay here."

He needed to prepare himself, to recover his self-control. The shock he had had, the agonizing apprehension of what awaited him on the other side of that door. And while the wretch rested his trembling hands on the mantel, in the white reflection of the snow falling silently against the windows, thinking with terror of that vanished fifth arrow, the face reflected in the mirror overspread with the gathering darkness had a livid pallor, hollow cheeks and haggard eyes, such as he had never seen.

At almost the same hour, Antonin Eudeline, suffering intensely also, but for far different reasons, was walking up Boulevard Saint-Germain in a cyclone of snow. He was going to his brother's, whom he had not yet seen nor advised of his arrival, proposing to surprise him at his work, to find out how much was real, how much false in the charges that were made against him. Neither his mother nor sister had been able to give him any information concerning this matter of a woman's influence, which he dreaded more than all else. The liaison with a great lady, of which Madame Eudeline was so proud, seemed to be at an end; at all events Raymond had ceased to talk about it, being engrossed by another

affection, more mysterious and more absorbing, which kept him at a distance from his family. "I have my suspicions, but I am not sure," said the little telegrapher. Mamma, for her part, knew nothing; but she was sure that her Raymond could please none bu [illegible] ot heart and discernment. A few days before [illegible] would have been as sure; but what confusion [illegible] e was now in his poor brain, so loving and tr[illegible]

When he arrived in front of the senior's house, he found at the hall door, with her jaw protruding like a bull-dog's, her arms bare and purple with cold, — those imperial arms that once wore gloves with eighteen buttons, — Madame Alcide and her broom, offering an heroic resistance to the assaults of the snow and the wind.

"What luck! here 's Monsieur Antonin; my tenant will be glad. Bless my soul! how is this for wind? how is this for snow, eh?"

Without losing a stroke of her broom, for the enemy's efforts redoubled at nightfall as usual, Madame Alcide, twisting and turning about at the door of her hall, gave and asked news with such earnestness that he found it as difficult to put in a word as to put his foot into the house.

"You know the little one walks all alone now that Mademoiselle Sophia has cured him. That 's something we shall never forget. Such a feeble child, who had never stirred from his little carriage unless it was to ride on papa's shoulder! My poor man! Why, we could n't look at each other without crying, at the thought of that child, our only one. Well, would you believe it? Since the little one goes

about on his feet, without wheels, and we might be as happy as kings, Alcide has caught the blue devils; he never goes out, he won't see anybody. Even the stories of battles that he used to tell the boy, there's no more of them; never a word to be got out of him. Ah! Monsieur Antonin, you are such a good fellow—"

She had succeeded in closing her door, having swept out the whole hall. Then she wiped her tears away with her bare arms, so that Alcide should not see that she had been weeping, and made Antonin promise that he would come into their office before he went away and try to fathom the depression of the ex-manager of the Opéra-Comique, who had always been so cheerful and talkative.

"I promise, Madame Alcide," said the honest fellow, already on the stairs. He leaned over the rail to ask: "Is my brother in?"

"Yes, I think so; Monsieur Raymond may not be there yet, but Madame just came in."

"Madame?"

He was on the point of going down again and into the office, to ask a few questions, to find out what sort of woman he might expect to find in Raymond's rooms. But a feeling of shame detained him, and the dread of interminable explanations. He would see for himself what sort of woman had assumed the name and rank of "Madame" in the senior's home. When he reached the fourth floor he went to the door and listened before ringing, profoundly agitated. Within, some one was on the watch like him, some one who had heard his footsteps; and instantly the door was softly opened.

"Antonin!"

"Geneviève!"

She wore her hat and cloak. Still the same, very pretty, but much paler. Perhaps it was the gaslight in the hall, or the surprise of suddenly coming upon [illegible] ead of Raymond, whom she expected.

"Just fancy [illegible] thought I recognized his step. But co [illegible] in, don't stay there."

He had ta [illegible] hand, and pressing it warmly, said [illegible] in the outer room, before entering:

"Oh! how [illegible] see you here, Geneviève! Do you come [illegible]

"Very ofte[illegible]

"Then," in a still lower tone, "you know this person, this woman with whom — he — he — you know — whom they call Madame?"

In an artless, heartbroken tone Geneviève replied:

"Why, I am Madame."

Ah! they who feel deeply die more than once during their lives. Think of all that Tantine represented to him, all womankind, something of the mother, something of the sister, something dearer still. Ever since he had had eyes to see, ever since he had breathed — oh! never for himself alone — he had known no happiness, no hope which did not come from Geneviève, which did not wear her sweet face. To him she was the Madonna of Fourvières and all Dina's medals and all Madame Eudeline's romances. And now, this was what confronted him!

Seated beside her in the salon, his first words were an explosion of his whole thought.

"But why has he not married you?"

With that gentle, sensible air which never abandoned her, she told him what had prevented them from marrying. Raymond could not do it with his mother and sister to support; with one household on his hands already, he had no right to take another. He would have done it, however; it was she who refused to consent, at any price.

"Poor dear!" murmured Tonin, patting with a respectful caress the hand that he still held. Outside, the wind pranced about the balcony, the snow pattered against the window-panes. After a pause, Geneviève said with a smile, pointing to her damp cloak:

"I have not taken off my things, you see. Raymond will soon be here, and we are to dine out, as we do every Sunday. You must come with us; he is counting on it. On returning from Morangis just now I told him of your arrival in Paris. And, speaking of Morangis—" Her voice trembled and the blood rose to her cheeks. How kind and generous they had all been to let her old father believe that she passed her time with Casta, that she was working with her at her dispensary. What would have happened but for that? She dared not think of it even.

"But, my Geneviève"—he shrank now from calling her Tantine—"that story is very risky. Pierre Izoard lives too near you; I am afraid that he 'll find out some day or other. To be sure neither mamma nor sister have any suspicions since then. As for

myself, when I heard that my brother had in his rooms — a — the — you know — a madame — "

"You thought of all the women you ever heard of except Tantine, my poor boy, did n't you?"

He hung his head, protruding his kindly lips, but drew himself [illegible] t instantly.

"First of [illegible] urn Sophia, in case she should meet [illegible] You don't see her now, I believe?"

"No, inde[illegible] viève, in an indignant tone, "she w[illegible] , too unjust to Raymond. You know o[illegible] ccused him, yes, and still accuses him?

He nodded [illegible] ow.

"But surel[illegible] ave believed it too, my boy?"

After some hesitation he confessed that he had doubted for a moment. Those sums which the senior brought to the house regularly every month, never explaining their source; his mysterious liaison, a woman established in his apartments and preventing him from receiving his mother and sister; especially after the Mauglas incident any supposition was possible. "It was only when I saw you standing in the doorway that I said to myself: 'She is here, she comes to see him, there is nothing to fear, we are saved.'"

They heard Raymond coming, and the chatter of a discussion among young men in the ante-chamber. Geneviève had risen.

"Love your brother as you have always loved him, my little Tonin," she said in a low tone. "He is good, he has a proud nature, incapable of anything

base. The money that he spends for himself and his family is money honestly acquired; it is money advanced on account of his industry, his intelligence, never fear."

The older brother entered and presented his young electrician to the two friends he brought with him. One a tall, sickly youth, with hollow eyes and bent back, author of a little psychological treatise sweating with venom, entitled *Ma Méchanceté;* the other, a stout man of no age, a great eater, with tremendous eyes, the hanger-on and confidant of celebrities great and small, one of those escorters of well-known people, those professional offerers of arms who ask you in all seriousness, "if you have a choice as to which side you walk on." These gentlemen were members of the *Vorace*, and in that capacity, dressed with the greatest elegance, with collars *à la* Van Dyck and long reddish-brown cravats, they gazed at the reflection of their polished boots in their tall silk hats, and protested, by the neo-Christian romanticism of their ideas, their waistcoats and their headgear, against naturalist Bohemia and all painters — psychological or other — of insipid life.

And yet there was nothing romantic, on the contrary a very decided savor of reality about their informal Sunday dinner, — what they called the "red cabbage," — the substantial concoction of cabbage and beans boiled with pork for a whole day and night, which brought them together every week on the first floor of an old house on Rue de Poitevins, with a staircase of black flagstones and an antique cast-iron stair-rail, full of reminiscences of Vallès

and Courbet. After the "red cabbage," at which Raymond presided that evening, irrigating the feast with divers bottles of sparkling wine in honor of *A French Family*, the party left the table to wend their way through the snow, in small gesticulating, arguing groups [illegible] ry on Boulevard Saint-Michel, wh [illegible] eld its sessions in a rear room embe [illegible] atform and a piano. On the way th [illegible], who closed the procession under [illegible] ella with Geneviève, overheard one o [illegible] *aces* just in front of them say to his co [illegible]

"*Symbola* [illegible] is pattern of piety; there won't be an [illegible]

Depite hi [illegible] which were those of his class, despite the hard callouses that the workshop had finally made on his refined and gentle nature, Tonin felt deeply wounded in his loving respect for their friend, and understood — as he had done two or three times during dinner — that Raymond should not have brought her, that her place was not there. Some of the young men were accompanied by their mistresses, actresses from the small theatres, or young ladies just graduated from the Conservatory; others invited to the dinner of the "red cabbage" a famous *raconteuse*, who entertained them later at the session of the club. These women talked little with one another, called one another "madame" and "dear madame," as in the green-room of the Comédie-Française. But by the corners of the eyes and lips one could guess that they were all of the same family. On all that ware there was a scratch, a uniform nail-mark, which Geneviève alone did not

bear. One felt that she was of a different clay. Hence the irony of that sentence: "*Symbolard* has brought his pattern of piety." — Oh! indeed, he should not have brought her.

All the evening was devoted to music and reciting verses; Jew's harp music which the performer alone can hear and understand — verses which do not rhyme and which seem like a translation of some very difficult foreign author. Then a discussion arose concerning realistic novels and the *French Family.* Realism, naturalism, was it not the same old dung-heap? Down with the novel of man and woman; as tedious in the telling as in the living. The novel of the dog was what was wanted.

"How unkind they are! A book that cost him so much trouble — the — the — you know —" The poor fellow, with swelling heart, spoke in an undertone to Geneviève as they sat side by side in a corner of the café.

"Yes, you are right; they are unkind. It seems as if they poisoned themselves drinking bad ink. It is their books that dry them up. They have read too many of them, and when they were too young. They know too much. And then the bitterness of the competition, the ambition to be first, first in everything, in life as well as at school, to walk over other people's heads and crush them."

Antonin smiled sadly.

"In that case, Tantine, I thank my poor father for not giving me an education, since it makes men so wicked."

Geneviève protested.

"No, my boy, knowledge never made a man wicked; but the child whom life has not suppled and made wise may make an evil use of what he has learned. That is what is happening in our poor Raymond's case. He has a tender heart, and he has just written [illegible] ok."

He start[illegible] hours they had been together they [illegible] speaking of the older brother's n[illegible] ful, dangerous subject.

"Yes, a[illegible] made us all weep," she added, with [illegible] ent which her sincerity gave to all [illegible]

He was [illegible] hen Raymond, with an open news[illegible] nd, came toward them, with white [illegible] ely agitated. A savage criticism o[illegible] doubt. He leaned over Geneviève, and said, his voice trembling with emotion, — "Madame Nas is going to sing the *Centaur* and the *Tourbillons Célestes.* Join the others, I beg you; don't seem to hold aloof."

She obeyed, left the table without a word; whereupon he placed before his brother the newspaper he held, marking it with his nail, and saying in a low tone:

"I didn't want to mention it before her, because of that name of Marquès, which always saddens her; but read that — in the latest news."

Tonin, hardly moving his lips, read the following paragraph:

A terrible catastrophe has befallen the President of the Council and his family. Mademoiselle Florence Marquès, M. Valfon's stepdaughter, died suddenly

this afternoon at the Minister's residence, although in perfect health. She was barely twenty years of age.

"These fellows amuse me when they call us painters of insipid life," muttered the young realist; "is n't there enough of the mysterious and dramatic in that little item!"

XIII.

A HERO.

It was early in the spring, several months after Antonin's last visit to Paris. Months of frenzied toil and of obstinate delusions, which the honest junior had passed among his dynamos, amid the yellow fog of the Thames and the rushing of the water under his quivering factory. Despite the unlucky number he had drawn in the conscription, his friends in Paris wrote him with such confidence that he would be declared exempt on account of his infirmities — stammering, and weak eyes! He had ended by believing it until that morning, alas! Oh! that dreary, dark, rainy April morning, when, on returning from the Council of Revision, he entered the shop of Mesdames Eudeline, with the despairing cry: "I am in for the service, my darlings."

Upon my word, if the fortune-teller to whom I have referred had passed the *Wonderful Lamp* that day, he would have had no desire to put out his sign there. Through the long windows, glistening with raindrops, where the little green, red, and blue lampyres shone like bits broken off a rainbow, it was so sad to see Mamma Eudeline, crouching behind her counter, beguiling her grief with bandages soaked in sedative water, and Tonin seated opposite

her, thinking with dismay that he had five years to serve in the marines, to which corps his unlucky number consigned him. Even little Dina, at the idea of being separated so long from the brother she adored, to whom she poured out her whole heart, had had an outbreak of fierce wrath with which she was still quivering. What would become of them, great heaven! without the warmth of Tonin's sweet smile, and all the affection and sympathy that shone in his little lashless eyes? And, to cap the climax, she had heard nothing for a month from her Claudius, and knew nothing of him, except that he was no longer in the Engadine. Dear little Dina, she must needs have much courage and confidence in her medals to compel herself to take any interest in life, to go to the office as on other mornings, with all those sorrows and that lowering sky and that muddy street, where she heard the newsboys crying, as she put on her hat and gloves in front of the mirror:

"Buy the *Matin;* fall of the ministry! Last hours of the Valfon cabinet!"

She was quite indifferent to the fall of the ministry, but what a ghostlike minuet, what a never-to-be-forgotten evening that name of Valfon brought to her mind! Oh! the marchionesses and shepherdesses, the satins and the shepherds' crooks, and lovely Florence Marquès, who had vanished so mysteriously, borne away by white horses in a hearse buried in white roses, one day last winter after the great fall of snow. She shook her blond curls to dispel these apparitions, and said as she tucked her satchel under her arm:

"Until to-night, mamma. Are you going my way, Tonin?"

No, Tonin had not time to go with her. Customers of his London house to see, machinery to order for the Paris house; then to breakfast with his employer, M. Esprit, and look in on the senior for a moment to [illegible] news — that was more than he cou[illegible]

The girl [illegible] and on the door:

"It's th[illegible] hat I can't go and see Raymond t[illegible] ves certain persons — I who took [illegible] emming his curtains and arrangi[illegible] ng-room; and after all that, I am [illegible]."

There wa[illegible] ent in her blue eyes.

"You m[illegible] me of these pretty madames, have n't you, little brother? I trust they have plenty of style, at least?"

"Dina!" said Madame Eudeline sternly. But the door was already closed and the little round hat and satchel on the way to the Central Office.

"Buy the fall of the ministry! Last hours of the Valfon cabinet!" shouted the ragged newsboys. And the little telegrapher thought as she crossed the broad carriageway of Boulevard Saint-Germain through the puddles, in a fine, drenching rain: "I know one man who longed for the fall of the ministry, and who must be overjoyed to have his revenge for the injustice of the Valfons and Marc Javels in turning him out, as if there were too many honest men in the service of the state." — And at that moment, lo! the very man of whom the little one was thinking came toward her on the same sidewalk,

from the direction of the Palais-Bourbon, recognizable at a distance by his short, massive figure, his ample trousers *à la hussarde*, which nobody but he had worn for a long time, and by that long white beard which, in the Paris of that day, had only the artist Meissonier's for a rival. To be sure Pierre Izoard has a strange look this morning, but the fall of the ministry has nothing to do with his excitement, in which there seems to be no joy. He strides along with frantic gestures and a savage expression which Dina has never seen on his face. He passes her close without seeing her, without stopping. People turn to look after the little man, who gesticulates so fiercely, talking to himself aloud. What has happened to Geneviève's father? Perhaps the approaching end of the session, bringing with it the time for the old stenographer to quit his post, to leave the Palais-Bourbon, where he has lived nearly twenty years. How everything changes! how full life is of sudden overturns and surprises! Dina recalls the happy Sunday evenings she used to pass with Tantine in the little apartment on the Sully courtyard. Could one imagine a cozier, more charming abode, two hearts more closely united than those of the old father and his *girl?* Now, when you go to see them and have the extraordinary good fortune to find them both, you feel that they are embarrassed, far, far away from each other, and their discomfort quickly extends to you. Why is it? Is it a law of existence? Is it that we undergo a fatal transformation, that we become more soured and gloomier with age; or are we the victims of circumstances?

Philosophizing thus as she walked, the little teleg-

rapher reached the corner of Rue de Grenelle, almost opposite the Central Office. A private carriage was standing in front of the entrance, and as the attendant, standing respectfully at the carriage door, his gold-braided cap in his hand, saw Mademoiselle Eud[illegible]g, he pointed her out to an old gentle[illegible] counterfeit youth, very tall and thin, [illegible]d eyebrows of too deep a black, eyes [illegible] instantly jumped from the coupé an[illegible] the girl. He eyed her carefully for [illegible]s an expert silk-weaver inspects a p[illegible] nacked his lips two or three times [illegible] connoisseur, then introduced himse[illegible]

"I am the [illegible]elle, — Tony Jacquand, Senator from Lyon. Claudius is in Paris and desires to see you. I confess that I can understand his desire, in the last five minutes. I will drive you to Rue Cambon; jump in quickly."

The bell was ringing for the relief of the night operating staff. Employés of both sexes hurried in and out, met in the porch; and one and all as they passed, especially the women, gazed curiously at little Eudeline, — whom senators called for and took away in carriages, my dear! Until late at night, the operating-rooms, the lavatory, the dressing-room were in a commotion as a result of that visit.

Any other than Dina would have been afraid, alone in the carriage with that rake with the Satanic eyes, whose long legs filled the whole space. But the little idolator had her idols, and, radiant with artless joy, she instantly asked old Tony:

"Oh! monsieur, I pray you tell me how he is?"

The question was so sincere, the accent so pure, that the father, touched to the heart, replied spontaneously:

"Better, much better, my dear girl; I think he is saved." But he recovered himself in an instant and added distrustfully: "But I warn you. It will require a year and a half or two years to complete the cure. You must wait two years before marrying. Do you understand, little girl?"

Ten years if he chose, on condition that they should be allowed a delicious meeting like this from time to time.

When they reached Rue Cambon, she saw him sitting at a window, his travelling rug over his knees, with his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his face, pale in the shadow of the two tall firs across the way, resting on his hand. He seemed thin to her, his forehead and eyes were larger, with that fold of resignation which long-continued suffering leaves on youthful faces. He clapped his hands when he saw her and uttered a hoarse cry of joy:

"Father, father, how pretty she is!"

She threw herself impulsively at his knees, clinging close to his chair, while Tony Jacquand established himself at the other window, beside a table laden with newspapers, saying to the lovers in the soft drawling Lyonnais accent:

"The papers are amusing this morning. I am going to read them for an hour. You have an hour to yourself to talk nonsense. After that I will take mademoiselle back to her office, and then make my

call on Madame Eudeline." He turned toward them and added, shaking his finger threateningly: "But no wedding for two years, you know."

"Yes, father, in two years."

And paying no further heed to one another, the former Ly[illegible] er reading his papers aloud, the [illegible] and what he read, and the young [illegible] ir heads very close together, wh[illegible] nonsense that they had to say to e[illegible] gue of politics and love was carrie[illegible] ween the warbling of the sparrows a[illegible] he garden opposite and the cries of [illegible] the streets:

"Fall of [illegible] e last day of the Valfon cabinet!"

That cry, [illegible] ris since early morning, filled the streets and echoed in every quarter, on every floor. At breakfast, at his employer, Esprit Cornat's, at the offices of all the customers whom he visited during the day, Antonin heard of nothing but this fall of the ministry, announced as noisily as shrewdly. Raymond, when his brother arrived, was holding forth on the great news of the day as he finished dressing, walking back and forth between his dressing-room and the salon, where two or three excellent specimens of the starveling type were waiting for him, — men who had none of the ultra-correct costume or pretentious language of the young *Voraces*.

Condescendingly offering his cheek to his junior, without even taking the trouble to introduce him, the elder Eudeline resumed his interrupted phrase and gesture:

"Make no mistake, messieurs; this question of the distillers, on which the Valfon ministry has fallen, is a very serious one. For once these sharpers had the law with them; but it is much better after all to let honest men undertake healthy jobs. As for me, if I should ever enter the Chamber — "

"Here are your gloves, my dear," said Geneviève, walking up to the orator, in a woollen *peignoir*, her lovely hair partially falling, as if too heavy for her little head. "You know what has happened to your brother," she continued, in an undertone.

During the moment that their interview lasted, Antonin, who stood timidly in a corner of the room, watching them, was struck by the expression, weary and discouraged almost to agony, on the face of the young woman whom he had left in radiant health at the time of his last visit to Paris. His brother, superb as always with his fresh complexion and his golden curls, had adopted a sort of cynical and rakish manner; his way of speaking had changed. He walked toward his brother, placed his hand patronizingly on his shoulder, and said:

"So you are to be a sea-dog, are you, my poor old fellow? But, after all, what can you expect? Five years will pass like everything else."

Tonin drew in his breath to reply: "Especially if I feel that you are with our mother, old fellow." But he had no time. Raymond was already at the door, followed by his two lackeys and his friend's melancholy "*Au revoir.*"

"Yes, yes, *au revoir,*" replied the young dandy with a bored air.

When they were alone, Antonin asked Tantine if

his brother was suffering from *ennui;* he seemed to him sadly changed.

"Why, no, nothing of the sort, I assure you; Raymond is the same as always."

The junior knew what to think, and continued:

"Is n't the *French Family* successful? It seems to me that there was not much talk about it."

Tantine would not admit it; on the contrary there had been a great deal of talk about it. For a beginner it had been all they could hope. The delusion lay in the idea that a work signed by an unknown name would produce much money. Poor Raymond, still engrossed by his responsibilities, had had a cruel disappointment in that respect. Luckily it was all over and he had forgotten all about it.

"Do you mean that he has abandoned literature?" said Tonin. "I see heaps of scientific books there." He pointed with a gesture of dismay to the table in the middle of the salon, covered with medical works. Geneviève, somewhat embarrassed, admitted that he had in fact abandoned it for the moment, oh! just for the moment.

"The road is too crowded, you see. Any one who chooses enters the literary profession. There is no custom-house. And then there are too many envious and ill-natured people in that profession. I was very glad to see him take hold of medicine."

His brother agreed that it was an excellent idea.

"And he did take hold of it bravely, the dear fellow, conquering the repugnance which disease, anything that is ugly, arouses in him."

"He is so handsome himself," sighed the junior.

"Oh! I can testify to the efforts he made," said

Geneviève, "but really anatomy made him ill, he could not stand it."

Tonin looked at her in stupefaction, then dropped his hands in discouragement.

"Of course, if he could not —"

"Some days ago he turned his attention to politics. He has self-assurance and a musical voice." As she spoke she rose to open the windows of the salon, impregnated with a strong odor of pipe smoke by the visits of the morning. "There is to be an election for municipal counsellor at Charonne. He has been asked to stand. But it requires much time, much money."

Antonin blushed as he stammered:

"You must be short of money. The advances from his — the — the — you know — must be used up."

"Oh! no, not yet."

There ensued the embarrassed silence which that question of money always caused between those two.

Suddenly the bell rang violently. It was Sophia Castagnozoff, her spectacles awry, her hair plastered against her cheeks. As she entered, she tossed her rain-soaked hat on the table and threw her arms around her friend's neck.

"Has Raymond gone out? Then I must embrace *you*, ask *your* pardon, and the junior's at the same time, since I am lucky enough to find him here."

Tantine drew back, very coldly. But the Cossack persisted:

"Come, come, you are not going to play at pride with your old Casta. I tell you, I was mistaken; Raymond is an honest boy, incapable of the vile deed of which I accused him. I know the real in-

former, the man who betrayed Lupniak to the police. He came to me and did what I am doing now, — begged for forgiveness. But we will talk of that later. For the moment we have more urgent matters to attend to."

Suffocated by excitement and the four flights, she paused to take breath, then made known the terrible news. In an hour, perhaps less, Pierre Izoard would be there.

Geneviève, in mortal terror, clung to the table for support.

"My father! that is the end."

Tonin tried to comfort her. Was it perfectly certain? How did Sophia know?

"How do I know? From your sister, my dear Tonin, from our precious little Dina, who met Monsieur Izoard at your mother's; and although all upset herself, — you will know why to-night, — did not forget to warn her friends of the danger that threatened them."

It seemed that an anonymous letter, succeeding several others, notified Geneviève's father that his daughter was not working with Sophia Castagnozoff. If he wished to know where and how she passed her time, he had only to go to Number 1 Boulevard Saint-Germain, fourth floor, door facing the stairway.

"If that is so, there is nothing more to be done," muttered Geneviève in a despairing tone.

"Absolutely nothing to be done," affirmed the Russian, but in a very different tone. "Your father is coming; he will find you in my rooms, working with me. Our books, our table; there are even two chairs beside the table. If he asks any questions

before coming up, Madame Alcide has my instructions. If he comes straight up, I will undertake to enlighten him."

Antonin, whose frightened glance inspected the furniture, the hangings, to see if there was nothing compromising anywhere, asked, as if impelled by a sudden suspicion:

"Does n't Monsieur Izoard know that Raymond lives here?"

"He certainly has never been here," replied Casta hastily. "It 's such a long time since he and your brother have seen anything of each other. He was so angry with him about his book and his liaison with Madame—" She was on the point of saying Madame Valfon, but caught herself and turned a sharp corner: "But leave everything to me. I have foiled examining magistrates who were keener than Pierre Izoard. I promise you that he won't frighten me."

Tantine drew herself up with a thrill of disgust.

"No, thanks. Enough of falsehoods; I will have no more of them. This life I am leading is too hateful. In the first place I am very awkward, and it has lasted too long. Think of that poor man who has no one but me to love, and whom I condemn to perpetual distrust! At times one would think that he was trying to spare me the fatigue and shame of lying. When I go out or come home, he no longer asks me: 'Where are you going? where have you been?' We are like strangers. Ah! you would find it hard to recognize our little house at Morangis, once so cheerful and full of warmth. We no longer speak to each other, we have nothing to say. Why,

we hardly dare look at each other. We look askance all the time. Let him come, *mon Dieu!* and let there be an end of it!"

"You are mad; why, he will kill you!" The Cossack had leaped to her feet, throwing her boy's hair behind her ears. "You know him well, that old Roman so proud of his Virginia, and claiming a right of life and death over her."

Oh! the heartrending smile with which Tantine replied:

"He will kill me. And what then?"

Sophia was indignant.

"What then? Why, you know very well that the poor old man will not survive you! and your Raymond, what do you suppose will become of him without you? And then there are others too who love you."

"Yes, indeed," sighed honest Tonin, whose suppressed sobs made a noise like an anchor dragging its chain over a rocky bottom.

Geneviève shook her head sadly.

"But suppose I succeed in concealing the truth from him to-day, or even for some time; he must find it out at last. A moment will come—"

She made a vague gesture, with a glance of compassion for herself, which Sophia alone understood.

"Ah, you little fool!" she whispered to her with emotion. "Didn't I warn you enough? Didn't I show you plainly enough what a *cul-de-sac* you were rushing into? No matter, we have four or five months before us, and we will find some way. Let us attend to the most urgent matter first. Tonin must go down and station himself in the Alcides'

office. They are already warned; but they may be awkward, or too zealous, or something I have not foreseen may happen."

"I understand. The — the — you know — I will be there."

He started for the stairs, but Sophia detained him.

"An idea! wait a moment."

The Slav's little eyes gleamed with intelligence and cunning. She took a card from her pocket.

DR. SOPHIA CASTAGNOZOFF.

Formerly intern in the hospitals of Paris.

Foundress of the Hospital for Children.

Let Tonin as he went down nail that card on the door. That would be additional evidence.

Geneviève waited until he was outside:

"I implore you, Sophia," she said then, very pale, in her sweet, serious voice, "do not give me any part in your comedy. My heart is too full of tears. I could not do it."

Casta imprinted two hearty nurse's kisses on her old friend's cheeks, took her by the shoulders and pushed her toward the door.

"Why, I don't need you, my dear. Go into your room."

Tantine had been in her room only a moment when Pierre Izoard's sonorous voice, with the blare of a brass horn, rang out in the hall, thanking Madame Alcide, who had come upstairs to open the door for him, and who answered in her mellowest faubourg accent:

"Nothing, monsieur, nothing at all. I just do it so as not to disturb my tenant."

Geneviève's father entered with a hesitating air, with a diverting duplex expression on his face, at once piteous and rejoicing; but if he had still retained any doubts, the tranquil greeting of Sophia Castagnozoff, seated at her work-table, amid her books on medicine and pharmacy, copies of the regulations and prospectus of the Children's Hospital, dispelled them completely, and naught remained save the embarrassment of explaining why he had come.

"I thought that you were established at Ivry, my dear Sophia. Have you moved, pray?"

In no wise disconcerted by so unexpected a question, although it was asked in the most natural tone and simply to say something, she replied, pointing to the empty chair at her side:

"Oh! I left Ivry a long while ago; the Lupniak business and the domiciliary visits of the police disgusted me with the quarter. Pray sit down, Pierre Izoard."

The old man did not hear. He was smiling and stroking his long beard, a sign in him of intense emotion; on approaching the table he suddenly found himself confronted by a portrait of his *girl* among the books and papers that lay about. Ah! if he had not checked himself, if only he could have taken the dear face in his two hands and put it to his lips!

"Might I know, Master Pierre, to what I owe the honor of this extraordinary visit?" The Russian, as she asked the question, shot two little green flames over her spectacles. "I have a shrewd suspicion that you did n't come to see Sophia Castagnozoff.

Oh! yes, yes, I know that you bear her a grudge, because she is a child-stealer. And unluckily Geneviève is at work to-day at the Botanical Garden at Bayou. You would have liked to see her, would n't you?"

"See Geneviève? No, my dear Sophia, and indeed—" He had seated himself by her side close to the table, and continued, very low, taking her hands: "If you are willing to do your old friend a favor, don't tell my child that I came here. She would want to know what I came for, and I should blush for myself if the dear girl suspected. Some day I will tell you, but you alone, the detestable plot of which I am a victim, the ghastly suspicion that brought me here; but, I implore you, don't ever let Geneviève—" He interrupted himself abruptly: "If only the *concierge* does n't tell her! That was the *concierge*, was n't it, that woman with the rat-terrier's face who hurried up the stairs behind me?"

Sophia reassured him. Since she had cured their child, the Alcides were devoted to her. Speaking of them, she was reminded of a strange experience she had just had with those excellent people.

She lighted one of her stout Russian cigarettes and began in a halo of smoke:

"You remember, Pierre Izoard, who, in my opinion, informed against Lupniak; you also, if I am not mistaken, shared my suspicions. Well, we were mistaken; the only culprit was this same Madame Alcide's husband, an ex-Communard, crushed by ten years of the galleys and association with convicts, who has imbibed so great a fear and respect for police officers that he can't deny them anything.

But the poor devil, when he saw that I had cured their child, their little incurable, was seized with such remorse that he remained for weeks at a time buried in his lodge, never going out, never uttering a word. This morning, being unable to stand it any longer, he came up with his wife, sobbing and weeping, and begged my forgiveness. I forgave him on condition that he would help me to effect Lupniak's escape; for, as you can imagine, I am ready to risk everything for that. Yes, though I have to postpone my departure for six months or twelve months, I have sworn that that honest fellow shall not end his days in New Caledonia, and that I will take him to Calcutta as a nurse."

The Marseillais rose from his chair. He was radiant.

"I have n't your sympathy with wild beasts, my dear Sophia, but there is one thing in what you tell me that pleases me immensely, and that is the assurance that Raymond had nothing to do with that man's arrest. I am very glad, for the sake of dear old Victor Endeline, who set his sons the example of an heroic death; glad for the sake of his mother and that whole honorable family. After all, the boy was right; his brother is worth more than I thought. It is not he that is so evil-minded, but his generation, — a generation of savage little mandarins with a smattering of letters; but I am repeating myself, and *my girl* may come in at any moment."

The good man's rancor against the younger generation, this inability to comprehend the new men and new ideas, which with him had well-nigh become a

mania, was destined to be subjected a few days later to a wholly unforeseen test.

"Come, Izoard, old fellow, we must be just; what would you say if among these young monsters—" It was one evening in this same month of April, in the white and gold salon of an old-fashioned restaurant near the Bastille, the famous *Sergents de la Rochelle* of which the Marseillais was always talking, and which attained its celebrity in '48 and in the early days of the Second Empire. Before taking their places at the table, pending the arrival of some belated guests, Esprit Cornat was arguing with his old friend: "What should you say if, among this generation that is a thousand leagues away from us, this generation without ideals, without beliefs, I had discovered a saint, a hero?"

The ex-member of the Constituent, tall and thin, with long white hair curling around the smooth-shaven profile of a bird of prey, spoke standing in front of the fireplace. Pierre Izoard, stretched out in a low easy-chair, his allegorical beard falling almost to the floor, protested with the utmost indignation:

"A hero among the youth of the present day, — I mean the bourgeois, educated youth, who have Kant and Hartmann and Wagner and Nietsche at their finger-tips, who sneer at the old visionaries of '48, think the Second of December was all right and the avengers of '70 altogether absurd? A hero among those little puppies? I defy you to produce one, my friend!"

He lowered his voice and pointed to all the honest faces of clerks in their Sunday garb, all the electri-

cal mechanics swallowed up in frock-coats that were too glaringly new, who stood silent and awkward under the chandeliers and gilt decorations of that gorgeous reception-room.

"See what is happening here at this moment. You have brought together all Antonin Eudeline's comrades in the workshop, all your heads of departments, and even Monsieur Alexis, formerly the cashier of the house of Eudeline, whom I saw coming in a minute ago, all white with frost, in the same old pilgrim's cloak that he has worn for forty years to my knowledge — you have invited them all here to bid Antonin God-speed. Ah! the warm hearts, the honest fellows! Not one who has n't responded to your call. The only one missing, naturally, is the one for whom the boy's eyes are watching with the greatest impatience, Raymond, his big brother, one of the young bourgeois of whom we were speaking."

Monsieur Esprit, who also was watching the door, smiled with a knowing air:

"Perhaps young Raymond is very busy this evening."

"Not at all. He keeps us waiting because our party is not in the least entertaining to him, a sentimental affair in an out-of-the-way quarter and in the vilest kind of weather. For I will call your attention, my dear master, to the fact that this is the 12th of April, and that it is snowing, which fact, however, is entirely in line with the general overturning of old customs. No more spring, no more youth. Some people will say that I am a doting old fool, but when I was twenty years old young poets called their maiden verses: 'April Songs.' —

'Rhymes of the Springtime.' — That is n't possible nowadays."

Alexis the cashier, a stout, sallow bourgeois of Belleville, faded by years, had timidly drawn near them.

"I venture to remind you, gentlemen, that on Louis Philippe's birthday, April 10, the National Guard used to put on their white trousers, and that every good Parisian sported his nankeen suit that day."

"The nankeen carries me back a long way," said Esprit Cornat.

"I will say, further," continued the cashier, "that on the same 10th of April, in the afternoon, they used to throw into the Seine from Port Royal live ducks in couples, which the urchins tried to catch by swimming; I caught three pairs two years in succession."

The Marseillais began to laugh.

"Let 's see you jump into the water with the temperature as it is to-day."

A *maître d'hôtel*, bald-headed and majestic enough to preside over one of the great legislative bodies, came and asked Monsieur Cornat in an undertone if they should serve the dinner.

"Wait a little longer," was the reply.

The *maître d'hôtel* disappeared, and with him the vision, in the brightly lighted banquet-hall adjoining, of an enormous horse-shoe table laden with flowers and glass.

This interminable waiting made Antonin very unhappy. To be sure, this grand dinner-party given by the master in his honor, as an acknowledgment

of past services and an obligation, subscribed before them all, to employ him in the future; the cordial smile of his comrades in the workshop who knew his life so well, and the esteem of all those hard-working men were well calculated to make him proud; but nothing could compensate for his brother's absence. Oh! to think that the senior, his best friend, his brother, should fail to attend that farewell dinner, should cause him that grief! Why? Because he was with working men and overseers? But was not their father once a working man, and would not Antonin be one all his life? For some time past, indeed, Raymond had not been the same with his brother. When the junior came to see him, he seemed to avoid him, to hide from him. That very day, when he looked in at Boulevard Saint-Germain, he had found no one but Geneviève, a distraught, preoccupied Geneviève, whose coldness he was still trying to comprehend, since he was about to go away for so long; a Tantine without warmth or affection, when he needed them so. — "Ah! my child, there are misfortunes more complete than yours." — She, who was ordinarily so compassionate to others, had let fall those words with an air of listlessness and weariness which he could not forget. What in heaven's name was going on in his brother's household? Would not Raymond make up his mind to marry her, would he let her sacrifice herself to the end? Upon that, as upon many other matters, he was expecting to have an explanation with his brother that evening, to take advantage of the confidential mood born of many toasts, of the walk home together along the quays in the darkness,

to speak to him as he had never dared to do. But how was he to carry out his plan if Raymond did not come to the dinner?

Second solemn appearance of the *maître d'hôtel.* But this time, after a few whispered words, Esprit Cornat followed him into the adjoining room.

There was a moment of silence, of suspense, as if the lights had grown dim; hesitating glances were directed at Antonin, who, deeply moved, with rounded shoulders, his timid little head drawn down into the collar of a coat in which he might have vanished altogether, seemed to reply to the guests with the mute quivering of his thick lips and his poor blinking eyes: "I know no more about it than you."

Suddenly the folding-doors were thrown open, high and wide, with a stately crash. In the framework of lights and flowers formed by the banquet-hall and its immense table, appeared the tall figure of the ex-member of the Constituent, having on his arm a slender young marine, whose light moustache and yellow epaulets blazed under the chandeliers.

"My friends," said the old man in a loud voice, "I present to you Raymond Eudeline, who has voluntarily enlisted in the 5th Marine Corps, and in whose honor I have invited you here this evening; for this brave fellow enters the service as a substitute for his brother, and it is to him that we are indebted for being able to keep our comrade at the workshop."

There was a tempest of bravos and stamping, saluting the heroic act even before it was fully understood. Antonin, white as a sleep-walker, stag-

gered and held out his arms. His brother went to him, took both his hands and said, amid the hurrahs which broke out with redoubled vigor:

"The little sister was right, old fellow; you are the real support of the family, the real oldest son of the widow; I have been only the honorary incumbent; I have realized it a little late, but I do realize it. You will not be a soldier, my little Tonin, my presence with the colors sets you free." Then he turned to the old father, who came toward him with the triumphant Esprit Cornat.

"Will you forgive me for the pain my book caused you, Pierre Izoard?"

The Marseillais, completely overwhelmed by emotion, tried to find some expressive reply. Greek and Latin phrases came to his mind, and Provençal too, the timeworn, stereotyped verses of his professional days.

But at last he opened his arms, pressed the hero to his heart, and with flushed, distorted face, while two great tears rolled down his cheeks, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"*Boun bougré!*"

All who are acquainted with our people of the South, their heartfelt cries, their genuine outbursts of feeling, will recognize the fact that Pierre Izoard could have found nothing more typical with which to express his admiration.

XIV.

A WEAKLING.

AT SEA.—STRAITS OF BONIFACIO.

THIS is my confession. Written for you, my Antonin, for you alone, it is a hard trial for my pride; but at the same time it relieves it of a weight. I shall not go away behind a hypocritical mask, applauded as a hero, when in reality I am simply a coward. You, at all events, you whose affection has always found it possible to forgive me, you to whom I dare tell everything, shall know the truth.

Perhaps coward is too strong a term. Mauglas was a coward; but, although I have shirked all my duties, I have not, like him, descended to a vile trade. Let us say that I am a weakling, a species which breeds rapidly, and still I have this excuse for my weakness, that it dates from our father's death. That tragical shock, too violent for young children, caused in your case an embarrassment of speech, in mine nothing apparent, but some organic disturbance. What is it? I am still at the stage of trying to find out. Until then I had been very strong in my studies and proud of my successes; afterward I was simply a passable scholar, diligent as before, even prouder, if that was possible, but one whose efforts never once succeeded. Was it that my will-power had been impaired? Probably. At all events, it

seems to me that after that day only the outside of me, the surface lived; beneath, everything was empty, hollowed out, like the deep cavities which the sea burrows in the gleaming black basalt just abreast of us, under the white houses of Bonifacio.

In spite of everything, I have most delightful memories of my course at the *lycée*, because life was laid out for one there, work and even recreation obligatory. They would say to me: "Go to the right; go to the left." I obeyed with the greatest pleasure, relishing the subtle joy of marching in the ranks. And when the other pupils seemed so happy to leave the old barrack, I remember the pleasure it gave me to pass a few extra months there to prepare for the Normal School. It was because, in addition to the joys of automatic life, this prolongation of my stay at the *lycée* postponed the moment when I must shoulder the terrible responsibilities which my father had bequeathed me at his death.

My constant preoccupation was the prospect of that duty to be done, with the conviction that I should not be equal to it. Ah! what a feeling of dread that tragedy of *Hamlet* left in my boyish memory! How I loved and pitied that poor young prince, and the *Caryatid crushed by the rock*, a small marble figure by Rodin, which I always saw on the illustrious Marc Javel's desk, and which followed him like a fetich to the innumerable departments to which Pierre Izoard and I went to hunt him up! yes, the sorrowful expression of that woman's face under the huge, pitiless stone that crushed her loins, — that and the despairing smile of the Prince of Denmark, were the two terrifying symbols which,

throughout my whole youth, represented to my eyes my future task in life. You see that I had taken our father's bequest seriously. Being so desirous to do my duty, why did I not succeed? We have laid the blame on the detestable tools I had to work with, the difficulty of supporting a family with Latin and philosophy. But no. It was the workman, the workman's arms that were too weak; but to the last my pride refused to admit it.

Ah! the irony of life! To think that at home, all about us, at your workshop, my Antonin, at the War Office, where Monsieur Esprit went with me to help me to secure a chance to leave France at once, everywhere I was complimented and encouraged: "This is a fine thing you are doing, young man." What was I doing? I was running away. Responsibilities, duties, burdens too heavy for the feeble caryatid, I was running away from all of you. I was flying from the family which I could not support, the prospect of a family of my own, a wife, a child, for Geneviève will soon be a mother, and I could see in anticipation Pierre Izoard's eyes fastened on me: "Marry my daughter or I will kill you!" It was this double threat, too, that made me run away. I felt that I was incapable of doing that thing, simple as it seems, and I dreaded it almost as much as death, — a household, a home to construct, children to rear, an example to set them and a career to choose for them. It was in face of all this that I was afraid and that I recoiled. And if you knew how many young men there are like me!

My plan of enlisting in your place dates from your last arrival in Paris for the sitting of the

Council of Revision. After appearing in so many forms, after so many barren efforts in literature, medicine, politics, I determined that I would be good for something. Tantine, the first time I mentioned it to her, said simply: "Poor boy!" Not a word about herself or the child. What were her thoughts when she saw me go from her? Did she, too, admire me? Did she believe in the sublimity of my self-sacrifice? I doubt it. She knows my weakness better than any one, and she loved me on account of it from the very first. She has been much more of a mother to me than a wife or mistress, and I have always been her "poor boy." Feeling that I was not strong enough to perform my task, she tried to help me, and sacrificed herself for me to the end. Oh! I implore you, brother, do not abandon her! I intrust her to you. Before long our little Cinderella's miraculous marriage will have made the family burden less heavy for you; when she is Madame Claudius Jacquand, Dina will not leave her mother behind a shop-counter. So think of dear, generous Tantine. Look after her and my child. Remember that she tried with all her strength to make me a man, but could not succeed. Perhaps you two together will succeed with the little creature she is about to bring into the world.

I am writing on my knapsack at the bow of the *Iraouaddy*, in vinegary weather, as they say. So don't be surprised if my sentences and my handwriting are slightly confused. Through the influence of Senator Tony Jacquand and your employer, M. Esprit, I obtained, among other favors, that of not stopping at the depot at Toulon, but going

straight on to Cochin-China, whither my 3d battalion is ordered. I shall have there the automatic life I love: "One, two! One, two! Right, left! Right, left!" without even the responsibility of a corporal's stripe. To relieve the monotony, new scenery, giant verdure, rivers that smell of musk, and the constant fascination of danger. Speaking of danger, my neighbor at mess, a soldier in the foreign legion, pointed out to me in this perilous Strait of Bonifacio we have just entered, among the rocks at the water's edge very near us, a tall, straight, white stone with a cross at the top. It was at that spot that the *Sémillante* was lost during the Crimean War, with over a thousand men, all of whom were found dead on this little island of Lavezzi, clinging together, in clusters, in heaps, and who were buried where they were wrecked. Those are graves that are not often visited, and where the flowers are not often renewed! It is a tempting place all the same, this little Père-Lachaise in mid-ocean. It must be an excellent place to sleep. No danger of the soldiers coming there to shoot down the Communards, of people getting drunk there and murdering one another as they do in the cemeteries of Paris.

The wind, which has been blowing a gale since morning, has suddenly subsided, but there is still a heavy sea, enormous waves under a motionless blue-black sky, without a breath of air. Now and again the vessel stands on end so that you think that the steerage passengers, lying on the deck forward, must certainly cruise down on the steamer chairs of the first cabin. Will you believe, brother, that a mo-

ment ago, in one of those rapid glimpses which we get of the whole length of the ship as she rises, I fancied that I distinguished at the stern, in a group of black-veiled nuns, the figure of Madame Valfon, and, nearer to us, bustling about among the nurses with white jackets with a blue cross on the sleeve, and with Kalmuck noses that made me think of Lupniak, the square, shiny face of our doctoress, beneath a pair of gold spectacles and a little hat with a cockade of yellow flowers. As to Sophia, I am sure that it is she. I remember reading, some time before I left Paris, an article announcing the speedy departure for Bombay of Dr. Castagnozoff's mission, and mentioning among the neophytes Madame Valfon, driven to despair by her daughter's death. It was said that to prevent the Minister for Foreign Affairs, shattered by the same blow, from taking passage with her and devoting his life to the hospital for sick children, it had required the combined efforts of all his friends, who reminded him of the services he could still render to his country, of the paucity of statesmen and politicians among us, and dwelt upon the altogether too religious flavor of a work that was most humanitarian no doubt, but founded under the patronage of Dom Bosco. That was not the place for a grand master of Free Masons. The article amused me; I recognized the hypocritical, grimacing phraseology of the former editor of the *Galoubet.* But no matter, the Tartuffe of the Great Orient is behind the times with his anticlericalism. Marc Javel's watch is much more accurate. Do you remember the time our father died? The Marc Javel of those days did not go into churches; but at

Florence Marquès's funeral, while Valfon walked up and down the little square in front of Saint-Clotilde, I saw the other rubbing his forehead and his knees on the flagstones of the choir, beside the wicked young man, the delicious Wilkie, who also knows what 's o'clock, and that Auguste Comte's scientific republic has had its day. Ah! Pierre Izoard was right; Marc Javel is the craftiest of them all, the man who bobs about at the will of the wind and tide, like a buoy, who is of no use to anybody or anything, but who gives everybody the false idea that we entertained so long, that they can safely cling to him. He certainly will go farther than all the rest, because, having no superior qualities at all, the eloquence of a commercial traveller, the learning of an honest president of a social club in the provinces, he overshadows nobody, and yet makes a very good appearance. And then Marc Javel does not know Latin, perhaps that is the secret of his strength.

Tonin, Tantine, I implore you, do not let my child learn Latin, do not let him study the classics. By making the opposite request for his son, my father brought misfortune upon me.

THE END.

NOTES ON LIFE

PREFACE

ALPHONSE DAUDET never in the course of his life published isolated thoughts; as they came to him, from a passing inspiration, a chance remark, he jotted them down, sometimes in a special notebook, oftenest in one where he was roughly sketching the chapters of a novel — on the margin, across the text, or on the cover. And this chance note, dashed across the work in hand, was often the embryonic idea of the next book, whose landmarks one might thus find, months apart, and follow to the complete elucidation.

Whenever he used one of these thoughts, he struck it out with a red or blue pencil; it was exhausted, done with, and the pencil-stroke is decisive, suggests satisfaction; it is the swing of the scythe over the ripe grain. The others remained untouched and without apparent connection. It is these that I have brought together.

It required courage — this gleaning. I had to go back to 1868, the year following our marriage, where the first annotations of the young writer are found among household memoranda, appointments with edi-

tors and managers, dates of payments, and all the serious preoccupations of a laborious and difficult entrance into the literary life. As the style and writing change, one may follow, between the lines where the thought broadens and deepens, the daily, intimate life, interwoven with the life of the author soon celebrated, in a weft that lacks not a guiding thread nor an instant's story.

It was a painful task for me, this searching through all his scattered work, each one of whose stages I could mark by the title of a book or the birth of one of our children; and if, through the magic of his words always full of color, terse and alive, I sometimes seemed to be talking with him, and passed two or three hours under the illusion of that close comradeship in which we lived, it was only to fall back again the more dejectedly, into the emptiness of his absence or the grievous assemblage of my regrets.

Most painful was it, when the fine writing, clear-cut as engraving, began to waver from a slight tremble of the hand, soon accentuated, where disease betrayed itself in bodily fatigue; and this became always more apparent as the thought gradually freed itself and, little by little, made of the man of talent of earlier years the high personality in literature that Alphonse Daudet became.

And yet, I was unwilling to leave to any one this task, which he had long ago confided to me, in a mysterious envelope to be opened after his death; and I took up one by one those manuscript books, small but so full, which are in brief the *Lettres de mon*

Moulin, *Jack*, *l'Immortel*, *Sapho*,[1] etc., finding each time, that once about his work, the list of characters written out, with their respective ages — for my husband made scenarios for his romances, with the exactitude required in a play — once in the midst, then, of one of his long stories, almost all the notes relate to the subject, and I must needs lay them aside, to avoid repetition from works widely known and read: but sometimes, doubtless in those pauses when the pen held in air turns the thought for a moment from the work under the hand, a remark slips in, two lines are interpolated, in a script luminous, distinct, and concentrated like the thought, and the author gives this a place aside, fearing confusion. The thoughts relating to war were almost all grouped in the eight months of the Siege and Commune, a time which so impressed Alphonse Daudet, when he shared at once in both the active and reflective life of his country, and his writing was the rebound of events: hence the justice and sincerity of this short journal.

The dreams are almost all of his youth, as is usual: with children the dream is as important as the day. As life becomes filled with work and distractions, dreams grow fewer and dimmer, and some — those where one takes wings to avert a fall or cross a river, delusive realizations of the ideal, the impossible — those no longer come at all. . . . My husband loved

[1] Four of these manuscripts had been given in token of friendship to Henry Céard, Léon Hennique, Gustav Geffroy, and J. F. Raffaëlli, who were kindly willing to intrust them to me in my researches.

these dreams, was careful to preserve them — he who was so alive to reality, yet always remained, in his great work of prose, the poet of his twentieth year.

. . . . . .

In a day, in an instant, life, talent, projects, all in the abyss — all but the supreme hope of a possible meeting beyond, and remembrance here. This last, at least, is ours, as ample as it is grievous, enveloping what was once the loveliness of a being, the charm of his person and his personality, that charm which brought him near to all, made him accessible to all, a man among men.

JULIA A. DAUDET.

NOTES ON LIFE

> All our dignity, then, consists in thought. It is by means of this that we must rise, not by time or space, which we could never fill. PASCAL.

Homo duplex, homo duplex! The first time I perceived that I was two, at the death of my brother Henry, when Papa cried so dramatically: "He is dead, he is dead!" — my first *I* wept, and the second thought: "How true that cry! how fine it would be on the stage!" I was fourteen.

I have often meditated on this dread duality. Oh! the terrible second *I*, always still while the other is up, acts, lives, strives, suffers! — this second *I*, that can not be intoxicated, nor made to shed tears, nor put to sleep! And how it sees! and how it mocks!

TO a woman. Your eyes are like sweet violets.

WHAT profound disgust must those epithets feel which have lived for centuries with the same nouns! Bad writers can not be made to comprehend this. They think divorce is not permitted to words. There are people who write without blushing: *venerable trees, melodious accents. Venerable* is not an ugly word;

put it with another substantive — "your venerable burden," "most venerable worth," etc., — you see the union is good. In short, the epithet should be the mistress of the substantive, never its lawful wife. Between words there must be passing liaisons, but no eternal marriages. It is this which distinguishes the original writer from others.

I READILY compare what is called Philosophy, to the cabinet of a ministry. Each new chief arranges the cabinet after his fashion, changes the place of papers and labels, makes what is called a work of classification, nothing more.

He who goes has taken nothing; he who arrives brings nothing. They talk of amelioration and reforms. Do not believe them. Different classification, that is all. Each new great philosopher who sets us astir, only classifies our ideas, tickets our knowledge, in a way different from his predecessor's. Rangement, arrangement, and even derangement! Some of them, like Proudhon, tear all the papers, smash the green boxes, throw the furniture out of the window; — then they are left standing in the middle of the cabinet, without so much as anything to sit on.

WE have in our lives singular moments of absence, or of vision perhaps, during which all objects, ideas, things, persons, present themselves to us as isolated, detached from time, from space, from ordinary circumstances. At such moments certain words appear to us in monstrous shapes. Two or three times the

word *death* has so appeared to me — as a big, black hole, a thousand fathoms deep, to whose bottom my eyes might have penetrated. At such times the men encountered in the street seem indescribably comic — madmen seen through a fog. We ourselves lose the sense of our personality. We get outside of ourselves, and watch the action of that which was ourselves. Once the idea of my name's being Alphonse Daudet, made me laugh heartily.

PEDAGOGUES charged with the instruction of children, always forget that to *apprehend* is not to *comprehend.* How many professors *know* Latin? Many have learned it, few know it. I shall never forget the famous: *Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit.* . . . It was always cited to us as an example of onomatopœia, and my teacher had persuaded me that one might mistake it for the gallop of a horse.

One day, wishing to frighten my little sister, who had a great fear of horses, I came up behind her and cried, "*Quadrupedante putrem,*" and so forth. Well, the little thing was n't frightened.

THE senses have doors of communication between them, the arts also.

A CHILD of a few days, and a man in his last agony, have the same breath, feeble, gasping, rapid.

HEARD a very funny thing: a comedian describing the benediction of the sea, which he had seen in Brittany. "It made you feel like everything in your

back, and then all over you, and then you felt so, you know, and so, and then you went into a corner to cry." All this to signify that he was moved.

A DAINTY morsel to exploit! An edict under the reign of Nero, more brutal than the edicts of these times: "Order to open his own veins." See Suetonius and others.

SOME ONE asks me if I don't think the ethics of La Fontaine pernicious! 'T is as if you asked if a purée of lily or a jasmine fricassée is good for the stomach. La Fontaine, like the jasmine, is made for inhaling; it smells good, it 's not to be eaten.

HOW many men with libraries over which one might write "For external use," as on druggists' labels.

SAW one time in the Vosges, a beech wood overtopping a forest of pines; a rosy wood to marvel at, half its leaves pale green, the rest red, a charming effect.

"That wood," said the forester, "is doomed, eaten up by weevils; every touch of red is a leaf lost."

For all the world like young consumptives, their faces illumined by dainty rose tints for days before they die.

OF a writer, doing his journalistic work day by day, regularly, untalked of: Silent sewing-machine.

READ this fine thought in Seneca: "The ambitious man" compared to "those dogs to whom one throws

bits of meat, and who gulp them as they fly, jaws wide, throat tense, always thinking of the next piece, not relishing, not even tasting the morsel as it comes; insatiable."

ANOTHER thought from Seneca: "Glory always walks with genius (*virtus*), whose shadow she is."

Only, like the shadow of bodies, she is sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, according to the place of the sun.

THE Oath of the Tennis Court! How well that paints the French nation, accomplishing its greatest revolution in a hall for sports! I would David had represented them all with rackets in their outstretched hands.

OF M—, admirable brains without a regulator.

D'A—, a dull mind manifesting in lyrics.

THE French language to be compared to an old salon: the pieces of furniture are the words. On some of them the covers have been left, and they have faded of themselves, without being of service: the others, on the contrary, have taken all the sun's rays, all the Blüchers of the language have wiped their feet on them (Vallès and others); in short, to receive in that salon is right embarrassing.

WE have the same age since we have the same grief.

WHEN one wishes nightingales to sing well, he puts out their eyes. When God wishes to make great poets, he chooses two or three and sends them great sorrows.

RUSTICS' faces, color of the soil.

TRUST not wines too old; they 're in their dotage.

THE sole brave kings that France has had are — I would swear it — the donothings. *Nihil fecit*, say the biographers. If I were a king, I would as much might be said of me.

OF my friend X—. He excels in mediocrity.

LOOK well to the affront, but consider not the man.

ANALOGY: The Valois race ending in three brothers, the Bourbon race also.

DE V—, an ardent soul in a gummed envelope.

OF D—: There is a singular medley of fancy and reality in this writer. When he makes a book from observation, a study of bourgeois manners, it always has a side fanciful, poetic. If, on the contrary, he writes a book of pure imagination, the stars themselves will speak in it like people of to-day. Always between heaven and earth, an African locust.

A MAN coming out of a fight, eyes blackened, swollen. . . . One always looks first at the eye. It is

the thing most living, most eloquent, most insolent in a face. It lives with a life of its own, radiates light. It attracts even very young children, who always want to stick their fingers into eyes.

READING the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, it seems to me plain that the best were written upon quitting Musset; exquisite, winged fancy; the butterfly passed that way! Later, when the lady made poetry by herself, she wrote the *Diable aux Champs*. Heavy!

WHEN one is loved, he should have nothing else to do.

SAW one summer's day, a touching thing: a butterfly astray in the waste of sunshine on the Place de la Concorde. The atmosphere fiery, the asphalt melting, the little creature went on in this Sahara, fluttering close to the ground, searching for freshness over some stray drops fallen from a watering-cart.

A WOMAN'S definitions:
Little girls: three chins and the air of a dunce.
The works of George Sand: a great soup.
The Mondays of St. Beuve: they smell musty.

VERDICT of Napoleon on the limbs of his soldiers: rags.

A GERMAN shrew: she's a mad forget-me-not.

TURGENIEFF, in his landscapes, gives you the impression of a Russia hot, parched, all humming with heavy laden bees: I believe in all his works the snow does n't fall twice.

NOON, 't is the critical hour of the day; thirty, 't is the critical age of woman; before noon you cannot affirm that the day will be fine; before thirty you cannot tell that the woman will be honest.

HE used to say: I invent very easily, very fast; I compose less rapidly, write with desperate slowness. I have too many ideas; a great reservoir always too full, with only a pipe fine as a hair for outlet. I conceive grand, render graceful: an eagle enters my brain, then, *frrt!* three humming birds come out of it.

DE F—, a Provençal who has frozen his hands.

THE dryest hearts are most inflammable.

THERE are days when everything that happens to me seems to have happened before; when all that I do, I picture myself doing in the past, in another life, in a dream, with the same accompaniment of circumstances. Certain intonations of certain words, give me the idea of things already heard; certain colors or associations of color, of things already seen. How difficult to say this as I feel it!

WE have in life but two or three primal sensations, mother sensations, all the rest are only copies—reprints of the first impression. Thus, the first pine I saw, or rather, with which I lived, was at Fontvieille: all pines now recall to me Fontvieille, all autumn hazes recall Bures, in the Chevreuse Valley. (To be developed.)

FOR works of art and literature there ought to be mortuary chambers, like those of Germany. Works believed to be dead should be exposed there for a time — and so none would get buried alive.

ON our side, we love things, but they do not reciprocate. That is n't fair.

I HAVE a highly developed sense of the ridiculous. The ridiculous hurts me; I laugh, but I suffer; besides, it strikes me in myself as in others.

THE man who beats his wife, then, quite spent with his wrath, cries in a tearful voice: "Monstrous woman! what a state she put me in!" Like the little brew of herbs the old grandfather wanted prepared every time he had made a scene. The need of being petted, soothed.

CONSOLING another is lending to be repaid.

NOTHING so oppressive as accounts of travel, nothing so charming as impressions: the defined, the elusive.

OH! these people who say everything — the catchpenny writers!

THE verb is the bone of the sentence. Michelet makes them boneless, the Goncourts sometimes also.

A NATURE expansive without regard to direction, does not give itself, it throws itself away.

SOME souls are hares, some are cabbages.

THE men of the Midi do not say: "I love him!" but: "He loves me! Ah, how he loves me!"

AFTER the sea, the forest of Fontainebleau has moved me most. Impression of grandeur almost identical.

I saw it one autumn day; Bas-Bréau was all golden under black clouds low enough for the hand to touch. The forest was illumining herself with her own light, the deeps of her paths all on fire.

I understand now the northern lights. In them the sun scarcely counts. Color dances of itself, each ray for itself. 'T is not at all our splendid broadcast and effervescence of the Midi. All this still very vague in my head, but beginning to grow clear. In the Midi the light is on objects, in the North it is within.

MY attention was called one day to Balzac the provincial, disclosing the great Parisian world, describing with the imagination of a dazzled country squire, a world he had never seen. Possibly this world is real to-day, in which case life has copied the romance. Such things are not so rare as is supposed.

In the present case, this is probably what happened: Russia, where the novels of Balzac had their first great success, imitated the manners of Parisian high life in his books; then these manners, applied there, and believed to be authentic, came back to us (as in the comedies of Musset), and we have now welcomed and adopted them. This is life in circulation.

OF a philosopher stereotyped and pompous: Prudhomme at Cape Sunium.

GOOD subject for a comedy, I've used the title elsewhere: *The Neighbor's House.* People who pass their time criticising their neighbors, while they do exactly the same things themselves.

HAVE read the history of '48, by Louis Blanc. A worthy book, but what strikes me most is the small stature of the author. He is always on a table, on a chair, on people's shoulders, passed from hand to hand. And what admiration for men of size! One would say a Brobdingnag revolution recounted by a Gulliver, one of the party chiefs.

LET the work be literary, but let not the workman's hand be seen.

THERE is an age tiresome, stupid, ugly, the moulting age, from eleven to thirteen years: the child loose-jointed, awkward, his voice false and shrill: the ungrateful age! Let us say one has this age in literature.

IN the music of Chopin, all the turns, rapid, shapely, ornate, are like brandenburgs: charming music with black brandenburgs.

TO add to observations on comedians: a certain one's arrival at his home, which had been ruined in the war. The emotion was sincere, but played as in a stage scene. Arms folded, head high, eyes cast about, then a half turn, a tear pressed out by the finger tip, and the first position again, full face, the gaze high, and firm now, a tapping with the left foot, a little quaver checked on the lips: "Be still, my

heart!" All this arranged, mounted, with a precision, a conventionality;—and yet the emotion was real, but how little appealing!

SOMETHING odd: Every time I come in contact with sentiments badly expressed, exaggerated or false, I find myself redden, and my eyes shift as if I were telling a falsehood.

IN the study I mean to make of the men of the Midi, I shall encounter many similitudes with the study of comedians: the man of Nîmes and the man of the Porte-Saint-Martin.

AHEAD of the advance guard, among the marauders and sharpshooters, in that complete abandon of one's self and of others, that grand letting-go of everything, —scented a nameless odor of bloody debauch and cadavers.

PERPETUAL contact with death, the sight of blood and of corpses, when it does not refine the soul, brutalizes it.

Remark of a zouave after Reichshoffen: "There was beef for you!"

DANGER is an intoxication that sobers.

HOW stupid are all pictures of battles! The soldiers should be only accessory, so much does the landscape fill the scene. A battle—'tis a wood, a ravine, a street, a cabbage-field, with smoke.

AMUSING speech of Gambetta to the irregulars who offered themselves for a mission: "You are very young!" A feint to give himself the air of age.

A SINGULARLY romantic case happened in our quarter. A Bavarian family had lived in France many years: the son, a naturalized Frenchman, enrolled in the *garde mobile;* the father, forced to quit France, as a Bavarian, enrolled in the *landwehr* and returning to Paris in the army of the enemy.

OBSERVATION on comedians: one of them enrolled in the volunteers, less from true bravery than from love of shoulder-straps — for he 's an officer — and the joy of saluting and being saluted military fashion: wandering about among the cafés, with his whistle, which, for that matter, he never uses in action, but only to terrify the bourgeois by showing them how they do down there in the trenches.

A PRETTY poltroon; the poor fool on the Fontenay route, who from fear of shells dared not speak to any one nor stop, lest it should make a group! The Prussians fired on groups!

THEY tell me of an officer of the National Guard, who has been decorated for a wound he was supposed to have got in the affair at Montretout. Well, the rascal wounded himself, in the face and eyes of the whole battalion, staving in a barrel of bacon.

SOMETHING very touching was the return of the painter L—. Wounded at Malmaison, then made prisoner, he came back after two months, without

warning. His wife had wept, despaired. One evening she hears some one calling her from the stairway — a feeble, far-away cry. Is she dreaming? She goes out, her child in her arms, leans over, and sees L—, with his crutches, on the stairs, unable from weakness and emotion to go farther, sitting there crying for joy. What a fine scene! For awhile they looked at each other, weeping; then there were kisses to suffocation, or rather to the suffocation of the toddler, who, understanding none of it, was beginning vaguely to recognize this big man come back with the long sticks under his arms.

PUT in my study of the men of the Midi, the exaggeration of the glance, which kindles at all propos; of the speech, which accentuates everything, gives a value to every word, every letter. When those people say "*mon estomac*," it is "*mon estomack*." The effect is no longer that of anything human, but of a monster of war, something like the *Merrimac*.

CONDEMNED to death! A gentleman enters a café. "I 've just come from the war," he said, and he joined in the conversation; they were talking of the court-martial's decision regarding the men of October 31st. "Ah, you have news?" asks the gentleman; "what is it?" "There are three condemned to death, Blanqui, Flourens, and another." "His name?" They give it. "Bah!" says the man, "why that 's I!" He remains undecided a moment, then, rapping on the table: "Waiter, a bock!" But he could not finish it. He clasped close the hands of the others, looking to right and left, then disappeared down the passage.

THE general — they called him "general," — that old retired clerk. One of the first to be shot when the troops entered Paris.

SEQUEL to the Siege of Paris: those Parisians transported to the provinces, far away from their little incomes or pensions, dying of hunger, with dignity, enduring suffering yet more terrible, in the midst of a population so well nourished.

MAKE something out of the saying of a sub-prefect under the Empire, after Forbach and Reichshoffen: "I have a volunteer; to what corps shall I send him?"

DRUMMER going about the village: "To be sold next Sunday, in the town hall of Draveil, a lot of Prussian sentry-boxes."

NICE type! man in the wagon with me when I escaped from Paris, after the Commune. In proportion as the distance from the fortifications increased, he became insolent, defiant, fierce toward the Communards, threatening to bayonet them all. Very curious, too, this wagon, silent a good quarter hour, then the "ouf!" of relief, after Choisy-le-Roi.

SCENE of the Insurrection; entry of the Versaillais into Paris. A confederate, stretched on a cot in a military hospital, gets up, mounts to the roof, shoots down the first messenger passing in the street. Hospital surrounded; women across the way looking out through the blinds. Something white brought down by the soldiers; it is the confederate in his pajamas,

face pale, handsome, curly-headed fellow, shot at the corner of the rue Blanche. The coquettes gaze at the handsome corpse.

STORY told by the guardian of Père-Lachaise: The husband disappears during the Commune, the wife thinks she recognizes his body at the morgue, buys a lot, lays it out, puts up a grille. Then the husband, the real one, returns: he had been playing truant, knocking about for fifteen days. Imagine his rage at the expense incurred, and, above all, at not being able to oust the other from his ground. Prohibited from touching him!

INTERESTING to study, the face of Monselet, during the siege of Paris: sensualist, gormand, and very heroic, quite ready to give his skin for his country, but without suffering, and above all without ridicule. Well, Monselet is stout. To learn the manœuvres was hard! He took private lessons, "present arms!"—and his arms too short! He could not bring himself to join the company till he knew well the mechanics of the thing, and he was the admiration of all men for his fine figure under arms, and his formidable attacks with the fork.

FLOURENS at the Montgeron station, a Horace in his hand, exchanging courtesies with the station-master. He had just been passing a few days with his mother. The train carries him off in its whirlwind, far from the little grass plot of the station, his eyes filled with the misty meadows, so calm in the rising sun.

I never saw him again except down there in that great room with the dead, the sabre-stroke of the captain of gendarmery across his brow.

CONFUSION and fear on the field of battle. Silhouette which haunts me of an officer of artillery on a night of combat at Nanterre.

IT is a terrible thing, when you have known the person, to have some one say to you: "Such a one has been shot!" You see the contortion of his face, the puppet-like gesture of the stricken man as he falls; you hear his voice.

NO hackneyed appeals to pity, but in the name even of our selfishness, of our future tranquillity, let us not be implacable. In that way the whole thing is eternalized. . . . If you could wipe out even to the third generation of those people — but no, you can not. The Marats, the Maroteaus of order are still more terrible; — they talk of killing, of shooting down in the name of morality, etc. . . . Let us strive for it that such things shall not begin again.

EVEN in the most terrible battles, death is an eventuality, an accident.

THOSE who have died in these tumultuous days of the Commune, have died as one leaves a salon — English fashion.

IT has been the war of the negroes, San Domingo with its cruelties, the orgies of the Cape, Dessalines, Toussaint L'Ouverture, apes for generals, masked balls of orang-outangs, revels of satyrs. In face of all

this, I am like an honest planter barricaded in his plantation, who sees his sugar-cane burning. Inclination to run bayonets into them, and yet — poor negroes! poor devils!

They have a negro's ingenuousness and ignorance: they will be more unhappy freed, perishing of hunger unless the white man does his part. The white must enter in, recognize the struggle, point out to the black that he is no longer a slave, and that he should no longer give himself up to the guidance of the half-breeds.

These latter are the more ferocious. The negro, with his thick lips, kills, burns, but he has sometimes bowels of compassion: in the terrible war of the negroes, at the Cape, at San Domingo, blacks were seen saving their masters, but never a half-breed. The half-breed has white blood in his veins, and seems to draw from it a new ferocity.

In this terrible war, which has no few analogies with revolts of slaves, — the same methods, the same follies, — it was the half-breeds, the A —'s, the V —'s, half working men, half bourgeois, who committed the most atrocities.

BEFORE le Bourget, a trench of the advance-guard; Pujol of the *Gymnase*, sergeant of volunteers. And all at once, a ridiculously hirsute fellow near me, who says: "I am Gorski. Do you remember a children's ball at Lyons? — at the Mouillards?" Never seen since, never thought of; and the other night, in the fever of a restless sleep, that palish profile before me: "I am Gorski."

INTOXICATION of being in the ranks, the simple unity of action; thus have I felt beat the heart of the people of Paris, absolutely strange to me before.

THE country: what it thinks. So much trouble to go to the very bottom, to stir up the lowest strata. When the wind is fallen, the tempest long calmed, everything still trembles underneath.

THE shell in the trenches of fort Gravelle. The base-born fear, moment never to be forgotten. New danger, new fear.

ERECT, prone. These two so different fashions of viewing a battle. Tolstoy has shown it superbly, but I wish also to express it in life compared to a battle, the difference of vision, valor or timidity.

MAKE a portrait of Bazaine, taking Algeria as a point of departure. Moral undress, contact with the Orient, primitive manners, burnoose, bridle loose on the steed's neck. Spain also played an important part in his life.

AN admirable lie! Do something with the very dramatic situation of an honest man on whom life imposes the obligation of telling a falsehood, and who in failing to tell it, would bring dishonor upon himself.

TALE for Christmas: Story of a poor little girl who has for shoes the old ones of a big person. She leaves them by the chimney-place, Santa Claus mistakes, thinks they are a woman's, puts nothing in them.

"WHY are your songs so short," said one to the bird; "have n't you much breath?"

"It is chiefly that I have many songs, and wish to tell them all."

HOW everything holds together! By what a mysterious thread are our souls bound to things! You read in some nook of the forest, and the thing is done for the rest of your life. Every time you think of the forest, you see the book; each time you re-read the book, you see the forest. For myself, who live much out of doors, there are titles of books, names of authors, that come to me enveloped in perfumes, in sounds, in silences, in forest byways. I no longer know what novel of Turgenieff's it is that lives in my remembrance under the form of an islet of rosy heather, already a little seared by the autumn. In short, the beautiful hours of life, the fugitive moments when one says to himself, with tears in his eyes, "Oh! how good life is!" — those moments so impress us, that the least accompanying circumstance, the landscape, the time, are all captured in the remembrance of our happiness; like a net we might draw in, full of water grass, crushed lilies, broken reeds, and the little fish flashing silver in the midst.

IT is vain for Champfleury to write romances, he will always remain an author of pantomime; his characters have nothing but gestures.

I HAVE seen fishes which, in dying, change color five or six times consecutively; an agony as rich in blended hues as a twilight of the Orient.

HE used to say: I have spent my life smothering my father within me, every moment feeling him waken again, with his manias, his tempers. And, much preoccupied with the fear of this resemblance, he had noticed that when he gave way to these hereditary impulses, his face masked itself under a series of the paternal expressions.

THE tribe of crickets, always on the door-sill, and always singing: the Meridionals.

WHY do I sense in this frivolous and amorous music of Rossini, a savor of voluptuousness and death? It is at the depths, away at the depths of my being, that these too sensuous melodies leave their impression so vibrant, so fugitive.

FOLLOWING my wife's observations on light, and my notes on the forest of Fontainebleau.

Study of light on the flowers of my little garden: the roses, whose faces pale or blaze according to the state of the sky.

When the day is gray, or twilight is coming on, the broom bursts into flame, illumining the whole garden; you may read by its light; the white clusters of the flowering mustard glitter; the garden makes a fire of all its colors, lives in a radiance of its own.

PLAYING Weber, with open windows, at seven of a June night, J — said that Weber's music ennobles the landscape, gives solemnity to familiar things in nature. Something else from her: How well they go together, water and flowers: how the flowers love the water!

LOCAL vanity: certain great men, certain parvenus come to power, are sure to be less sensible of a great triumph than of a small satisfaction to their vanity, in some given place, at some obscure street corner of their native town.

TAKE care lest in being artistic you are no longer original.

MAKE something of this: A department clerk writes a letter to a friend, to kill time, seals it, stamps it, intrusts it to a lancer, who gallops away with his big envelope, defends it with heroic valor against the insurgents, and falls defending it.

THE Aureole. A god who loses his aureole.

THREE tinkers going along the highway, their pans gleaming in the sun. They cry in turn: "Tins to mend!" the first in a deep bass, the next a bit higher, the third, a child, in a shrill little treble. Heat oppressive, route dusty and silent, not a house, only trees and bushes. It was touching!

THERE are women who laugh without gayety.

SYMPATHETIC ink, visible only by the warmth of a hearth. My wife said she would write her books with that; they should be legible only by flame, comprehensible only to luminous natures.

A BEAUTIFUL comparison to be drawn from those stars which are perhaps dead, gone out thousands of

years ago, yet whose light endures, and will endure through centuries. Symbol of the dead genius and the immortality of his work. Homer seems to be singing still.

TELEMACHUS. A young man sent by his mother to an old friend, that the latter might be his Mentor. But the elder is less reasonable than the younger, and in this case it is Telemachus who directs everything, draws Mentor out of a slough of difficulties, he all the time thinking himself vastly experienced.

WHAT *alma parens*, the earth! we stab, flay, crush, rend, upheave her; there are the plow's long sabre-strokes, the cruel claws of the harrow, bores, picks, petards, mines; a continual tearing and quartering. And the more we torture, the more generous she is; and from all these open wounds she floods us with life, warmth, riches.

AN alluring page to write: the battle of Rosbach, as described by a soldier of the French Guard, or by the hairdresser of Maréchal de Soubise. Camp of women, actresses, courtesans, parasols, parrots, dogs.

TO put in *Artists' Wives:* Y — the great lyre-bearer, the Apollo wreathed in bay, charged with umbrellas, overshoes, and furs, waiting for his wife at the theatre exit.

NERVES: no convictions, no opinions, no ideas; nerves. It is with them that he judges. There are days when his nerves have good sense.

SOMETIMES a cloud passed over the sun, and one saw its great shadow scud along the plain, like a close-packed flock of sheep.

A SUMMER'S night. A gentle breath of air. The stars like tears trembling on the face of the sky. All at once a sigh of profound melancholy crossed the night; somewhat like the breaking of a lute's string. It passed, lapped in the lethargic odors of citron flowers; it was the last breath, the last sigh of the Latin race.

WHAT a strange thing is the atmosphere of crowds: how it seizes you, rouses you, stirs your indignation. Impossible to remain cold, impossible to resist, except by violence.

CERTAIN poets when they try to write prose, resemble those Arabs who on horseback are tall, handsome, supple, elegant: once on foot they scarce seem men, — soft, flabby bundles!

FOLLY is a cranial fissure through which vice sometimes enters.

THERE are some of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words* which vibrate like voices on the water.

IT was inevitable that I should return to this fine subject of hereditary suicide: Two brothers. The father took his own life, the grandfather his: the same desperate melancholy seizes the sons at about the same age. They love each other devotedly:

this love saves them. The mother has told each the fears she has for the other. As he listens to the maternal confidences, each says to himself: "Poor woman! she does not suspect that I, too, feel this temptation." But each sets himself to watch the other, divert him, shield him from death, and does it so well that without realizing it, the one striving to preserve the other, both arrive at healing themselves. This I see in a primitive country, in a romantic old family domain.

I ONCE saw, in a little village called Saint Clair, a suggestive thing: the church, the manse, the school, the cemetery, all together. And I thought of an existence whose whole course might have been passed there, in the same spot, from baptism to burial.

SO long the days, so short the years!

THERE are people who see nothing, who may go anywhere unscathed. The charming *mot* of C—, just returned from Australia, who, questioned upon the aspect of the country, its customs, and so forth, always came back to the question: "Guess how much potatoes are!"

TO use somewhere, the intonation of B. d'A—, paying in his little furnished room a bill of twenty-five francs, and demanding in emphatic tones: "To whose order?" "Nivière's," replied the little old collector. "Very well!" You would have thought yourself in a great counting house, at Calcutta.

IT is a very touching thing to see on the ships' decks, the Arabs, poorly clad, setting out for Alexandria: they have left everything behind, make their devotions without ostentation, suffer in silence, take the rain, the wind, the buffet of the sea. . . . Then they debark, go away in bands, and pray for fifty days, to purify themselves. Every good Mussulman ought once in his life to make the effort of this journey. Some go as great lords, but most in the garb of the poor, take no money, and strew the highways with their dead bodies. But on the return, what tales to recount, eyes yet dazzled with the vermilion lamps in the midst of the splendor of the mosques. Many keep the ravishment of it all their lives.

I have known some who attempt, too, the journey to Mecca, always a fine and glorious thing to do, even when one falls by the way: and those who did not make this effort in Art, who never embarked on the long and chanceful voyage, they were not true artists.

SOMETHING to be made out of this proverb of ours: "Gau de carriero, doulou d'oustau." (Joy of the street, grief of the home.) And how surely a proverb of the Midi!

POOR country! France plays a singular rôle in Europe. On dark nights men go out with torches, and 't is he that bears the light who sees the least. France plays in Europe this perilous rôle: she marches ahead of the other nations, lights them, but,

dazzled by her own fire, wallows in the mud, wades through the puddles.

SOMETHING amusing I've noticed: In little lives, narrow, toilsome, where a single continuous drama is acted, the drama of bread, there is always a name often repeated, that of the moneyed man, the gentleman of standing, on whom all depends, who could, if he would, change everything: this name comes, goes, circulates in the house, sounding differently in each mouth. The wife and even the children repeat it familiarly, without so much as adding the word *monsieur:* they have never seen him, it does n't matter. "Have you asked Dupont?" "Oh, if Dupont would advance us the money!" "I am off for Dupont's," the husband says as he goes out, and "Oh, I dreamed about Dupont last night!" says the wife when she wakes. The littlest tot of all, just beginning to talk, pronounces the name: "Du — pont."

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ABUSE of the word contempt, in parliamentary discussions, since the famous saying of Guizot. Ah! how many funny things in the ways of the Chamber! What a fine romance, in English style, could be made out of "Scenes from Parliamentary Life."

TELL of the pity I feel for the small shopkeepers who never sell their wares.

HE said that he did not lack will, but that he put it off sometimes, like a heavy and galling armor, good only for days of battle.

HEROIC phantasy narrating this:

The King of Bohemia, blind, comes to put his sword at the service of France: attacked by the English, he has his horse fastened between those of his two sons, and engages cut and thrust. "Lead me into the thick of the fight," he says to his sons. "Are we there?" "Yes, my lord." He strikes, then speaks to his children: no reply; dead, both of them.

AS they age, great artists, the conquerors of nations and of hearts, very beautiful women, all who triumph, are touched with an ennui, a melancholy of decline, that I shall describe some day.

THOSE he pities suffer less than he, and he wears himself out with others' griefs.

FIXED idea. Take a man, upright, ingenuous, untrained, who has suffered an injustice, and is determined to avenge himself. He obstinately works his own ruin, loses the sense of the family and of humanity, becomes an incendiary, a murderer, in revolt against the whole social structure.

IN the last days of his life, the aged Livingstone, seized with a sort of ambulatory delirium, wandered at hazard, camped here and there, then set out again, without aim or compass. It was the somnambulism

of travel. In the domain of thought, the old age of our great Hugo makes me think of that.

THAT publicity which annoys and outrages, and whose loss is death.

I NOTE, in passing, the avowal, so heartrending, so ridiculous, of Madame Roland to her old husband, of her quite ideal passion for Buzot. Grief of the old man, the cruel misconception, the savor taken out of life for ever. And the conclusion of Sainte-Beuve: "Would n't it have been better to deceive her husband and say nothing to him about it?" But I detect something else here, the unconscious vengeance of the woman who makes a rude sacrifice to remain honest, and wishes the old husband, obstacle to her happiness, to suffer with her.

History: the life of peoples.
Romance: the life of men.

FOUND at N—, an artist of my lineage, charming old man, straight and vigorous under his eighty years. I get him to turn the leaves of his life, stir the antique dusts of his memory. Delightful reminiscences. David, his cheek puffed out of all shape, his mouth full of soup, exacting from his pupils, whom he calls "thee" and abuses, the correction of their drawing, the anatomy of the finger, the nail. Then visits to Malmaison, to Josephine in Roman draperies of creole tissue, hedged round with tropic birds and marvellous flowers, that have come for her over hostile waters, from the very ends of the earth. Talma also

crosses the scene, Talma in the country, repeating the vagaries of the Duc d'Antin, upheaving his park, always getting into debt and having his obligations met by the Emperor. All this very simply told, during little halts, as he trotted about the sloping garden; and always at the end of the recital, a shake of the head, a far-away glance, a: "I saw that myself," like a signature of authenticity at the bottom of a picture.

CHAT at table, about the earliest dwellings of mankind. The round form given to cabins the world over, after the manner of the beaver, who builds in this fashion. I think the tree, with the shadow of its foliage, suggested the circular form of huts, as it gave also the first idea of the column and its capitals, the ogive, and so forth.

FINE touch of Gall's, discussing, in a lecture on phrenology, the amativeness of woman, citing a mistress who had adored him and whom he had loved passionately. Oh, the good, the lovely creature, so devoted, so tender! "I have her skull there, gentlemen, and, if you like, we will study it." Then to the attendant: "On the shelf, at the left, number eight."

CHARMING type of woman, affected with a timidity amounting to disease, so that her intimate friends alone are acquainted with her, in the true sense of the word, alone know she is beautiful, a musician, an exquisite creature. Under fire of eyes, in conversation, she is another woman, her whole being contracts.

Could never bring herself to have her portrait painted; wears the ring of Gyges, which renders her invisible to all that intimidate her. The husband, talented, jealous, greatly pleased at having his wife all to himself, smiles pityingly as he observes other women. Put beside her a "*femme pour les autres*," husband vain, a player to the gallery.

THE Goncourt romances, admirable cartoons on the nineteenth-century model; the *Serving-maid*, the *Bourgeoise*, and so forth.

BANVILLE, disgusted with the commonplaces of conversation, suppresses them, replaces them by a sort of legerdemain of word, a kind of *et cætera*, to arrive at the essential phrase.

CHARMING picture to be drawn in the world of ideas, from the recent discovery in science that light is nothing but motion. Is n't that the Midi, though?

ANGER. Between two beings united by the heart, by blood, by familiarity, from father to son, from brother to brother, it passes and ruptures everything. Looks of hate, words of hate; a thousand miles apart. "There is nothing more between us. I wish you were dead, struck down by my hand!" Afterward, oh! what tears, what straining to the heart to repair all this. Possible, when both are violent, but if only one is so, in time how tired the other becomes!

NOT to be lost: the impression made by that trio, violin, flute, and falsetto voice, rising suddenly under

my window, on the bank of Lake Lucerne, in the sonority of air and water. Italian melody of perfect grace, the loveliness of the day and of the sky, my whole soul stirred and mounting in song. And how far off it is! To be put somewhere as the echo of an ended love-affair.

BELIEVER by tradition, conventionality, respect for the priesthood. God in heaven; below, his road-inspectors.

ATTACKED by such a taste for precious stones as physiologists consider evidence of a cracked brain, he passed hours before the shop windows, enamored of an opal, bathed, lapped round in its fires. Then he wrote, and the words gave him a like sensation, tints, reflections, plays of light under his fingers; he engulfed himself in them.

SKETCH of X—, who has just died, long a banker, diplomat, high liver, regular old African of the Conquest, eater of hashish, fervent Catholic, disciple of Dupanloup. A great pallor, eyes lustreless, but all at once a mad flash of lightning in them when he spoke of religion. Boasting that he had had all the vices. I found in him a repetition of his father; the old Marshal derailed.

AH! the erudition of sentiment, how it deadens sensibility!

ONE *blinds* a spring, a water-course. It is because the water, with its shimmer, its movement, has indeed the life of a glance.

THE more I consider, observe, and compare, the more I feel how truly the initial impressions of life, those of early childhood, are almost the only ones which stamp us irrevocably. At fifteen years, twenty at most, one has "come from the press." The rest is but reprints of the first edition. Reading an observation of Charcot's confirms me therein.

NEITHER cheerful nor sad, impressionable; a reflection of the time, the circumstance.

BRAVE and a coward in one day, according to the disposition of his nerves.

FOR certain women in view, mundanity, vanity, sport; — even charity is a sport.

AS one goes northward, eyes grow pure, their fires burn out.

AUTHORITY: a sacrament that should be left in the inner temple, and exposed but rarely.

HE said — a writer by profession, and sincere: "All the good sense I have, all my insight and philosophy of life, I put into my books, give it to the good people who read me, and then I have it no longer."
Word for word.

THAT a poet! — mounted infantry at most.

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bottom a knave; the hideous avarice of a certain woman suddenly discloses itself. Is it I who have changed? Is it the sharply ended friendship that clears my clouded eyes? No, all things change, are transformed. But then what becomes of my famous "issued from the press"? Alas! how dangerous to handle is a formula!

THE importance of good switching, at the moment when a life takes its direction. The careers of art are full of the derailed, the misdirected; full of routed lives. The assurance of him who passes, plume to the wind, sure of his road, and firm on the rails; how astonished he would be, if some one told him he is n't going to his destination. Musicians who paint, writers who are painters and nothing else.

GOOD title for a book: *In Distress!* to recount one of those crises of life when everything fails you at once.

HOW it rushes along, this end of a century! Transformations of a social order, shadow pictures on a screen! Cleave to the True, to the foundations of things.

MARK of a divided household, in spite of the prescribed smile of affection: always a friend at table, some one, no matter who, to put space between them.

THE man and the woman, a duality. And love lasts so long as there is not one vanquished, so long as

of travel. In the domain of thought, the old age of our great Hugo makes me think of that.

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History: the life of peoples.
Romance: the life of men.

FOUND at N—, an artist of my lineage, charming old man, straight and vigorous under his eighty years. I get him to turn the leaves of his life, stir the antique dusts of his memory. Delightful reminiscences. David, his cheek puffed out of all shape, his mouth full of soup, exacting from his pupils, whom he calls "thee" and abuses, the correction of their drawing, the anatomy of the finger, the nail. Then visits to Malmaison, to Josephine in Roman draperies of creole tissue, hedged round with tropic birds and marvellous flowers, that have come for her over hostile waters, from the very ends of the earth. Talma also

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NOT to be lost: the impression made by that trio, violin, flute, and falsetto voice, rising suddenly under

will of the little thing, all its stings out, its body tense; blows with the back, blows with the head, a trembling from one end to the other of its armor. And I have the thought: life, all life, is parted in equal doses, for great and small. These last, consumed in a breath, always in movement, in nervous commotion; needs of mating, of fighting, living in a day the hundred years of the pachyderm, with its scarce mating seasons, its slow-moving life, at large in a vast environment.

IN vain will forms of government change, kings disappear, and princes and nobility; men will always arrive at using whatever there is in them of native baseness, of the need to grovel and ingenuously vilify themselves.

"There are no longer fish in these nets," said an ex-minister, now deputy again.

"Never any fish at this season."

"Oh, come now! At this time last year the nets were full."

"But, hang it! last year you were minister," said the fisherman winking. He had passed eight days getting fish together, and had filled the nets himself.

CONTORTIONISTS of the phrase, dervishes, clowns, and cockneys; in the long run they end by believing in themselves.

UPON reflection, something truly diverting in *Choses Vues:* The profound utterance, 't is always he who made it; the large thought, always his. He has foresight, hindsight, everything.

A good bit of Tartarin in that.

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Word for word.

THAT a poet! — mounted infantry at most.

A TYPE, this C —, with his wild imaginings about people, his invention of shocking crimes;

HE 'S a proud fellow; he accepts the favor without saying thank you; he even feels a little resentment against you, bears a grudge.

THE guide asks on which side of you he shall walk.

THE Misfortune of Boche, in two parts.

First part. Boche not bad, born with his eyes holden, does what he sees done, but feels nothing, perceives nothing; becomes a man of letters, initiation. His childhood very happy, he tells about it in a book, false, abominable. Everything turns deformed in his mind. It 's altogether worse when he takes notes; he observes and observes, sees nothing, maugre his grand efforts, and stands his phrases on their heads. A fall down a staircase makes Boche very ill, but he lives, and comes out of it a man of genius.

Second part. After the fall. A book that makes a revolution, new school, *verism*, or *nebulism*. Boche, head of the school, gives out its points; then come solitude, heart-burnings, the journals no longer talk of him. "Nothing happens," he says. There is cholera, war, old Europe in convulsion, and Boche: "Nothing in the papers!" His wife, his children, nothing counts.

DURATION and destruction: two forces.

OBJECTS of love: instruments of torture.

POE wrote the *Raven*, later the genesis of this *Raven*. This — the after-stroke — American pleas-

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THE great beaker of A. R —. "Drink! draw in the cheer!" He is dead of it, poor giant, dead of his great bulk and his false strength.

IT is striking to see the transformation of certain beings, the changes life makes them undergo by divers meetings with good or bad fortune. A man whom I have always thought upright, appears to me at

housekeeping, preparations for sleep. The chilly little bodies, like the swallows, get still first; the cuckoo, far off, watches late, a noctambulist. At Paris, my blackbird wakes at dawn: at sundown, larks, wagtails, goldfinches, sparrows, silence. Then the night-hawk, the frogs, the screech owl, night. The darkening trees seem taller and closer. Come in, the air freshens.

MEN grow old, but they do not ripen.

FOUND some pages of notes, journeys, tramps, landscapes, of thirty years ago! Absolutely the sensation of dreams, all these scraps of my life. Dreamed, not lived.

THE back is so expressive, simply because it is not suspicious, does not think itself observed

SEE a man fire — 't is to know him.

AND when they have told each other everything — they begin again.

NOTE in passing the avowal of X—, so heart-rending, so ridiculous. He had deceived his wife, then, deserted in turn, and seized with desperate remorse, he felt the need of telling everything to the wronged woman, of confessing his sins. I dissuaded him. "Make a hole in the ground, rather, and tell your fault, if that will soothe you: but why cause pain? You would be pardoned now, but the confession would mine ahead, you would meet it again and again." Thinking of this, recalls those husbands who

the other has not spoken his fiat, so long as the book holds a page interesting and noble, so long as the woman or the man reserves somewhat of body or spirit.

A FATHER'S authority, how far may it go? what is his duty? I see the flaw in the old world, the family imperfect, as the State is. The great cleft of the house of Usher, I perceive it from top to bottom of French society.

IRONY — what antiseptic!

WHERE is he, the man whose voice, whose manner does not change, the moment he is no longer tête-à tête in a company of comrades? Ah, vanities of print! am I then the only one of my kind who loves the true, whose speech is ruled by his heart-beats!

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CURIOUS admission of a comedian, the last make-up. He is returning to real life, and stupefaction seizes him at sight of the distance between the two worlds. He was so happy before the scenes.

MATERNITY in Paris: no more mothers. In society, of most young girls the physician says: "Do not let her marry, or beware of the first child!"

I NOTE this significant mark of the letters of Jacquemont: in a few days he had become the intimate friend of all those cold Englishmen, and was drawing from them a thousand confidential things of which they never spoke among themselves. How many joys those people forego, withholding the expression of tender feeling.

BELOW, the highway, the canal of the Durance, windmills, little stone bridges like asses' backs, a stream flanked by plane-trees with trunks as white as if plastered, the cafés and hotels of a rich town, the new walls of the school that is building. Above, the former village, clinging to the cliff; tottering buildings, wrought-iron balconies, a door of the Renaissance, pediment and columns crumbling to dust with their notary's signs. Higher yet, the really primitive village, narrow alleys, ruined walls, refuse heaps; every ten paces an arch, a postern, old women, the color of the stones, sitting on sunken doorsteps. Overhead, the crumbling dungeon tower, opening its windows to space. Then the mountain with its shrines along the rocky and zigzag route; and at the very top, new like the school, the convent, rising on the ruins of the old feudal castle dead at its feet, the Church alone playing its part against the modern world. It is Orgon. History is there, written in those stones — a history that lies not nor quibbles, the true.

The others: "So-and-So? Ah! you'd better believe it!" and they laugh gloriously at the strong man of the group. There is such a man in every restaurant, café, club, atelier of Paris. The story of this unfortunate ought to be written, wearing his title in spite of himself, and ingenuously. Then the things he does to sustain his reputation, working himself gray, battering his brains, changing his language, his manners!

I AM thinking of the end of the world. Logically, according to human law, it will resemble its beginning, cold, the fires gone out, no more combustibles; the few survivors on the great raft, men and animals, crowded into caverns, groping about in the dark.

THE new honey.

I was working, the door open on the sloping garden, sweet-scented away down to the river, in the warm haze of a June morning. The bee came in, made a circuit, rocking and humming like a ball; lighted on the inkstand, on the ash-tray full of cigarette stumps.

Nothing for thee here, little bee; go roam about in the garden, over the flowers and honey-making grasses.

Out on the old honey! Out on Hymettus! I make the new honey, an individual honey, my own!

And the ambitious creature flew away to the kitchen and the refuse heaps of the backyard.

ON the train. A mosquito, trying to get out, beating the pane furiously, ceaselessly, in a frenzy. The

DUEL in the stud-meadow. Great undulations of green, fenced in by wooden railings that one must stride. Horses untethered, bounding, that come to see, and are driven away. In the middle of the pasture, the tiny stable, and all about it the earth trodden and yellow, where they grappled on a field the size of a ship's deck. Remembrance of the two profiles, a modern struggling with a chevalier of the middle ages, hand to hand, walking, turning round the little building; horrified cries of the doctors, and we following this surge of battle, this mad-dog struggle. The sky clear, beautiful, and all at once a sense of the imbecility of our emotion, the pettiness and pretence of our gestures and our cries. All human resentment appeared to me base, ugly, profitless. Puerility, puerility! I was more than ever persuaded that man wrinkles, withers, silvers, loses his teeth, but remains a child.

THE pretty gesture, showing the baby's band she's sewing.

THE unconsciousness of one's being, in moments of strenuous action. Courageous, cowardly? — one might have been either. And what a mist around it all!

THE incarnations of P. D—. Not a bit of personality, always playing a rôle in the town. All the professions I've known him vaguely essay were to him veritable stock parts, as they say at the theatre. I've seen him play the merchant, *à l'américaine*, hurried, rude, "time is money," inexorable; the sportsman,

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the bishop continued to follow the army, to bless, to pontificate, to confirm — a little sad, but resigned, feeling that he had been discovered, for the generals and the priests scarcely spoke to him, though forced to honor him in public. Who was this man? It has been said, a spy of Robespierre's; but he was guillotined by the Jacobins. I think rather an ambitious man without a star, an adventurer in the Church, a priest in imagination.

MAKE a drama *à la* "Lorenzaccio," with Maximilian.

CRISPI visits Palermo, Catania, and so forth, disguised as a tourist, to deceive the police, and takes down notes in museums and cathedrals, and, at the same time, observations on barracks and bombs. Curious, the story of it; the page and its reverse.

A GOOD subject for comedy is Tiberge: What with counselling his friend and preaching to him, caught himself also, in the end.

THERE is fire there! I am thinking of passion, and its consuming side. "I am secure," says the plain and quiet gentleman. No security against passion, the fatal kind, the veritable; an ogress, to whom the being gives itself for food, and everything it loves — mother, wife, children. And a joy to give all this, and to suffer a thousand cruel deaths in the giving. A mystery; pathology very difficult.

BAUDELAIRE, quintessence of Musset; Verlaine, extract of Baudelaire.

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should reappear a century later, and reproduce, in costumes of to-day, another *him*, with the same destiny. The piece was to be named *The So-and-So's, or the Heritage.* Perhaps, parallel with this, a younger son, called in the family the chevalier, who should renounce the paternal name and title, and in the end found a bourgeois family called simply *Chevalier.*

THE family reflects the State. It is democratized in France, at the present day: it was monarchic and then constitutional, after having been despotic and Louis-Quatorze.

STANDING in front of the library shelves, stretching out your hand on the hazard of a good choice, and gleaning a few pages here and there, this is for the mind, that delicious bite they sent you to get in the garden, when you were little, giving you a piece of bread, and permission to trespass as far as you could reach on the grape arbor or the espalier.

STRANGE apparitions, that seem to come unevoked, of certain people figuring in your past life, and also of certain episodes or places forgotten absolutely, which now pass before you with the rapidity of a bird-flight. Those who, like me, suffer from long hours of wakefulness, are familiar with this. One should never be taken unprepared, should note down these things he will probably never see again.

HOW vain are all these theories and discussions! What do they mean with their suppression of scenes in the romance? Scenes, there are always scenes

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IT is striking to see the transformation of certain beings, the changes life makes them undergo by divers meetings with good or bad fortune. A man whom I have always thought upright, appears to me at

loves, pays her no attentions; delicious situation for another woman, who mistakes, thinks he loves her.

A WRITER who will not bear either quoting or reading aloud. There remains, when the book is closed, what remains of a conversation.

"RARE the soul that dares be what it is."

Verse and verity alike admirable. Guess whose: Boileau's.

OBSERVATION I've often made. People I have known, chanced to meet in life, then lost, forgotten, come to sight again before they die. So, quite recently, little V. D—, with whom I had long ago broken off all relations, and who came to renew them this year; so too M. R—, one of the last ministers of Napoleon III. And how many others!

SOMETIMES, little sure of the truth or originality of an idea, I have it adopted and offered by some one else. We don't lack men of this type in literature, lay-figures, like dressmakers' models, but of sureness and quick wits, imagining the luxurious more [illegible] than [illegible]

[illegible] Thus De Long, who commanded the [illegible] the opposite [illegible] Stanley, [illegible] great things [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

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"A VERY little boy
Was setting off for school . . ."

These dainty verses of Madame Desbordes-Valmore's always come to my mind, when I see in action one of those neo-naturalists, neo-symbolists, etc., doing a hard task in violence to his tastes and temperament, — setting off for school, in short!

AFTER reading the correspondence of the Ampères: Struck by the difference between the men of those times and the men of our own: gentleness, kindness. And always the academic lobbying.

A HOUSEHOLD, — so supposed to be, — and charming. The man's friend comes there, petted, pampered. In time the man himself makes a regular, bourgeois marriage. . . . What shall they do to see each other? It is the young wife who says to her husband: "I don't wish to rob you of a friend; this woman is honorable, you say, the story you told me is touching; let us see them." Annoyance of the husband; somewhat afraid of the lady; good fellow but very experienced. "They're not married," he says, "it's only pretence." . . . They see each other, nevertheless. Then one fine day the friend marries the mistress. Ugly reports abroad in the world — the two women in the same boat, both declassed; and I see confusedly attractive scenes, and a crowd of amusing figures of women.

WHAT an escape for inventive minds is the imagination. In a child's abridged history, three lines on Philippe le Bel, that I had the little chap recite —

The others: "So-and-So? Ah! you'd better believe it!" and they laugh gloriously at the strong man of the group. There is such a man in every restaurant, café, club, atelier of Paris. The story of this unfortunate ought to be written, wearing his title in spite of himself, and ingenuously. Then the things he does to sustain his reputation, working himself gray, battering his brains, changing his language, his manners!

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ON the train. A mosquito, trying to get out, beating the pane furiously, ceaselessly, in a frenzy. The

begin again the life of their childhood, lodge together, ruminate on their early adventures.

WHAT horror, after all, to reflect that there is no joy so pure, so delicate as not to have lees, no happiness whose reverse can be looked at without fear.

HAVE re-read *Lorenzaccio*, struck by the disinterestedness of such a work. The theatre speaks to the crowd, the book to the individual: the difference of their two esthetics is there.

AS I read and re-read the letters and memoirs of the eighteenth century, — Memoirs of Vigée Lebrun, letters to Mademoiselle Volland, — it strikes me how often I have encountered that old France in my own home in the provinces, where the evolution of manners has been slower; countless details, convivial songs, even to the absence of a beard. Vision of that face of a clerk, book-keeper for the vine-growers of Camargue, seen at Fontvieille only three years ago: he was a personage of before '89.

VAUVENARGUES, from the heart of Provence: corroborates my observations on the colorless style of the men of the Midi.

NAPOLEON knows no jealousy of the past, that is null. But the other, the others, he has them all.

TALLEYRAND, reputation for craft, as some people have a reputation for good humor, because they arrive with a retinue. The genial Monselet: Ah!

MYOPIA: when I lose my monocle, I need a monocle to find it; type of scientific research.

A DELICATE thing to be made out of the three days the little Jesus passes, lost in Jerusalem! They leave him a child, they recover him a God. These three days passed with his Father, who confides to him his mission. Linen robe of ideal fineness and whiteness, and eyes, eyes wherein is written what he is to suffer.

A Jerusalem like Algiers, like Arles; Ramadan and Fair of Beaucaire; odors of frying. On the return, 't is he who is on the ass, the father and mother on foot.

EXAGGERATIONS of people of the world; every sick man is going to die, every man they don't know is a scoundrel.

I RECOGNIZE the Midi in this Talleyrand, and if Napoleon escapes me, he is the one I hope to paint. Club-foot, Meridional, eighteenth-century corruption, priest.

AH! the people in the same boat: Stendhal, author of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, of *La Chartreuse*, who does n't find Madame Cottin ridiculous; and I, I have come to the defence of G. O—!

FINE thing, politics! Thiers letting them shoot Monseigneur Darboy: "They must shoot an archbishop!" He was thinking of '48, of Monseigneur Affre, and the blow his death dealt the insurrection.

my window, on the bank of Lake Lucerne, in the sonority of air and water. Italian melody of perfect grace, the loveliness of the day and of the sky, my whole soul stirred and mounting in song. And how far off it is! To be put somewhere as the echo of an ended love-affair.

BELIEVER by tradition, conventionality, respect for the priesthood. God in heaven; below, his road-inspectors.

ATTACKED by such a taste for precious stones as physiologists consider evidence of a cracked brain, he passed hours before the shop windows, enamored of an opal, bathed, lapped round in its fires. Then he wrote, and the words gave him a like sensation, tints, reflections, plays of light under his fingers; he engulfed himself in them.

SKETCH of X—, who has just died, long a banker, diplomat, high liver, regular old African of the Conquest, eater of hashish, fervent Catholic, disciple of Dupanloup. A great pallor, eyes lustreless, but all at once a mad flash of lightning in them when he spoke of religion. Boasting that he had had all the vices. I found in him a repetition of his father; the old Marshal derailed.

AH! the erudition of sentiment, how it deadens sensibility!

ONE *blinds* a spring, a water-course. It is because the water, with its shimmer, its movement, has indeed the life of a glance.

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Word for word.

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A TYPE, this C —, with his wild imaginings about people, his invention of shocking crimes;

OF a woman: I count her visits by the griefs she's caused me.

HISTORY, the life of collective man; the novel, the life of individual man.

ABRUPT new vision of life, when the brigand puts himself squarely outside of law, looks on theft as the chase, every shop-window as game, judges and police as gamekeepers. And the side Crusoe-like and childish, the wine drunk from the hogshead, through a straw, the perpetual and active vigilance.

THE laugh of Voltaire, left behind him at Berlin, made harsher, heavier, in the mouths of the Germans, is found again in some authors: Heinrich Heine, music of Offenbach.

I AM trying to analyze the feeling of chill at the heart, the shiver of fear or pain, that seizes me on certain winter mornings, when I put myself at my work-table, the light dim and yellow, the fire roaring, no sky.

This peculiar anguish, which makes me want to crouch in a corner, efface myself, comes without doubt from the custom of being played in the winter, published in the winter, above all, criticised in the winter. On such mornings one has the habit of remembering only that it is the hour for reading the newspapers, — so many papers whose venom besmirches you, — the hour when one must set himself at work, the habitual hour of battle.

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made at a stroke, nor do they fall in a moment. I think of this as I see my friends dying about me, my best and most valiant defenders. Strokes at the heart, the beginning of one's own death knell! It is for that reason, no doubt, that I feel these departures so deeply.

IT has not been sufficiently noted, that from Taine and his theories are drawn the principles of the two great schools of the novel — the naturalistic and the psychological: Balzac and Stendhal.

VANITY is carried outside, hampering like a sack of coins; pride, on the contrary, is worn within, invisible.

WHAT inclines me to believe in Hindoo superstitions, in the migrations of souls through different species to arrive at the state of man, is that we find all men to have, at the depths of them, something like a remembrance of the beast they have been and are always ready to become again.

WHAT is the most alarming thing in life? Great happiness.

CONVERSATION about pain, between Jesus and the two thieves on the cross.

STRIVE against men of ill-will, who are like submerged jetsam, moving and traitorous reefs which cleave the ship under its water-line.

And keep this formula: Let us try to heal with literature the evil literature has done.

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Out on the old honey! Out on Hymettus! I make the new honey, an individual honey, my own!

And the ambitious creature flew away to the kitchen and the refuse heaps of the backyard.

ON the train. A mosquito, trying to get out, beating the pane furiously, ceaselessly, in a frenzy. The

DREAMS

I RECORD here some of my dreams, which have appeared to me out of the common. Some day I shall elaborate them, if I have the time.

I have let not a few escape. Every one knows how dreams fade — how they impress you and then vanish.

THAT evening we had talked a long time of Maximilian. I had been much struck with the fine romantic flavor of his adventures. Here is a dream that came of it: We were trying to get a carriage, Place Saint-Sulpice, in the midst of an animated crowd. Arriving at the station, we found the first carriage just taken, a sort of gala carriage, white reins. Quick for the second: taken too. So there was a crush of cabs and carriages filled with people in gala dress. The last was a sort of cart, drawn by two horses, like a great truck over which a long tent had been thrown, giving it the appearance of a gypsy's canvas-covered wagon without a window. They said: "It is a Mexican cart." I approach, part the curtain, and see a bed: on this bed, her head lying on a lace pillow, a woman with the great coiffure of a gray sister, pale, like wax, her eyes closed, her hands crossed: I did not see her very well. At one side, on a table, a silver vase, as for holy water, a sprinkler, and a little candle that lighted it all. The daylight without, entering a little through the canvas, and the candle flaring pale red, made together a singular light, so

MYOPIA: when I lose my monocle, I need a monocle to find it; type of scientific research.

A DELICATE thing to be made out of the three days the little Jesus passes, lost in Jerusalem! They leave him a child, they recover him a God. These three days passed with his Father, who confides to him his mission. Linen robe of ideal fineness and whiteness, and eyes, eyes wherein is written what he is to suffer.

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EXAGGERATIONS of people of the world; every sick man is going to die, every man they don't know is a scoundrel.

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To add to my studies in dreams. What impresses me most is the lavish intensity of life in them. Reality there is so impressive, everything strikes you, sinks in more deeply than in waking. 'T is there that one feels how the body, the senses cumber our delicate sensations and perceptions, since the spirit, freed from its bands, feels more deeply, sees better, suffers or enjoys more. Oh! the landscapes seen in dreams, simple as they may be, how they stay with you, how you see them!

In a dream: an eye without lashes, immense, undefined, covered with bluish mist, bleared, sightless. I said: "See it! it has the look of some one crying out, — calling into the night."

One of the strangest phenomena of dreams is the participation in them of reality; the very real noises about one often mingle with his dream, play a part in it.

Last night I had again a dream of nature, like the beautiful ones I used to have long ago. But I did not write it down at once, and I feel that it has faded.

There was a village, on the brink of an abyss, up on a mountain that was crumbling away, dragging down each day a bit of wall, a street corner, the angle of a house. A red flag, staff in the ground, warned against entering the village, and the guides, with great precaution, took us over the least dangerous quarters. Every instant a hollow thud, or a slide

THE more I consider, observe, and compare, the more I feel how truly the initial impressions of life, those of early childhood, are almost the only ones which stamp us irrevocably. At fifteen years, twenty at most, one has "come from the press." The rest is but reprints of the first edition. Reading an observation of Charcot's confirms me therein.

NEITHER cheerful nor sad, impressionable; a reflection of the time, the circumstance.

BRAVE and a coward in one day, according to the disposition of his nerves.

FOR certain women in view, mundanity, vanity, sport; — even charity is a sport.

AS one goes northward, eyes grow pure, their fires burn out.

AUTHORITY: a sacrament that should be left in the inner temple, and exposed but rarely.

HE said — a writer by profession, and sincere: "All the good sense I have, all my insight and philosophy of life, I put into my books, give it to the good people who read me, and then I have it no longer."
Word for word.

THAT a poet! — mounted infantry at most.

A TYPE, this C —, with his wild imaginings about people, his invention of shocking crimes;

MISTAKE of the stranger who asks to see the under side, the horrors of London; these sights are all around you, under your hand — customs so different from ours.

HOME of the Dean of Westminster; tea in the great Gothic room with stained windows; then the visit to the Abbey. Promenade of a grub through the heavy stone pages of an enormous history; shades of Gloucester, Charles I., Cromwell.

Here the kings and queens are crowned: here all sorts of great men are buried. Admirable sight, but marred by the haphazard interment of the comedians. Some disorder anyway, as in the monuments of the city generally. The Latin genius and its rectitude are absent.

DICKENS' sons. The elder secretary of a theatre. Tale for children to be made from Dickens' little grandson, who wishes to pass a night in what he calls his grandfather's chamber. The night in Westminster: the child's terror.

PASSION for the Middle Ages in English architecture; it seems to have invented nothing since, a thing which makes the London decorations rather monotonous.

IN the country, Box Hill, little station with great columns and capitals, vaulted like a church of the twelfth or thirteenth century.

Arrival on the platform of George Meredith; not very tall, but looking it, English cap with two visors,

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graceful writer, "one Sunday morning I had at breakfast a fine, bronzed young fellow, who brought me the latest news of the dear friend already wept for many a day."

OPPOSITE us, in Dover street, typical old English residence, dingy sash windows, air-tight, rose blinds, clear glass. Before the door a great carriage—coachman and footman blooming with bouquets—into which gets an old lady, coiffed and robed in antique fashion, conducting to the drawing-room of Her Majesty a little miss in white, shoulders thin and sharp, *décolleté* astonishing in broad daylight. Two brothers coming with their bicycles to see their young sister's first court dress. In the middle of the silent street, a hand-organ, accompanying the songs and jigs that two or three burnt-cork minstrels, barefooted and hideously dressed in black, are droning and dancing to perfection: American foolery. Striking contrast of the old and new England. And to finish this corner of a picture *à la* Hogarth,—whose works I had reviewed the evening before, in two volumes of photographs,—away at the top of the old-time house there appeared in the narrow frame of a mansard window, a young maid in a light striped dress, following as she stood, with shoulders and hips, the demoniacal movements of the jig the minstrels were singing and dancing.

The mute and mysterious house that I had watched with curiosity from the hotel window, offered me that day, in five minutes, admission to its cloistered life; for we were invited by our neighbor, the old countess,

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WINDSOR; glimpses of old-time royal buildings, between the great trees on the left as the train comes in. At the station, conveyances that take you to the residence by way of a little city of purveyors and innkeepers, which has formed round the castle and its old abbey; first impression of Mennecy, Seine-et-Oise.

In a square, a statue of the Queen, her sceptre in her hand, which she holds with the authoritative gesture characteristic of Elizabeth and all the sovereigns of Great Britain. Then the postern, with a horse-guard in red, with heavy bear-skin, in the angle of the old crenelated rampart.

Different parts of the castle are of different epochs; the old church, Gothic, like that at Oxford; the abbeys of Westminster are mixed up in the remembrance. Opposite the church, little lodgings, about a dozen, built in the old wall, ornamented with gardens the size of an open drawer, where grow sunflowers yellow as the stones. They are the dwellings of old retired officers, to whom the Queen offers shelter. The guard is just about to be relieved, and we go up the winding gravel path to the palace. We are allowed to visit it, although the Queen is expected for dinner; beautiful apartments, pictures by master hands, along with a complete collection of Louis-Philippe brasses and Sèvres ornaments.

Then the park, the model farm, deer scattered over the grass; and then the exit into the open country, through a gateway of the Middle Ages, opened for us by an old, old guard, with white beard, high hat with galloons, shrunken and tottering in his blue and

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How far away all that is now! how these stones have aged! I try in vain to bring to life that luxurious past of regal and artistic debauchery; it is all dead, dead.

THE Baux, the Baux! — they it is whom Venice calls up into me. But the wind is more destructive than the water, more corrosive, and the Baux are more dead than Venice.

I HAVE the key to all music; I know what the water of the Adriatic whispers to the stones of old Venetian palaces — oh! the melancholy song! Every night, in the silence of the old city and its canals, I hear this simple music. By day the cries and calls of boatmen, the general traffic of life, prevent me from distinguishing the meaning of the words, the rhythm of this perpetual lament: *Venesia la bella.*

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antry, no doubt, but admired and emulated by our young school. The devil of the thing is to find the raven, the dry sob, the foreboding *never more.*

NAPOLEON at Saint Helena explains admirably all the acts of his life, with annotations. How sententious he is, how reasonable, how deliberate — he, the soul of spontaneity! Not a quarter of it true, not even in the notes.

THE Dark Chamber (in Wecker's dispensary), where stories confidential or fantastic grope about from bed to bed.

I HAVE a sudden thought of the moral good war has done me.

THE Midi: agitation in idleness.

HALT of a teamster at a turn in the road. Oh! but the way is long! The man, the horse, everything takes breath, the ponderous dray too, swaying from side to side.

SO many tenantless beings! One thinks he sees a spire of smoke, a lighted window; approaches. Nothing, the desert.

A FROG'S chant, harsh, rasping, that is what the voice of the nightingale becomes in June, when the nests are filled with fledgelings. As night falls, I hear in the park the birds twittering under the leaves. Apparent confusion, but the whole thing as orderly as the clock-work of a cathedral tower. With a little attention, one is able to distinguish play, quarrels,

and he names names, and his stories grow with each repetition; a forger of tragic gossip.

NOTE the sadness, the despair of my big boy, just entering Philosophy, reading Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Stuart Mill, Spencer. Terror and disgust at living; the doctrine gloomy, the professor hopeless, the conversations in class heartrending. The idea that everything is useless overcomes these lads. Spent the evening reanimating, stirring up mine; and, without realizing it, infused warmth into myself.

Ruminated on this all night. Is it a good thing to initiate them so abruptly? Might it not be better to continue to lie, leaving life to disillusion them, remove the bright masks one by one?

I AM reminded of the void left in my education by the complete absence of algebra and geometry, and my year of philosophy cut short and undirected. Thence my repugnance to general ideas, to abstractions, the impossibility of my having any philosophic formulas. But one thing I know; to cry to my children: "Live your Life!" Torn with trouble as I am, it's hard. As to the little fellow, six years, he spent the breakfast hour questioning his mother — for that child has faith in no one but the mother, and turns always to her; — asking what death is, the soul and heaven; how one can be at the same time underground and above the blue. Of the eternal joys promised, a sole thing touched him, the idea of living again to die no more — "That, that's nice!" And he ate his cutlet with infinite relish.

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A FATHER'S authority, how far may it go? what is his duty? I see the flaw in the old world, the family imperfect, as the State is. The great cleft of the house of Usher, I perceive it from top to bottom of French society.

IRONY — what antiseptic!

WHERE is he, the man whose voice, whose manner does not change, the moment he is no longer tête-à tête in a company of comrades? Ah, vanities of print! am I then the only one of my kind who loves the true, whose speech is ruled by his heart-beats!

H— LOSES his only son, seven years old, a cherub. Eight days after, returns to the fencing-school; carriage in mourning, shooting costume all black, black mantle, a veritable personage of Italian comedy.

I WAS saying the other day, how few brave men there are. It is n't *brave* one should say, and Dostoïevski furnishes me the right word: *resolute.*

EVERY truth, once it is formulated, loses some of its integrity, verges toward a lie.

CURIOUS admission of a comedian, the last make-up. He is returning to real life, and stupefaction seizes him at sight of the distance between the two worlds. He was so happy before the scenes.

DUEL in the stud-meadow. Great undulations of green, fenced in by wooden railings that one must stride. Horses untethered, bounding, that come to see, and are driven away. In the middle of the pasture, the tiny stable, and all about it the earth trodden and yellow, where they grappled on a field the size of a ship's deck. Remembrance of the two profiles, a modern struggling with a chevalier of the middle ages, hand to hand, walking, turning round the little building; horrified cries of the doctors, and we following this surge of battle, this mad-dog struggle. The sky clear, beautiful, and all at once a sense of the imbecility of our emotion, the pettiness and pretence of our gestures and our cries. All human resentment appeared to me base, ugly, profitless. Puerility, puerility! I was more than ever persuaded that man wrinkles, withers, silvers, loses his teeth, but remains a child.

THE pretty gesture, showing the baby's band she's sewing.

THE unconsciousness of one's being, in moments of strenuous action. Courageous, cowardly? — one might have been either. And what a mist around it all!

THE incarnations of P. D—. Not a bit of personality, always playing a rôle in the town. All the professions I've known him vaguely essay were to him veritable stock parts, as they say at the theatre. I've seen him play the merchant, *à l'américaine*, hurried, rude, "time is money," inexorable; the sportsman,

The others: "So-and-So? Ah! you'd better believe it!" and they laugh gloriously at the strong man of the group. There is such a man in every restaurant, café, club, atelier of Paris. The story of this unfortunate ought to be written, wearing his title in spite of himself, and ingenuously. Then the things he does to sustain his reputation, working himself gray, battering his brains, changing his language, his manners!

I AM thinking of the end of the world. Logically, according to human law, it will resemble its beginning, cold, the fires gone out, no more combustibles; the few survivors on the great raft, men and animals, crowded into caverns, groping about in the dark.

THE new honey.

I was working, the door open on the sloping garden, sweet-scented away down to the river, in the warm haze of a June morning. The bee came in, made a circuit, rocking and humming like a ball; lighted on the inkstand, on the ash-tray full of cigarette stumps.

Nothing for thee here, little bee; go roam about in the garden, over the flowers and honey-making grasses.

Out on the old honey! Out on Hymettus! I make the new honey, an individual honey, my own!

And the ambitious creature flew away to the kitchen and the refuse heaps of the backyard.

ON the train. A mosquito, trying to get out, beating the pane furiously, ceaselessly, in a frenzy. The

will of the little thing, all its stings out, its body tense; blows with the back, blows with the head, a trembling from one end to the other of its armor. And I have the thought: life, all life, is parted in equal doses, for great and small. These last, consumed in a breath, always in movement, in nervous commotion; needs of mating, of fighting, living in a day the hundred years of the pachyderm, with its scarce mating seasons, its slow-moving life, at large in a vast environment.

IN vain will forms of government change, kings disappear, and princes and nobility; men will always arrive at using whatever there is in them of native baseness, of the need to grovel and ingenuously vilify themselves.

"There are no longer fish in these nets," said an ex-minister, now deputy again.

"Never any fish at this season."

"Oh, come now! At this time last year the nets were full."

"But, hang it! last year you were minister," said the fisherman winking. He had passed eight days getting fish together, and had filled the nets himself.

CONTORTIONISTS of the phrase, dervishes, clowns, and cockneys; in the long run they end by believing in themselves.

UPON reflection, something truly diverting in *Choses Vues:* The profound utterance, 't is always he who made it; the large thought, always his. He has foresight, hindsight, everything.

A good bit of Tartarin in that.

MYOPIA: when I lose my monocle, I need a monocle to find it; type of scientific research.

A DELICATE thing to be made out of the three days the little Jesus passes, lost in Jerusalem! They leave him a child, they recover him a God. These three days passed with his Father, who confides to him his mission. Linen robe of ideal fineness and whiteness, and eyes, eyes wherein is written what he is to suffer.

A Jerusalem like Algiers, like Arles; Ramadan and Fair of Beaucaire; odors of frying. On the return, 't is he who is on the ass, the father and mother on foot.

EXAGGERATIONS of people of the world; every sick man is going to die, every man they don't know is a scoundrel.

I RECOGNIZE the Midi in this Talleyrand, and if Napoleon escapes me, he is the one I hope to paint. Club-foot, Meridional, eighteenth-century corruption, priest.

AH! the people in the same boat: Stendhal, author of *Le Rouge et le Noir*, of *La Chartreuse*, who does n't find Madame Cottin ridiculous; and I, I have come to the defence of G. O—!

FINE thing, politics! Thiers letting them shoot Monseigneur Darboy: "They must shoot an archbishop!" He was thinking of '48, of Monseigneur Affre, and the blow his death dealt the insurrection.

should reappear a century later, and reproduce, in costumes of to-day, another *him*, with the same destiny. The piece was to be named *The So-and-So's, or the Heritage.* Perhaps, parallel with this, a younger son, called in the family the chevalier, who should renounce the paternal name and title, and in the end found a bourgeois family called simply *Chevalier.*

THE family reflects the State. It is democratized in France, at the present day: it was monarchic and then constitutional, after having been despotic and Louis-Quatorze.

STANDING in front of the library shelves, stretching out your hand on the hazard of a good choice, and gleaning a few pages here and there, this is for the mind, that delicious bite they sent you to get in the garden, when you were little, giving you a piece of bread, and permission to trespass as far as you could reach on the grape arbor or the espalier.

STRANGE apparitions, that seem to come unevoked, of certain people figuring in your past life, and also of certain episodes or places forgotten absolutely, which now pass before you with the rapidity of a bird-flight. Those who, like me, suffer from long hours of wakefulness, are familiar with this. One should never be taken unprepared, should note down these things he will probably never see again.

HOW vain are all these theories and discussions! What do they mean with their suppression of scenes in the romance? Scenes, there are always scenes